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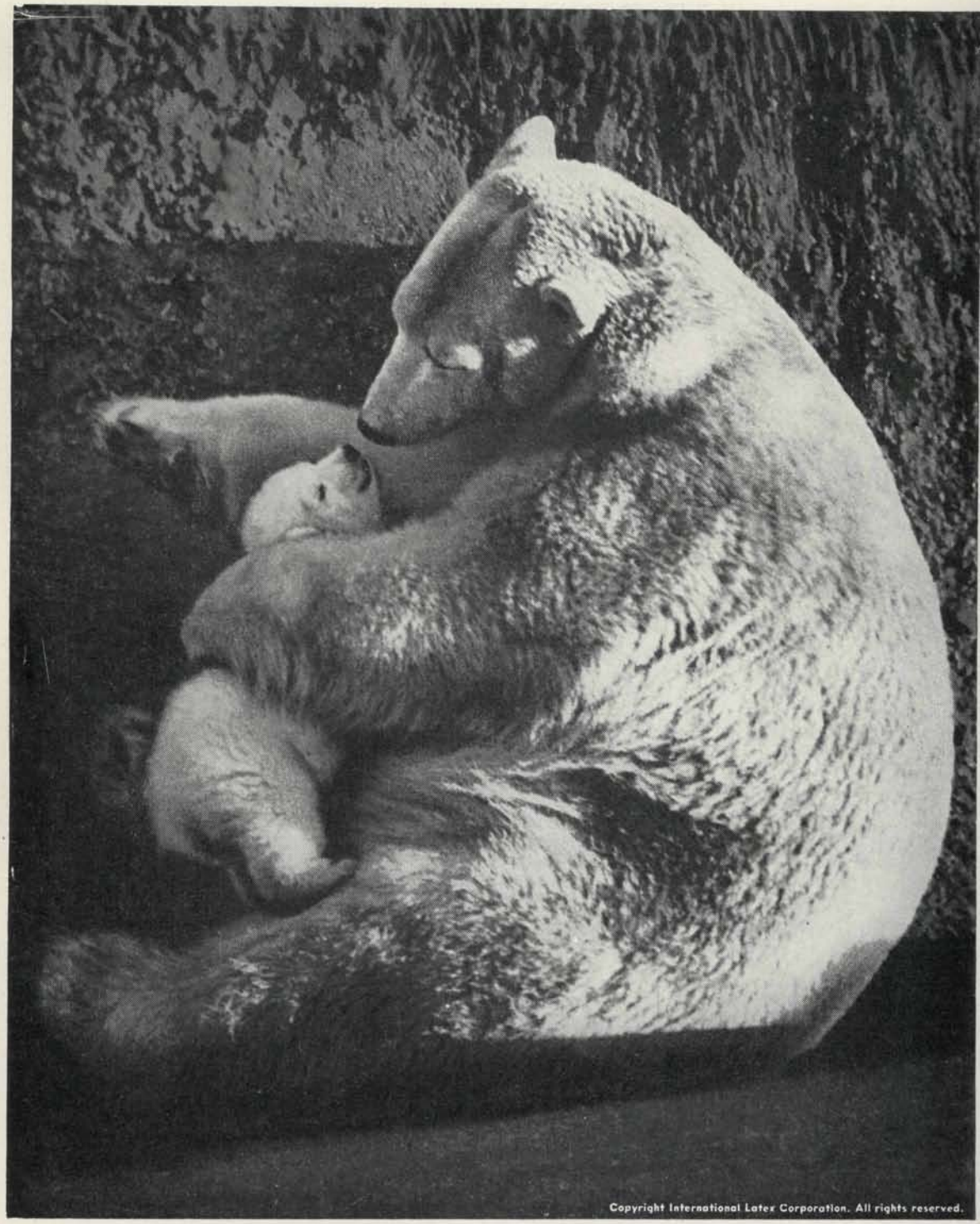

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COMMENTARY

THE REVOLUTION IN U. S. FOREIGN POLICY

From Containment to Spheres of Influence?

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

JUST two centuries ago, in 1756, there occurred an event which has gone down in history as the "Diplomatic Revolution." For two generations before that date, the conflict between Austria, allied with Great Britain, and France, allied with Prussia, had dominated the international scene. The "Diplomatic Revolution" made allies of the traditional enemies, ranging Austria and France against Great Britain and Prussia. This radical change in alignment and policies was the result, not of the whims of princes, but of a radical change in the respective interests of the nations concerned. That change did not come about suddenly. It had been noticed at the end of his reign by Louis XIV, who drew from it the very same political conclusions which it took the next generation of statesmen almost four decades to realize. The consequences of the change were great and lasting. In Europe, the "Diplomatic Revolution" led to the Seven Years' War, from which Prussia emerged as a great power; in the New World, it had the consequence of depriving France of most of her possessions, and set the stage for the American Revolution.

Did there occur, toward the end of 1956, a revolution in the foreign policy of the United States that will be recorded as having been similar in nature and consequences to the "Diplomatic Revolution"? The answer cannot be a simple yes or no. The issues raised by the recent changes in American foreign policy do not concern just diplomatic alignments, but the very nature of world politics, as well as the foreign interests of the United States and the policies she has chosen to serve them. Recent events have re-opened in an acute form five issues, and the question we have raised—did a revolution in U. S. foreign policy occur toward the end of 1956?—must be answered separately for each one of them. These five issues are: (1) the use of force in the atomic age; (2) the Cold War; (3) the Atlantic alliance; (4) the colonial revolution; and

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(5) a settlement for the Middle East. With the last of these issues, the foreign policy of the United States has never come to terms. With the first and fourth—the use of force and the colonial revolution—the United States seemed to have come to terms, at least for the time being. The issues of the Cold War and the Atlantic alliance appeared, on the other hand, to have been settled once and for all. Yet it is with regard precisely to these two issues that American foreign policy has now undergone a real revolution.

The Cold War, in terms both of its historic origins and its main issues, has been a contest over the peace settlement ending the Second World War. The United States postulated as the basis of such a settlement the continuing unity in interests and policies of the victorious allies, a unity which would have made obsolete the arrangements, such as alliances and spheres of influence, by which nations have traditionally tried to protect their separate interests. The Soviet Union and, less consistently, Great Britain assumed that the conflict between the Axis and the Allies was bound to be superseded by other conflicts of interests and that the main function of the peace settlement, as of the war itself, was to promote the distinct interests of the different nations concerned. Stalin, in particular, saw in the war the great opportunity for Russia to attain her traditional objectives in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, and as much beyond them as was obtainable. For Stalin, the peace settlement was to have two functions: to ratify, in an agreement on worldwide spheres of influence, the distribution of military power established at the end of the Second World War; and to create opportunities for further Russian expansion.

The incompatibility of these conceptions of the postwar world led, first of all and virtually at the moment it was signed, to the breakdown of the Yalta Agreement, which both sides interpreted in terms of these conceptions, and, second, to the development of that breakdown into the Cold War. America's Cold War policy was inevitably that of containment, making the line of military demarcation of 1945 the provisional boundary between East and West. The emphasis must be on the word "provisional." For had the United States been willing to recognize that boundary as definitive, her policy of containment would have been indistinguishable from the policy of spheres of influence advocated by the Soviet Union. Towards the numerous Russian proposals to replace containment with a spheres-of-influence agreement, the United States has taken a consistently and uncompromisingly negative attitude. When James Reston of the New York *Times* reported in 1950, on the occasion of one such proposal, that "there is no evidence that officials here are even slightly interested in such a deal," he characterized the official attitude to all such proposals.

The policy of containment was never conceived to mean, and has never actually meant, simply the holding of a line against the thrust of Soviet power. There has always been implicit in this policy the objective of drawing the definitive line of division, if there must be one, considerably farther to the East than it was in 1945. Containment, then, always carried within itself the implication of a "roll back" of Russian power, of the "liberation" of the satellite nations. Whether the means chosen were "negotiation from strength," German rearmament, security guarantees, or moral force, "liberation," in contrast to the recognition of a Russian sphere of influence, has always been an objective implicit in the policy of containment.

The events of the fall of 1956 have opened up a gap between our verbal commitment to a policy of liberation and the actual policy we pursued when the opportunity, not to *initiate* liberation, but to support it after it had already been achieved, arose in Hungary. These events made obvious what some of us had suspected all along, that the United States was actually pursuing a policy of containment conceived in terms not of liberation, but of an implicit and thus far

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unacknowledged agreement to recognize the existence of spheres of influence. The American abstention in the face of the German uprising of 1953 and of the Polish and Hungarian revolts of 1956, coupled with the renunciation of force on the latter occasion, has made it perfectly clear that liberation, for the United States, is a matter of desire and hope, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but not an objective of policy to be pursued by deliberate action. The United States, far from seeking out or creating opportunities for opening the door to liberation, has proven to be unwilling even to enter the door when a satellite nation kicks it wide open.

The question I am raising here is not whether this is good or bad policy; I raise only the question of what the policy of the United States in regard to the satellite countries has revealed itself actually to be. This policy not only recognizes the special interests of the Soviet Union east of the 1945 line of demarcation, but also pledges noninterference with Soviet policies east of that line. It is tantamount to a unilateral recognition of a Russian sphere of influence wherein the United States concedes, without receiving any concessions in return, what she has consistently refused to concede since Yalta, and what Winston Churchill urged us to concede only in the give and take of a negotiated settlement.

This concession, if it proves to be permanent, profoundly alters not only our judgment of the Cold War as it has been waged during its first decade, but the objective nature of the Cold War to be waged in the future. It makes the Cold War of the past, insofar as it was fought for more than strict containment, look like a rather quixotic affair fought for the sake of appearances rather than of substance. By the same token, the Cold War of the future will lose its main issue if both sides continue to refrain from trying to change the 1945 line of demarcation.

This diplomatic revolution, this acceptance of the division of the world into two gigantic spheres of influence, with the consequent disappearance of the main issue and justification of the Cold War, conforms to the Stalinist conception of the postwar world. Clio, goddess of history, must savor the irony of a situation which sees Stalin disavowed both in the heritage of his own deeds and in the words and deeds of his successors, yet proven right by his main opponent. There is the same irony in the other revolution—the one that has transformed the Atlantic alliance.

In the United Nations and at postwar conferences, the United States insisted upon according to Great Britain and France the status of great powers, and got her way. It was Stalin who wanted to settle the fate of the world by bilateral negotiations between the repositories of power of the first rank, the United States and the Soviet Union, to which for certain purposes Great Britain might be coopted as a kind of junior partner. The events of the fall of 1956 have conclusively demonstrated the fictive character of the assumption that Great Britain and France were still great powers. Both have now shown themselves to be unable to pursue positive foreign policies of their own when opposed by one or both of the superpowers and supported by neither.

Yet the revolution in the Atlantic alliance has also shown, albeit not yet conclusively, the limits of American power. While Great Britain and France are no longer able to pursue positive policies that are opposed by the United States, they have preserved their freedom to refrain from positive policies regardless of the wishes of the United States. They can no longer wage a war opposed by the United States, but they can still refuse to join one waged by the United States. It is for this reason that we hastened to the support of Great Britain and France as soon as they had recalled their Egyptian expedition; for the unwillingness or inability of Great Britain and France to support the American military effort in Europe would greatly hamper, and might under present technological conditions even jeopardize, the European policies of the United States.

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By making obvious the limitations on the interests and power of its principal members, the recent diplomatic revolution has transformed the nature of the Atlantic alliance itself, or at least has revealed its true proportions. It has now become clear that it is not an all-purpose alliance spanning the globe and committing its principal members to common action everywhere. Such it was during the Second World War, and such it was represented to be thereafter, until recent events revealed its true nature. It has now become clear that the Atlantic alliance is effective automatically and without qualification only where the interests of the United States, Great Britain, and France permanently coincide—that is, with regard to the defense of Western Europe against military aggression. Elsewhere the alliance either does not operate at all, as in the Far East, or its operation cannot be taken for granted and depends upon circumstances. In one region the alliance has ceased to operate altogether for the time being, and in the long run the roles which Great Britain and the United States used to play there are likely to be reversed. That region is in the Middle East.

Before the fall of 1956 the paramount Western power in the Middle East was Great Britain, seconded by the United States. British power has for all practical purposes disappeared from that region. Whatever Western power now remains in the Middle East is of American origin. Whether there will be little or much of it, whether it will be used in support of wise or unwise policies, and whether or not these policies will prove successful, only the future can tell. But the revolutionary fact remains that from now on the protection of Western interests, and thus the fate of the Middle East itself, will depend primarily upon the political and military policies of the United States. That Great Britain is likely to support these policies insofar as they are designed to protect British interests as well, will be of no more decisive importance than was American support of British policies in the past.

The transformation of the Atlantic alliance and the limiting of its automatic operation to Western Europe are bound to affect the policies of the United States towards the colonial revolution. That revolution is directed primarily against Great Britain and France as the former principal colonial powers. American policies in this regard have in the past been beset by a dilemma. On the one hand, the United States has been vitally interested in the preservation of British and French power as an indispensable element in the defense of Western Europe, and therefore she could not support colonial revolutions which were likely to sap that strength. On the other hand, the United States had had a vital interest in preventing Communism and, through it, the Soviet Union from capturing the colonial revolutions. Sometimes the United States has been able to solve the dilemma by taking an unequivocal stand either in favor of the colonial power, as when she sided with Portugal over Goa, or against it, as in the case of Indonesia's struggle against the Netherlands. But more typically she has felt that she could not afford to antagonize either side by supporting the other. Thus the United States has tried to straddle the fence by being friendly with all concerned and taking care not to commit herself to anybody's particular position.

The demonstrated weakness of Great Britain and France, the contraction in the operations of the Atlantic alliance, and the precedent of successful American opposition to Great Britain and France on behalf of Egypt, all point at least toward a change in the emphasis of American policy. With the British and French capacity for independent positive action having disappeared, there has also disappeared one of the considerations that prevented the United States from committing herself to the support of the colonial revolutions. What now prevents the United States from supporting these revolutions without reservation is her vital interest in the viability of the Atlantic alliance, which depends upon the psychological willingness of Great Britain and France to sup-

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port the policies of the United States in Europe. Within these limits, however, the United States has gained a new freedom of maneuver which she is likely to use on behalf of the colonial revolutions. Again, we are not here concerned with the wisdom of the new policy, but only with the objective factors indicating that such in fact is its direction.

All these specific changes in the foreign policy of the United States which have been brought to the fore by the diplomatic revolution of 1956 are overshadowed, however, by the one great issue upon which the fate of the world depends: the use of force in the atomic age. The events of the fall of 1956 have left that issue as they found it; but they have brought home, with dramatic impact, the stark dilemma with which the issue presents itself, and the urgent need, too long neglected, for the United States to come to terms with it. Can the United States protect her interests through the use or the threat of force without risking all-out atomic war? When the United States foregoes the use or the threat of force, must she not at the same time forego the protection of her interests?

The United States has in the past endeavored to solve this dilemma, on the one hand by invoking the deterrent threat of atomic retaliation, and, on the other, by being ready to protect her interests with conventional armed forces supported by tactical atomic weapons. Yet, when in the fall of 1956 the interests of the United States in Eastern Europe and the Middle East required protection, she refused to use, or threaten the use of, any kind of force for fear that the threat or use of force might provoke an all-out atomic war. The optimistic belief engendered by the Geneva Conference of 1955, that the mutual atomic deterrent had made all-out atomic war impossible, gave way to panic in the face of Russian threats to use conventional force. Thus, for the two-pronged principle of the atomic deterrent and the use of conventional force, there was substituted in the fall of 1956 the refusal to use or threaten force except in response to somebody else's use of it.

However, no great power can consistently adhere to such a refusal without surrendering not only its interests, but in the long run its freedom itself to its enemies. No sooner had the United States gone on record in renouncing the use of force except in reaction to the use of force by others than she prepared to authorize the President to use force in the Middle East at his discretion. Nevertheless, even if the renunciation of force should turn out to be no more than a temporary or partial aberration, it has reopened in an acute fashion the paramount issue of our age. And in re-opening it, it has left it more unsettled than ever.

Thus we have indeed lived through a real revolution in American diplomacy. That revolution has in certain respects radically transformed the foreign policy of the United States, bringing to overdue fruition, on the model of the "Diplomatic Revolution" of 1756, unacknowledged trends and making visible submerged facts. In other respects, it has changed the emphasis, as well as increased the responsibilities, of American foreign policy. And it has put back into the skies that gigantic question mark, well-nigh blotted out by the rosy clouds of premature optimism, which casts doubt on the future of civilization and the fate of man himself.

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LETTER FROM ISRAEL

Sinai and After

MEIR MINDLIN

JERUSALEM

WE HAD just come home from a movie that Saturday night when the bell rang. I went to the door wondering who could be calling at that hour, and when I opened it I didn't recognize the young fellow standing there till I noticed the printed army call-up slip he held in his hand. One of the company messengers of my reserve unit, a student, if I remembered right. "I've been here twice already, but you weren't in," he said. "I noticed the light just now as I passed by again." I invited him in, and as we sat down to fill in and sign the slip we assured each other that this was just a routine call-up, one of the usual drills to test the effectiveness of the reserve system. Peculiar, though, that they told us to bring along warm clothes. "Well, you know," he said smiling, as he adjusted his tiny knit skullcap, the insignia of the almost emancipated, "they might keep us till late in the evening, and they wouldn't want us to catch cold!"

When we reported to our assembly point the next morning we were issued full equipment, uniforms, rifles—the works. Maybe the call-up wasn't so routine after all.

For the brief span of a week or so, the short, daring Sinai campaign released the eight-year charge of high tension every Israeli carries in him. Surprise turned to wonder, and wonder to exhilaration as the enemy receded, stubbornly in one place, melting away like a mirage in another, but receded. Every Israeli civilian-soldier had had occasion to observe the efficiency and clocklike precision of the army on his annual tour of reserve duty, but what of the enemy? He was still an unknown quantity. The Arabs had been incessantly repeating that they had learned the lesson of 1948, and as we knew from our own experience, you can do a lot in eight years. Ever since the summer of 1955, when the Russians started arming Egypt, the tension had been mounting; that great mass of arms weighed like an incubus on every Israeli's mind. The almost daily Arab threats of war culminated in Jordan's joining the Egyptian-Syrian Joint Command last October 24, on which occasion the Jordanian chief of staff declared: "The time and the place of the decisive battle against Israel will be fixed by Jordan and the other Arab states, and no chance will be given Israel to begin a battle whenever she chooses." Under these circumstances, with the Arabs set on a warlike solution, most Israelis felt that time was working against them, and that a showdown was inevitable. The question was the one the Jordanian chief of staff had put: who was to choose the time. Egyptian documents captured in Sinai—so the Israeli government says—indicated clearly that Nasser had scheduled his offensive for the spring of 1957.

The swift campaign exploded the myth of a resurgent Arab military power and laid the ghost of the second round.* The

MEIR MINDLIN is literary editor of the English-language Jerusalem *Post*. Born in New York City in 1924, he went to Israel early in 1946, following service with the U.S. Army in Europe during the war. After two years in a kibbutz and another five in a *moshav*, he settled in Jerusalem, where he now makes his home. Mr. Mindlin was educated at Brooklyn College and Hebrew University, and has published widely in the Hebrew and English press of Israel. His study of James Joyce forms the introduction to the Hebrew translation of the latter's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

*See "Story of the Sinai Campaign" by Leo Heiman in the January COMMENTARY.—ED.

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Egyptian army was the most formidable of the Arab armies; equipped by the Russians, it far outdistanced Israel's in arms as well as numbers, but whatever it is that is required for effectiveness in modern warfare the Egyptians did not have it. Theirs was above all a failure of leadership, with the instances of officers deserting their men so numerous as to be symptomatic.

But the inept Anglo-French intervention served Nasser as a perfect excuse and cover-up for his Sinai debacle, and insured his remaining in power. There was also a gross failure of Israeli press relations. If *Time* could publish its interview with Nasser in its issue of December 10 with a straight face, then that failure was complete, for the facts were all there in the blazing Sinai sun, the thousands of prisoners, and the enormous quantities of equipment, so much of it Russian-made.

The Soviet reaction, and the exceptionally violent tone of Bulganin's letters to Ben Gurion, were exactly commensurate with the scale of captured Russian equipment. These letters produced a profound shock in Israel, a sort of trauma. Arab rantings are one thing, but Soviet threats are another matter, and Bulganin had been quite specific: "It [Israel] is sowing hatred of itself among the Eastern peoples, such as cannot but leave its mark on the future of Israel and places in question the very existence of Israel as a state." For Jews, genocide is no idle threat; their own recent experience and the very events going on in Hungary at the same time gave added point to Bulganin's note. In retrospect, the element of bluff in the Soviet threat has seemed more evident, but at the time it was only too easy to imagine the roar of Syrian-based bombers over Tel Aviv.

ABSORBED as they were in their immediate affairs and the excitement of the Sinai campaign, which they hoped, perhaps naively, would force a settlement with the Arabs, Israelis had to make an effort to focus their attention on the international scene, whence came an increasing weight of pressure. Eight years of UN truce supervision had given Israel a rather jaundiced view of UN potentialities, and unless this experience is taken into account, the same errors are bound to be repeated. It is essential to remember that the Truce Supervision Organization in no way served to lessen tension, and did nothing whatever to prevent the flare-up which became inevitable, for there are conditions under which the status quo works inexorably for its own destruction, where standing still means waiting for the ground to be cut from under your feet. The UNTSO was an organization with its own vested interests, which did not necessarily jibe with a correct assessment of aggressors and victims. In order to continue existing it had to keep its books balanced, handing out good and bad marks with relative impartiality, now blaming one side and now the other for border incidents which it did little or nothing to prevent.

A young Hebrew poet* exactly expressed the Israeli attitude to the local UN command a while ago:

The mediators, the peace-makers, the compromisers, the conciliators,
Live in the white house
And receive their nourishment from afar,
Through oblique channels, through dark veins, like an embryo.
And their secretaries are lipsticked and laughing,
And their diplomatically immune chauffeurs wait below, like stalled horses,
And the trees which shade them are rooted in No Man's Land,
And the delusions are children who went out to the field to pick cyclamens
And do not return.
And thoughts hover above, unquiet, like scout planes,
And photograph and return and develop the pictures

*Yehuda Amichai, whose poem "Sonnet" appeared in our December issue. The poem here is called "The UN Command in Jerusalem," translated by Margalit Benaya. The UN headquarters in Jerusalem is in the former High Commissioner's mansion in No Man's Land.

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In dim and sorrowful rooms. . . .
And hopes come to me like daring seafarers,
Like discoverers of continents to an island
Where they stay a day or two
And rest . . .
And later sail away.

It was the very nature of the UN's assignment which made it ineffectual; in some cases, by equalizations of its balance sheet, it actually precipitated crises. Above all, it had no effect on the underlying causes of the tension, and it did not even exercise a restraining influence. Furthermore, this balance sheet was tipped to one side or the other in line with the inclinations of the observer—the Bennikes and Hutchisons have indicated, after leaving UNTSO service, where their prejudices lay. Nor could one ignore, even at the top level, the difference in the implementation of UN directives: the energy with which Mr. Hammarskjold is now insisting on the evacuation of the occupied territories is in bold contrast to the ignoring of the Security Council resolution requiring Egypt to let Israeli ships use the Suez Canal. Thus the idealization of the UN's function implied in the American reliance on the world organization in a region and in a situation where it had so patently failed to prevent a flare-up, seemed unrealistic and thoroughly quixotic.

Nothing was more frustrating, nothing seemed more outrageous to Israelis, than to see a possible settlement wrested from their hands in the name of restoring a situation which everyone had always agreed was impossible and explosive. What that restoration would mean had already become clear on December 2, when Cairo Radio announced that "the Fedayeen Headquarters have decided to carry out large-scale action during the coming winter season," and the next day the fedayeen attacks were renewed, from Jordanian bases, to continue ever since, with the Egyptians *claiming* full responsibility for the attacks (*e.g.* Cairo Radio's morning news broadcast of December 17). To return the Gaza Strip to Egyptian control under these circumstances would be no great stroke of wisdom, and Ben Gurion told the Knesset on December 19, repeating his words six days later: "Israel will not agree under any circumstances to the return of the Egyptian invaders to the Gaza Strip." Popular feeling in Israel balked at the Sinai withdrawal, undertaken with no guarantees by Egypt of the ending of the Suez Canal blockade or fedayeen incursions—quite the contrary, as indicated above—and the quite moderate, independent daily *Ha'aretz* commented editorially on December 25 that "the restoration of the Gaza Strip to Egypt would result in the renewal of hostilities." Needless to say, what is true about the Gaza Strip applies all the more to the Gulf of Aqaba. Israel could hardly be expected to help arrange the re-imposition of the Egyptian blockade there. Much depends on the pressures to which Israel will be subjected, especially by the United States, but there is a point beyond which she cannot waive her vital interests; her survival is at stake.

ISRAEL'S action in Sinai precipitated a world crisis, but the working out of that crisis was in the hands of the big powers. In a sense, the Israeli situation and the Arab-Israeli conflict are marginal issues in the broader context of the Middle East. On the other hand, the fate of the region as a whole, the working out of its burning problems, the direction—East or West—in which the Arab elites will pull or be pushed by their peoples, are inextricably bound up with the Arab-Israeli situation, which acts as a barometer warning of storms which have their origin elsewhere. The perpetuation of the Israeli-Arab conflict is essential to the Russians since it provides them with an excuse for intervention, with "volunteers" or otherwise.

While the explosion of the myth of Arab military power and political unity and the easing of the blockade were the most direct and important results for Israel herself, the Sinai campaign was no less significant for the West. It crystallized and clarified—perhaps the word is polarized—the real situation in the Middle East.

Eisenhower's request for Congressional

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authority to send American military forces to the Middle East in the event of a Soviet threat to the area is evidence of the American recognition of this. But for Israel, the U.S.'s new Middle East policy—and especially its economic side—raises more questions than it answers. Will American economic aid prop up shaky feudal elites and dictators and perpetuate their power? Will American aid to Arab countries (Egypt and Syria) already having extremely strong economic ties with the Soviet bloc promote stability in the Middle East, or will it only increase the strain on an already strained social fabric? The President stressed that his plan did not apply to the Israeli-Arab dispute. Does that mean that a new policy in regard to this dispute is also being worked out in another context, or will it be allowed to slide, with no effort at a settlement? We may have the answers in the coming months, as the design comes out of the warp and woof of events. One can only hope that the questions will be approached afresh, and with a firmer grasp of Middle Eastern realities. Israel can hope that the identity of American and Israeli interests in the region will become more evident to U. S. policy-makers as time goes on, and that they will draw the inevitable conclusions.

Meanwhile, French assistance and support has given Israel relief from the cruel feeling of isolation which characterized her first eight years of existence. The mischief worked by Egyptian money, arms, and propaganda in North Africa awakened the French very early to the aggressive and expansionist nature of Nasserism. France may be only a medium power on the world scene, and perhaps less than that since the Suez sally, but for Israel, surrounded by the small Arab countries of the Middle East, her friendship is invaluable.

THE repercussions inside Israel of the Sinai campaign were rather milder than one might have expected—if we except, of course, the fortnight's dislocation caused by having most of Israel's men under arms. Perhaps a contributing factor has been that sort of light schizoid trait in the Israeli character which no doubt comes from the eight years' (and longer) strain of living on the edge of war, subject to incessant marauding and infiltration. The Israeli's mind seems to be compartmented, with daily concerns getting full attention on one side, and with the overt threat and presence of danger dealt with separately. This seems to make possible a special absorption in one's daily tasks, a kind of relishing of them, so that the martial atmosphere does not affect work and daily living as much as one might expect it to. The ordinary Israeli reacted calmly to the outbreak of the Sinai war, and perhaps with a certain sense of relief, mingled with a natural concern for his friends and relatives in the armed forces. The younger generation of Israeli youth, those who had not been of age in 1948 and were raised on stories of the War of Independence, may be said to have welcomed the event. I think that a rather decisive break took place between the youth and the fellow-traveling Mapam party with the arrival of Bulganin's letters, and that the leaders of Mapam are now out of touch with the younger elements in their organization. Members of Hashomer Hatzair kibbutzim and youth movements openly joked about the tergiversations of their party's newspaper *Al Hamishmar*.

There was no hoarding of food or other necessities, for the government's assurance that it had provided ample stores for the emergency turned out to be true.

Unlike Western Europe's present oil shortage, Israel's has not been caused by the blocking of the Suez Canal—which has always been closed to her—but by Russia's cancellation of her trade agreement with her (whereby a third of Israel's oil requirements was supplied) and also by the shortage of tankers. As a result, one day of rest has so far been imposed on automobiles, which are also forbidden to travel outside their assigned areas (usually the home city and environs). However, the more immediate effects of the shortage are felt by electricity consumers, since Israel's power is produced by oil-fueled generators. Lighting is restricted to a single

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40-watt bulb per room, and a three-room apartment is allowed 60 kilowatt hours a month. Reading one's electricity meter (not so simple as you think) has become a popular pastime, and the consumer is exalted or cast down according as he calculates a great reserve for himself or the prospect of having the current cut off.

The real response to the challenge of the fuel shortage, as well as to the Suez blockade, is the Elath-Beersheba 8-inch oil pipeline, on which work is already in progress, with several sections of the 150-mile line being built simultaneously. It is expected to be completed in six months, and, as the only oil pipeline running entirely through one country in the Middle East, should offer an alternative to Suez which, if taken up, would justify building a proposed 25-inch pipeline from Elath to Haifa.

The industry most immediately affected by the crisis was tourism, chiefly as a result of the State Department ban on Middle East travel by American citizens. At the time of writing, with the crisis quite over, the ban is still in effect. It also deprived Israel of the visit of the American Ballet Theater Company, which is a great pity, since Israelis have had almost no chance to see good ballet, the visit of the rather mediocre London Festival Ballet in the summer of 1956 having been their first contact with a professional company. On the other hand, Zino Francescatti and Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, the soloist and conductor invited to work with the Israel Philharmonic, stayed on through their engagements, playing to blacked-out houses filled to overflowing.

GENERALLY speaking, the after-effects of the Sinai campaign have accentuated weaknesses inherent in Israeli industry, further emphasizing the decline in exports and widening the gap between exports and imports. The credit squeeze, already tight to restrain inflation, became even more so. In agriculture the effects were even more serious; here again the credit squeeze made itself felt, and with a vengeance, since there has been a heavy over-investment in agriculture, financed by short-term loans, which came roosting home for payment. Egg production and poultry breeding were hardest hit—affecting many new immigrant farmers who had invested in it—because of the stoppage of the shipment of American grain-feed on which this branch depended.

Even impassive Treasury officials admitted that taxation had reached the saturation point, and the Finance Minister himself supported easing of the tax burden for the middle-income brackets so that all incentive to higher productivity should not be stifled. It had taken Mapai a good many years to get around to this innovation. The proposal, opposed by the "equalizing" Ahdut Avoda and Mapam members of the coalition, would reduce the Treasury slice of every pound earned above the *middle*-bracket norm to a mere 70 per cent. Mapai also sponsored an anti-inflation measure aimed at the sacrosanct cost-of-living allowance; the proposal called for making allowance changes at longer intervals.

Book-lovers, students, and professionals needing books for their work finally lost their long battle with the Treasury. The low exchange rate obtaining for the dollar under the American Informational Media Guaranty program, a scheme for making books and cultural materials available at low cost which enabled the impecunious as well as the low-salaried professionals to satisfy their book hunger, was raised, making more expensive professional literature really prohibitive in price, and turning the better-class paperbacks (Anchor, Harvest, Meridian, Vintage, etc.), which had enjoyed a special vogue, into a temptation bordering on profligacy. The Treasury gave no convincing reason for the change, and claimed that the American authorities themselves were interested in reducing the enormous amount of books and periodicals absorbed by the Israeli public under the IMG scheme. Jerusalem booksellers (who know their customers personally) reported, when queried, that to their knowledge no Treasury official ever bought (or browsed among) their merchandise. This time the

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hue and cry raised by the literate was of no avail, and there was a rush on the bookshops to take a last fling at the old prices.

THE blot on the record of Sinai is the Kafr Kassim curfew massacre. I have heard three versions of what happened there—and in other villages—and the fact that I cannot tell you reliably exactly what did happen is a sad comment on Israeli public relations. With no clear official version giving the results of the investigation, one can only imagine the worst, although the most authoritative version I have heard indicates that there were at least slightly mitigating circumstances. However, with the case *sub judice* and with no detailed official version—and in such a case the details are everything—one must remain in the dark for the present. In Israel we first heard of the number of the victims—forty-seven—only at second-hand, through a radio broadcast from Moscow. Ben Gurion did not even mention the number in his statement to the Knesset on December 12; this was about a month after life had more or less returned to normal. However, what he did say, that "I feel it my duty, on behalf of the government, the Police Force, and myself, to express our profound concern at the fact that such an act has been possible—an act that strikes a blow at the most sacred foundations of human morality drawn from Israel's Torah," is a sentiment shared by all thinking and feeling Israelis.

The Sinai campaign greatly enhanced Prime Minister Ben Gurion's prestige and popularity (his appearance in newsreels being greeted with cheers), and he was supported by all parties except the Communists. The Sinai campaign itself had been an answer to the criticism of the Herut party, though with the beginning of the withdrawals from Sinai Herut demanded that they be stopped immediately, come what may. The obvious brilliance and success of the "new" young men of the Israeli general staff silenced critics from Ahdut Avoda, who had claimed that the retirement from the army of those of their members such as Colonel Yigal Alon who had won fame in the War of Independence and Palmach would be harmful. A mixture of pride and anxiety was felt, moreover, about the way the top brass risked their own skins in Sinai.

For some months there had been talk of the creation of a united labor front which would include the three labor parties, Mapai, Mapam, and Ahdut Avoda, and the latter two were reported to have been pressing for it. However, Ben Gurion is understood to be shying away from the idea, at least for the present, as a result of the great personal popularity he won with the Sinai campaign. The long-drawn-out negotiations for a merger between Herut and the General Zionists ended in failure, but if a united labor front were created, then a merger between those two right-wing parties would become much more likely. In addition, though the campaign stole Herut's thunder and took the wind out of Menahem Beigin's sails, reverses in the international political arena could make Beigin's rather jingoist line attractive to a sizable part of the politically immature new immigrants.

Nevertheless, it is important to emphasize the general sense of unity that has been felt by the nation as a whole since the Russian-Egyptian arms deal. However bitter the feeling about the withdrawal from Sinai without guarantees and the apparent slipping away of the fruits of victory that had been intended as bargaining counters for a peace with the Arabs, most Israelis have showed a mature understanding of the pressures from outside that have made retreat necessary. It was generally understood that the political struggle abroad following the military campaign was no less important than the outcome of the fighting itself, and this has tended to keep party politics (with the exception of Herut) relatively quiescent. It was the economic aftermath of the campaign that was expected to re-awaken party passions, but here too the situation has been fairly simple and straightforward, and there has not been too much room for debate. Furthermore, Mapai is carrying out the in-

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come tax and cost-of-living allowance reform which the right-wing parties have long demanded. The economic situation had not yet crystallized at the time of writing, but it was clear that Israel was in for a period of austerity, especially with the impending reduction of American aid.

Meanwhile the religious parties, concentrating on their own parochial concerns, have scored a minor victory. The question of pig-breeding and pork-eating produced a rather ironical, if not comical, situation in Israel. The Knesset had evaded the responsibility for making a decision on this matter and left it to the local authorities. When the matter came up in the Tel Aviv Municipal Council, there were councillors who voted to forbid the sale of pork for reasons of conscience, while others voted to allow it—also for reasons of conscience. The anti-pork faction won, with no provision being made for the poor *goyim* living in our midst. Pseudo-porkophobes remarked that Israel would be the only country where a pig's life was inviolate.

The press also reported that the respective leaders of two rival Hasidic sects, stripped for ablution in a *mikvah,* started an argument about whether there had or had not been divine intervention in the Sinai campaign, and in the end came to blows.

The Communists, completely isolated and ostracized because of their opposition to the Sinai campaign—an attitude which was quite consistent with their long anti-Yishuv tradition—tried to exploit the Kafr Kassim tragedy to incite unrest among the Arabs in Galilee and the Triangle, but with little success.

WHAT then is the outlook in the long run? Barring big-power intervention and the possibility of being sucked into the whirlpool of a more general catastrophe—of which Israelis prefer not to think—it is still not rosy. Getting sudden call-ups, and going out for the annual tour of reserve duty, which is always a form of active service, since the danger is never merely hypothetical, one is often reminded of Thucydides and the citizen's life in the Greek city state, the constant vigilance demanded, the perpetual insecurity to be allayed only by keeping one part of your mind awake and alert.

This is a wearying effort to maintain for years, without any prospect of relief. It also plays tricks with one's sense of perspective; perhaps with one's moral sense as well. With the Middle East a focal point of the renewed Cold War, Israelis will have to develop nerves of steel. The radio and the press will continue to report gestures of indifference or hostility from abroad, from over the borders and over the seven seas, usually threatening Israel's vital interests and often her very existence. After glancing at the afternoon paper pinned up at the kiosk, the Israeli will have to go on his way and get on with his everyday job. As economic pressures increase, he may have to accustom himself to a Spartan way of life (not that the Arabs are Athenians!). The last two or three years of relative comfort and abundance may become a delectable memory, may fade into a sybaritic legend. Stamina and cool-headedness will have to become ingrained traits; he will have to learn to brush away the hostile gestures looming from the news and take crises in his stride.

Perhaps the sort of schizoid temperament I referred to as characterizing the Israeli will be the decisive factor. His mind divided into two compartments, with a fragile membrane separating them, the Israeli goes about his daily tasks in the bright Mediterranean sun as if nothing else existed, while the other part registers the surrounding voices prophesying war. The nuclear squeak intruding on the ordinary American or European consciousness is a hi-fi booming Russian bass for the Israeli, threatening to swamp the quotidian sounds he longs for. For him, no illusion of roses without thorns. The reward of endurance is survival, and who knows, maybe, some day far off, a sort of peace, the kind that lasts for longer than a week or a month.

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PROGRESS OF A SUBURBAN JEWISH COMMUNTY

Park Forest Revisited

HERBERT J. GANS

PARK FOREST, a privately developed suburban new town located some thirty miles south of Chicago, started off with its first tenants in the summer of 1948. In the beginning the project consisted of "garden apartments" designed for people with middle-class incomes; most of the tenants were under thirty-five and few even of the wives lacked some sort of a college education.

I had made a study of the Jewish community of Park Forest—which by the middle of 1949 comprised about 150 out of a total of 1,800 families—and in the April 1951 issue of COMMENTARY I described its first fourteen months of existence. In this initial period the Jewish families, though scattered throughout the length and breadth of the project, had had no trouble in finding one another and, following rounds of exploratory parties, had begun to form circles of friends and acquaintances. From among these circles, people with a bent for organizing had set up first a B'nai B'rith lodge and, shortly thereafter, a chapter of the Council of Jewish Women. Then the leaders of the two clubs had begun to meet to discuss the possibility of establishing a congregation. However, their first session indicated that the Jewish community felt its most pressing need to be the Jewish education of their children. While one group, mainly composed of men, wanted to found a synagogue with a Sunday school attached, another, made up mainly of women, rejected the congregation and insisted on a Sunday school alone for the children. After months of meetings and discussions, the latter course was adopted.

My article had dwelt on the fact that the parents sought a Sunday school in order that their children might learn "to feel Jewish." For this reason, too, the parents had transformed the "happy" Jewish holidays, especially Chanukah, into children's festivals filled with Jewish symbols. At the same time, the parents themselves sought to escape involvement in the activities of the community's specifically Jewish religious and cultural institutions, even though they did look to their fellow Jews in Park Forest for their friendships and informal social life. I felt that a Jewish community from which adults excluded themselves, and whose institutions functioned almost solely for children, was something new, and I called this a *child-oriented* Jewish community. I contrasted it with the more traditional *adult-oriented* Jewish community that is centered on a synagogue, and whose religious institutions and culture existed primarily for the sake of adults and whose educational system was designed to prepare children for adult status and functions as quickly as possible.

BY MAY of 1955, when I returned to Park Forest for a short visit, the town had become famous as a prototype of postwar suburbanization and as a model for builders of new towns elsewhere. Park Forest now had

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IN APRIL 1951, HERBERT J. GANS's study of a new kind of suburban community that was producing a new kind of Jewish community as well appeared in these pages. Having re-visited that community after a five-year interval, the author here brings us up to date on its development. Born in Germany in 1927, Mr. Gans has made his home in the United States since 1940. He holds a master's degree in the social sciences from the University of Chicago and is now research associate on the staff of the Institute for Urban Studies at the University of Pennsylvania. His "American Jewry, Present and Future," which appeared in these pages in two parts (May and June, 1956), stimulated a still continuing discussion.

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24,000 residents, about half of whom owned their homes. There were five shopping centers, with close to one hundred stores and two professional buildings, five elementary schools, and six churches. Six more congregations were planning to build churches of their own.

The Jewish community had likewise grown. It now comprised between six to seven hundred families and, along with a congregation employing a full-time rabbi, it had two Sunday schools and three new women's groups: the Temple Sisterhood, a B'nai B'rith Auxiliary, and a Hadassah group. The Temple building had just been dedicated, and all the evidence suggested that it was now the Jewish community's central institution. I was curious to find out why Park Forest's Jews had changed their minds about a congregation, and, even more important, why they had turned—apparently—from a child- into an adult-oriented Jewish community within the five years since I had last visited them. I also wanted to see what their development into a seemingly representative suburban Jewish community revealed about the postwar growth of Jewish communities generally, and to what extent this growth bore out the claims of a recent revival of Jewish institutional and community life in this country.

In the course of my visit in 1955 I spoke with a dozen of the Jewish community's leaders and analyzed Temple membership records; subsequently, I obtained more information by correspondence and other means. I must, however, emphasize that, unlike my 1951 report, this present one is not based on a formal sociological study (although two important community leaders representing rival points of view, having seen it in an early draft, do consider the article to be an objective picture of the community as it was in 1955).

ALTHOUGH by 1950 the Park Forest builders had put up and rented all the apartments in their development—and from then on built only one-family homes which they sold—the influx of Jewish residents continued in roughly the same proportion as before, maintaining the Jewish representation in Park Forest at just below 10 per cent of the total. Community leaders, talking to me in 1955, felt that there was little difference between the older and the newer residents. The newcomers included proportionately fewer Ph.D.'s, but more M.D.'s, dentists, and businessmen. (A sizable proportion of the stores and professional offices in Park Forest's shopping centers were owned or managed by Jews.) It was guessed that the newer residents had slightly higher earnings than the 1949 group, whose median family income was about $6400.* The newer residents were also said to be predominantly second-generation Jews whose parents had come from Eastern Europe; in fact, some people thought that these newcomers knew more Yiddish than the earlier settlers did. On the whole, then, Park Forest Jewry could still be described as a community of young middle- and upper-middle-class professionals, businessmen, and better paid white-collar workers, with children mostly of pre-school or elementary school age.

In 1949 two separate attempts at organizing local High Holiday services had failed; in 1950 renewed attempts to hold such services proved more successful. Shortly thereafter, the group of men that had tried to set up a congregation in 1949 founded the Reform Temple Beth Sholom. Late in 1951 enough families had joined the Temple to permit it to engage a full-time rabbi. Soon a building committee was organized and the first fund-raising letters were sent out. Support was slow in coming, but finally in 1954 a $70,000 temple was built with the help of a large mortgage and sizable contributions from the officers of American

*This was partially supported by the report that in 1954, when the developers opened a subdivision of more expensive ($19,000) homes, there was such a rush of Jewish newcomers, as well as of other Jews who had been living in rented apartments in Park Forest, that part of the section became (or seemed about to become) a densely settled Jewish neighborhood, and was banteringly described as "little Jerusalem" by Jews themselves.

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Community Builders (the developers) and their contractors, as well as smaller ones from about 20 per cent of the Jewish residents of Park Forest.

In 1955, the paid-up membership of the Temple's congregation numbered 240 families, which constituted about 35 to 40 per cent of the total Jewish community. The Temple's religious orientation could best be described as "East European Reform," for it combined Reform permissiveness about religious practices in the home with a quasi-Conservative array of ceremonials, Hebrew reading, and responsive singing at services. The nature of this synthesis was typified by the Temple kitchen, which was not kept kosher but did not serve pork. The rabbi described the services and their ritualistic emphasis as a "warm, liberal kind of Reform" which he thought would prove agreeable to both people used to Reform and those used to Conservative practices. The rabbi's background reflected that of his congregants; reared in a traditional East European milieu, he had been trained in an Orthodox seminary but had later changed over to Reform.

In 1955, Friday night services generally attracted from fifty to seventy-five people. There was a core of forty (more or less) regular worshippers—about 3 per cent of the adult community—the rest being observers of *yahrzeit*, new members, and visitors. Bar Mitzvahs would bring enough people from Chicago to double or triple attendance, and High Holiday services attracted six hundred worshippers—about half the adult Jewish community.

The Temple's religious and cultural functions ran second to its social ones. Soon after its founding, a Sisterhood had been organized that by 1955 had enrolled about half the adult Jewish women in the congregation. Of these, a hundred—15 per cent—were described as "active" by the president of the group. The Sisterhood's main ostensible function was fund-raising, for which purpose it sponsored luncheons, dinners, dances, bazaars, and other affairs. These were well attended. It was reported, for example, that in 1955 Purim services had attracted fewer than fifty worshippers, but that a Purim dance the same evening was attended by three hundred and fifty people. Other social functions were equally popular, and the high point of the annual fund-raising campaign was a bazaar to which the many businessmen and merchandisers in Park Forest's Jewish community contributed goods that were sold at bargain prices for the Temple's benefit. People critical of this "social emphasis" pointed out that the social hall in the basement claimed more space in the Temple than anything else.

In order to attract as many residents as possible, the Temple had set membership fees below what was needed to meet expenditures; this brought recurrent financial problems. Because of these, and because the organizers of the Sisterhood programs came from the highest income strata of the Jewish community, the price of active participation in the social activities revolving around the Temple was rather high. One of the Sisterhood leaders estimated that faithful attendance at the various affairs had cost her family about $600 in the past year, in addition to the hundred-dollar Temple membership fee. She explained: "Many of the gals in the $6000-$7000 income bracket can't afford to join us. They join the Temple and the Sisterhood but they explain they don't have time to participate, or give some reason like that. Most of the gals have accepted the fact that they can't afford it; only a few get obnoxious about it. But to those who can afford it, we don't have to sell the Sisterhood. I myself have played this game for years, and since my husband works in the community, we have to do it for professional reasons anyway."

Hence the social climate of the Temple and its Sisterhood was definitely upper middle class. For some of the active members it served, perhaps, as preparation for the country-club style of life they would enter when they moved, as many would eventually, to a higher-income suburban community.

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The Sisterhood was not only the upper-middle-class Jewish women's club, but its members were the most active in helping the rabbi and keeping the routine work of the Temple going. Nonetheless, the lay leadership of the Temple was still male, and was composed for the most part of executives in Chicago commerce and industry, businessmen, lawyers, and doctors. As officers and board members of the Temple (and, in several cases, husbands of Sisterhood leaders), their share of the contributions to defray the operating costs and sustain the building program was the largest. The Temple was said to be "run," however, by the small group that had founded it, which included some "Jewish professionals" employed in the Chicago offices of national Jewish organizations. This group was supported by the president of American Community Builders, who holds a high position in the American (and world) Jewish community. A man vitally interested in the local Jewish community, he had donated a great deal of money to the Temple and was said to wield considerable influence in its affairs.

While the Temple provided religious services and a modest lecture program, the Jewish education of the children remained in the hands of the community Sunday school, which had no organizational ties with the Temple. This school, which I described in my April 1951 article in COMMENTARY, had been under the direction of the Park Forest Board of Jewish Education since 1949. By 1954-55, its enrollment had increased from an original thirty-five to a total of 385 students, who made up an estimated 85 to 90 per cent of the eligible Jewish children in the village. Classes still met in the public schools on Sundays, and smaller groups of children attended weekday Hebrew classes. The school considered itself a community institution, without denominational affiliation. Its faculty prided itself on teaching the children something about the diversity of Jewish worship, believing that its function was to provide information about all Jewish denominations to students who might one day decide to choose other than Reform. At the same time, the school encouraged its pupils to attend the Temple. The latter's rabbi was a member of the faculty, preparing the older children for Bar Mitzvah. The teaching staff in general considered intellectual training and achievement a major objective; community leaders spoke highly of the school's curriculum and standards of instruction.

This emphasis on denominational diversity and intellectual standards was not coincidental, for it represented to a considerable extent the objectives of the two groups actively supporting the school. The first group was made up primarily of academic or publicly employed professionals such as scientists, research workers, teachers, and public administrators. These people belonged, or were on their way to belonging, to the upper middle class, but moved in a different social world from that of the Temple leaders, by whom they were characterized as "intellectuals"; they, in turn, described the Temple leaders as "businessmen and country-clubbers." Neither characterization was quite accurate, but it sufficed. The academic professionals—as we shall call them—were not much interested in religious or other involvement for themselves, but wanted their children to have good Jewish educations and were strongly in favor of the school's emphasis on intellectual achievement. The second, smaller group supporting the Sunday school was composed of people from more traditional backgrounds whose sympathies lay with Conservative rather than Reform practice. Many of these were lower-middle-class, white-collar workers, and among them were to be found those Jews of Park Forest who retained patterns of immigrant culture to the greatest extent. The school's denominational neutrality, as well as its serious interest in Judaic traditions, is what gained it their support.

In 1949, even before the Temple was established, its founders fought for a Sunday school affiliated with it. After the Temple had been organized, they tried re-

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peatedly to arrange for an affiliated school, but not until 1954 did the lay board of the Temple yield. Shortly thereafter the present rabbi was hired, partly because of his extensive training as a religious educator, on the understanding that he would set up a congregational school. After a few unsuccessful attempts to attach the community Sunday school to itself, the Temple announced the formation of a school of its own in March of 1955, with classes to begin in September. When I returned to Park Forest in May of 1955, the Jewish community, facing the prospect of two Sunday schools, was once again split into opposing camps.

The main argument, in public, involved the relations of the two schools to the Temple. The leaders of the new Sunday school objected to the community school's denominational neutrality, arguing that it was teaching the children *about* Judaism rather than emphasizing its practice. The rabbi illustrated the difference this way: "The community school teaches that Jews light candles on Friday night, and that the children *can* do this, but don't have to. Our curriculum will be more emphatic—we say you *ought* to do it."

To this argument, the community school retorted that, having only a single synagogue, the community needed a school which taught something about the views of all the Jewish denominations. A pamphlet issued during the controversy said: "It [the school] emphasizes those elements of Judaism which are basically acceptable to all elements of Jewry. Differences of practice which exist are taught in a democratic climate encouraging acceptance of the diversity of opinion . . . a child who shares the experience with his parents in a Temple and further enriches himself in an independent school will have deeper insight than can be obtained from . . . a single viewpoint."

Underlying these public differences was the question that had been debated in 1949: should the school teach children in a way that would encourage and press the parents to take part in community religious life, or should it teach them in a way that would leave parents uninvolved if they so chose. This question was basic to the larger problem of adult- versus child-orientation.

Although the community school staff was of two minds on the question, their school permitted the parents of its students to eschew all Jewish religious or cultural involvement. As one of the school's lay leaders pointed out: "Its purpose is education, and the parents are not involved unless they want to be. Religion for the parents is not necessarily the main end of life; we want a school for our children. . . ." The Temple, intended by its founders to be adult-oriented, explicitly sought the participation of parents in its new school and in the Temple. The rabbi explained: "My primary interest is in the adults, and I am opposed to a child-centered Judaism. However, here the people seem to be mainly interested in the education of the children. . . . We hope, though, the children will bring the parents . . . perhaps they will return the parents to Jewish life."

However, the rabbi did not expect that this would happen. Indeed, he felt that the indifference of Park Forest parents to Judaic practice was such as to require the Temple to take a more active role in training their children for religious participation—and that he himself had to assume the role of a surrogate father. He explained: "I want to make personal contact with the children, otherwise I only get the volitional ones, and that's not many. . . . I want to be able to identify with the children. . . . I want them to accept the synagogue in their lives and come to services."

Nor did the Temple seek to draw in the children only in order to teach them; it also wanted—and needed—to have them take the place of their non-observant parents at Saturday services. The rabbi pointed out: "The school's program will be a worship curriculum. The children will have to come and help prepare services. . . . The Saturday morning services will be a part of their education."

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This curriculum, in addition to its educational function, would provide a larger number of worshippers for the Temple. More important, by giving children the role, if not the status, of adults at the Saturday services, the Temple could maintain itself as an adult-oriented institution.

What had happened between 1949 and 1955 was therefore not a turn-about from child-orientation to adult-orientation. Rather, both the community school and the Temple, with its own new school, had resigned themselves to the essential unwillingness of adults to participate in formal Jewish religious and cultural activities. The Temple was able to operate as if it were an adult-oriented institution, while adjusting at the same time to the reality of the child-oriented community, by giving the children a quasi-adult role. Facing a choice between adhering to its traditional position or surrendering this for the assurance of community support—and survival—the Temple had chosen the latter.

Were the later Jewish arrivals in Park Forest—who presumably represented a majority of the Temple members—really as child-oriented as the settlers of 1948-49, or was the Temple responding only to the demands of the earlier group? This could not be determined in a brief study. However, one of the newcomers, a leader in the Sisterhood, said: "People here don't need to join the congregation . . . until their children are old enough to join the Sunday school, and if there were no children, there would be no Temple or Jewish organizations."

Another leader said that though people without school-age children were asked to join the congregation, they were not expected to do so. This observation was borne out by a study of the congregational membership. Of one hundred and eighty member families known to have children, 85 per cent had at least one child of Sunday-school age. This does not of itself prove that the presence of eligible children was responsible for Temple membership, but data for a group of fifty new and old residents who recently bought homes in Park Forest tend to bear this hypothesis out. Thirteen of the twenty-six families with school-age children—50 per cent—had joined the Temple, but of the seventeen families without eligible children, only three—18 per cent—had joined.* These data, taken together with the community's indifference to religious activities except on the High Holidays, suggest that most Park Forest Jewish parents could still be described as child-oriented.

It will take some time to discover whether the children are going to accept the quasi-adult functions planned for them in the Temple. If they do, the synagogue will be able to continue as a religious institution without reliance on the parents. If they do not, or if the children try to get their parents to attend synagogue regularly along with them, the parents may in the end be forced to choose between a child-oriented and an adult-oriented Jewish community more squarely than they have until now.

THE controversy over the two schools was brief and ended shortly before spring registration. While child- versus adult-orientation was an underlying factor in the public debates, parents probably made their choice on the basis of more tangible considerations. For one thing, the Temple school offered free tuition to the children of members, which made a financial difference to families with two or more children. Then there was the fact that the congregation played a symbolic role as a community focus for the Jewish people. The Temple building, where classes would be held, also gave parents an opportunity to point out to their children that "they had a church now, too, just like their non-Jewish friends." On top of all this, the rabbi loomed as a welcome figure of authority to parents who wanted their children to be taught to feel Jewish,

*The remaining seven families were "mixed marriages." Mixed-marriage families made up 14 per cent of this sample, the same proportion as was found in the 100-family sample studied in 1949. As in 1949, however, there were probably still other mixed-marriage families in Park Forest that had renounced all Jewish identification.

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but could not or would not do the teaching themselves. The rabbi's authority—and his visibility as a Jewish symbol—was probably more convincing to parents than the community school staff's professed aim of exposing students to "a broad cross-section of Jewish thought"—especially to parents less concerned to have their children achieve an intellectual grasp of Judaism than to immerse them in a Jewish atmosphere and surround them with Jewish symbols.

One might say, then, that as the parents saw it, the community school emphasized Judaism as such, while the Temple school stressed identification with the Jewish community and its symbols—that is, with "Jewishness." This difference probably influenced the parents' choice, and their preference for the Temple school and "Jewishness" seems to be in accord with over-all trends in the American Jewish community.*

The difference in prestige between the two schools was undoubtedly an additional factor in the parents' choice. The congregation's social program clearly stamped it as being upper middle class, whereas the community school sponsored no social activities to speak of. After its connection with the Temple was severed, the community school began to negotiate with a lower-middle-class Orthodox synagogue in a nearby community for a place in which to hold Bar Mitzvah services for its thirteen-year-olds.

At the beginning of the 1955-56 academic year, it looked as though the Temple school had proven to be more attractive than the community school to the majority of Park Forest Jews. It counted a student body of over five hundred, while the community school had only about 125 students from eighty families closely identified with its cultural objectives. (If we knew exactly why so many Jewish parents chose the Temple school over the older community school, we should possess an important clue to their attitude toward Jewish education and to what Jewish life meant for them.) At the end of the academic year, I heard later, the future of the community school was for a time in doubt, and it was able to survive thanks only to donations from loyal supporters and voluntary salary cuts on the part of the staff. The school was now in the position of many another intellectually oriented group in America: it had enough members to justify its existence and propagate its point of view, but the small scale of its operations burdened it with chronic financial problems that constantly threatened its survival—despite the loyalty of its supporters.

IN 1955, then, Park Forest provided an example of the rapid growth of a postwar suburban Jewish community. Whether it is a representative example, only time and further study can tell, although reports from other communities suggest many similarities with Park Forest.†

The rise of these suburban Jewish communities, with their greater organizing energy and higher participation rates as compared with urban communities, has been explained as the symptom of a "Jewish revival"—that is, as a reversal of the trends toward ever greater cultural assimilation observable in the Jewish communities of the cities. To determine whether this explanation is correct for Park Forest would require a thoroughgoing study of the factors that have made its Jewish community what it is today. At this point it is possible only to speculate.

The major factors that "explain" Park Forest's Jewish community in 1955 seem to me to be five: the suburban environment;

*For a sociological definition of latter-day Judaism and "Jewishness," and a discussion of these over-all trends, see "American Jewry, Present and Future," by the same author, in COMMENTARY, May 1956.

†Several of these were published in COMMENTARY. See Harry Gersh's "The New Suburbanites of the '50's," March 1954; Evelyn Rossman's (*pseud.*) "The Community and I," November 1954, and "The Community and I: Two Years Later," March 1956; and Morris Freedman's "New Jewish Community in Formation," January 1955. Nathan Glazer's general analysis of the suburban Jewish community appears in his "The Jewish Revival in America: Part I," December 1955.

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the social activity patterns that go with upper-middle-class aspirations; the pressure on Jewish residents for participation; the flexibility of the Temple in serving their new requirements; and above all, the common desire to provide children with a Jewish environment.

The young Jews who moved to Park Forest were probably neither more nor less identified with and concerned about Judaism and Jewishness than their friends who remained in Chicago. But in Park Forest they found they could no longer live as before. In the city they had lived so much *with* Jews that there was little need to worry about living *as* Jews. But in Park Forest their neighbors were as likely as not to be not Jewish, and the latter's proximity made them conscious of the difference, all the more so as they felt that these neighbors saw and treated them *as* Jews.

One response to the new suburban circumstances was to transfer some of the social relations they had maintained informally with other Jews in the city into the more formal context of organized groups and Temple activities; the latter also became an avenue for meeting and associating with fellow Jews with whom they might otherwise have had no relations.

The Jews who most conspicuously made this shift to formal or organizational social life tended to belong to the higher income classes. They were responding not only to life among non-Jews, but to a new way of life that was associated with their rise into the professional and managerial upper-middle classes. Studies have shown time and again that participation in the activities of voluntary organizations increases as one goes up the socio-economic ladder: community service has long been an integral part of the upper-middle-class way of life in America. It is true that Jews in this country maintained a multitude of ethnic and religious organizations long before they aspired to upper-middle-class ways. But as they have moved up the socio-economic ladder, their organizations and the pattern of activities connected with them have gradually been altered to conform to the general American pattern for their new social position. Thus in Park Forest, where much of the activity of the voluntary organizations was in the hands of the women, it was patterned to a considerable extent on the secular upper-middle-class clubs—and, in its social side, on the extra-curricular life of the higher-status college campus.* In many ways, the relation of the Sisterhood to the Temple resembled that of a sorority to its college community.

Many Jewish residents were not always as ready to contribute funds to the building up of the Jewish community, affix their signatures to membership cards, and in general work as volunteers, as they were to attend parties and dances. Often, people took part only after community leaders had exerted considerable pressure upon them. To organize this captive audience—as Nathan Glazer aptly calls it—required constant appeals to the self-interest of the individual Jew as well as to his "community spirit." Even so, interest in the community tended to remain sluggish. Only a handful of people organized the Temple; fund-raising for its building was planned by a professional public relations counsel, and involved dinners, the sending of letters, and considerable personal coaxing. It is said that the contributions of no more than fifty people really built the Temple.

Much of this pressure came from the "Jewish professionals" in the community. Their persistence, and the support given them by the Jewish officers of American Community Builders, undoubtedly hastened the growth of the Jewish organizations. Perhaps without them the Temple would not have been started, so great was the indifference—it is said—of Park Forest's Jewish community at large. It may be that the presence and effect of the leadership provided by the "Jewish professionals" distinguishes Park Forest

*The present rabbi had directed a campus Hillel foundation before coming to Park Forest, and while this was not a factor in his selection, it may have been one in his ability to gain the community's support as rapidly as he did.

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somewhat from other Jewish suburban communities. However, the pressure for participation is a familiar phenomenon in other communities, and the resistance to it in these is just as ambiguous as it seems to be in Park Forest.

Living among non-Jews as they do, suburban Jews can't and won't surrender completely the allegiance, no matter how tenuous, they retain to the formal Jewish community. Despite complaints, even from some leaders, that the community was overorganized and that there was too much fundraising, the mood of the Park Forest Jewish group was such that its members continued to be amenable to community pressure, though sometimes only grudgingly. It might be said that while the community's interest in the institutions developed by its leaders was weak enough to require the application of pressure, its cohesion as a Jewish group was sufficiently strong to tolerate this pressure.

IT REMAINS nonetheless true that the basic, underlying impulse for the establishment of a formal Jewish community in Park Forest was the desire of parents who felt themselves to be Jews to have their children grow up feeling Jewish too. Because parents could not or would not provide a Jewish atmosphere and cultural environment at home, they supported the community's organizations, schools, and Temple—and endured the community's pressures. While some kind of Jewish community would probably have been set up in Park Forest even without this motive, such a community, lacking this concern about the children, would have had fewer organizations, a much smaller scale of participation, no synagogue building or permanent rabbi, and perhaps no congregation.*

Finally, the community has taken its present form largely because of the capacity of the Temple to respond to the demands of its members and adapt itself to the new Jewish situation in the suburbs. Thus the Temple was able to overcome the loss of its original function as an adult house of worship and study by requiring that the children make up a large part of its congregation at services. At the same time, it has been able to retain adult support by ceasing to insist upon the attendance of adults and resting content with their presence in large numbers only on the High Holidays. On the other hand, the Temple attracts adults by offering itself as a center of voluntary social activities. In doing so it also acknowledges the major role women now play in the formal Jewish community, and provides them with an opportunity to participate in what was previously a male organization. The men still make the major decisions regarding the operation of the Temple, but have otherwise retreated into the background. The gap left by their withdrawal from religious affairs, and by the women's lack of familiarity with such affairs, has been filled in large part by an increase in the functions and authority of the rabbi.

But the Temple could not have sustained its present level of operations and retained the community support it needed if it had not eventually set up a school—which remains the primary institution for the Jewish residents of Park Forest. The Temple's need to compete with the community Sunday school can thus be understood as a matter of institutional survival, although its rapid triumph in that competition can only be explained by its capacity to satisfy the present desires of the Jewish residents of Park Forest.

IT SEEMS clear that what has happened in the Park Forest Jewish community over the past six years is not a "revival" of Jewish-centered life, but rather the adaptation

*It is interesting to note that the two largest Christian congregations in the village, the Catholics and the United Protestants, began their building program with schools and have not yet constructed church buildings. (To some extent, this is probably a matter of economic allocation, for school buildings can be used for services whereas churches cannot easily be used for teaching.) Whether or not this is a reflection of Catholic and Protestant child-orientation, too, I do not know.

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of Jewish life to the suburban environment. Jewish life has become more visible because it has been taken out of the rather isolated urban Jewish neighborhood, because its participants have attained a social and economic level where organized communal activity is more highly prized, and because parents require institutions and visible symbols with which to maintain and reinforce the Jewish identification of their children.

In the course of this transformation of their lives as Jews, the Jews of Park Forest have probably not become more religious or more interested in Judaic culture. They may have become a more cohesive community, but the cohesion rests primarily on the parents' desire to confirm the Jewish identity of their children, and it may fall off when this is assured. Moreover, it must be remembered that this report has been focused on the 40 per cent of the Jews of Park Forest who belong to the Temple, the 10 per cent who support the Board of Jewish Education, the 15 per cent active in the Sisterhood, and the 3 per cent who attend services regularly. These, though probably larger than the equivalent minorities in the city, are still minorities as regards the total Jewish community. The majority of Park Forest's Jews have not been considered in this study: they are Jews whose chief connection with the formal Jewish community (which may well be only a temporary one) consists in sending their children to its Sunday school.

The community revolves around its Sunday school students, and changes in the community may be expected when enough of these students reach the age of Bar Mitzvah. Unless they continue their Jewish education, or unless they are replaced by a new crop of youngsters, the Temple may have to seek new functions or else lose much of its support. According to the evidence provided by older communities, one such new function could be to provide a social center for those teen-agers who want it and whose parents do not want to expose them to the possibility of intermarriage.

Whether the Temple would succeed in holding the Jewish teen-agers in this way depends to some extent on the latter's relations with their non-Jewish contemporaries. But in the long run, holding on to today's children—and, indirectly, to their parents—hinges to a considerable extent on the way in which the Temple, the Sunday schools, and the parents themselves—as well as the secular institutions of the community—influence the youngsters' feeling of Jewishness over the next few years.

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THE AMERICAN COMMUNISTS TODAY

Parting of the Ways?

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

FOR the first time since its "Bolshevization" over three decades ago, the Communist party of the United States is facing a convention, to be held this month, which will actually decide party policy and not merely approve a decision laid down in advance. Today, the party leadership is in no position to present the convention with the traditional *fait accompli;* the leaders themselves are sharply divided, and the convention must choose among them. Still less can Moscow issue directives, as in the past, and have them automatically obeyed; one of the key issues before the convention is precisely that of the relation between American Communists and Moscow.

Of course, the monolithic exterior of the party has always concealed real internal fissures. Some of these related to questions of doctrine and tactics. More were in essence merely struggles for power; in these, ideas were weapons—and nothing more. Often enough the rival groups fought first, and only subsequently decided what they had been fighting about. In the 20's, the fights still sometimes came to the floor at conventions; factional alignments in the American party reflected those in Moscow until Stalin succeeded in consolidating his personal dictatorship. But this did not mean that the convention actually decided between the contending factions. That decision came from Moscow, and the convention majority simply registered it.

Sometimes the minority was still permitted to preserve a degree of independent existence —on condition that, under the regime of "democratic centralism," it accepted the official line without question. As long as his position was not completely secure in Russia and the Comintern, Stalin wanted to have an alternative ready to hand in case the group to which he had given the leadership proved undependable in the factional struggle. He even made such use of people already expelled. Until after the Great Purge of the 30's, many leading posts in the Soviet regime were still held by former oppositionists who had accepted defeat. Stalin could keep informal channels open through them to their former factional allies in other countries. Thus the Lovestoneites in America had been allied to the "right opposition" in Russia; years after their expulsion, the former right oppositionist Henry Yagoda was still head of the GPU. The Lovestoneites defended the first Moscow Trial. (Even much later, the expelled Earl Browder was held like a Damoclean sword over the heads of his successors for over a year, as American agent for Soviet books!)

The history of the Lovestone faction clearly illustrates the nature of "internal party democracy" in the pre-1929 period. In 1923 this group (at that time headed by Charles E. Ruthenberg, who died in 1927) lost out to another, headed by William Z. Foster and James P. Cannon. In 1925, however, the Comintern intervened in favor of the Lovestone-Ruthenberg group, which forthwith became the majority. In 1928 the Lovestone leadership took advantage of the crushing of the Trotsky-Zinoviev opposition in Russia to consolidate its own position. Cannon and various of his followers were expelled as Trotskyites in October 1928, and his allies William Z. Foster and Alexander Bittelman only saved themselves from a like

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THIS month the American Communist party holds its first national convention in six years, amid internal dissension such as it has not known since the 1920's. The symptomatic importance of the event and its circumstances are here given their full due by MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM, a frequent contributor to these pages. Mr. Goldbloom's last previous article in this magazine was "New Moderation in Security," in November 1956. His "Stalin Builds a Trojan Horse Against America," in November 1952, can now be seen, in retrospect, to have accurately predicted the course of Communist policy over the intervening years.

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fate by deserting Cannon and bringing charges against him before Lovestone could attack them. When the next Communist party convention met in March 1929, Lovestone was in complete control; Foster had only his own vote, while five delegates supported another opposition group led by the relatively unknown Earl Russell Browder. But meanwhile Stalin was turning his attention from the Trotskyites to the right opposition. Lovestone was summoned to Moscow and ordered to surrender his leadership, agree to a condemnation of his faction, and accept the official party line. But he left Moscow on June 11, 1929, without the Comintern's permission, after sending word to his lieutenants to put into effect previously prepared plans for resistance and seizure of the party's properties and institutions. What happened next is perhaps best described by Robert Minor, a Lovestone associate who double-crossed him. Minor reported to the Comintern: "I am proud to say, and it is one of the very few things of which I still may boast, that within twenty-four hours we turned a majority of 85 per cent for Lovestone into a majority of 85 per cent against Lovestone." As for the party membership, it accepted the Comintern's deposition of Lovestone just as docilely as it had accepted the Comintern's imposition of the Ruthenberg-Lovestone leadership in 1925.

THE fact that changes of leadership in the American Communist movement have generally been associated with changes of line has sometimes led casual observers to the conclusion that the splits, expulsions, and factional struggles have been based on genuine divisions of principle. They seldom have. Thus the one major doctrinal deviation of Lovestone at the time of his fall in June 1929—his belief that the United States would prove an exception to the world economic crisis predicted by the Comintern—ceased to be an issue a few months later. The issue of dual unionism, later a bone of contention between the Lovestoneites and the Communist party, was a post-expulsion development. Some of the principal Communist dual unions had been set up while Lovestone was still the party leader, and Lovestoneites held positions of leadership in dual unions for years after their expulsion from the CP. On the other hand, William Z. Foster, who carried out the full-fledged dual union line after 1929, was a veteran advocate of "boring from within."

Again, Earl Browder found it no more difficult to compare Roosevelt to Hitler in 1933 and 1940 than he did to apotheosize him in 1936 and 1944. It seems at least conceivable that he would have been willing to shift once again if Moscow had given him the chance instead of hitting him over the head when he wasn't looking. (Browder's fall was precipitated in 1945 by an article published in France by Jacques Duclos. News of this first reached the United States via the New York *Times*, several days before the American Communists were officially informed of it—it was neither the first nor the last time that Moscow allowed its American disciples to learn of a change of line from the capitalist enemy.)

Until this year any leader of the American Communist party was simply an instrument of the Kremlin; factional struggles were competitions for the role of chosen instrument. The line of the American party was determined by the requirements of Soviet domestic and foreign policy, with little relation to objective conditions in the United States. Party leaders were chosen in the same way. The Kremlin could, and sometimes did, shift both line and leader at the same time. But it could also change either without the other, and did so when that suited its purposes of the moment. Hence, while it may sometimes be convenient to refer to the "Lovestone" line or the "Browder" line of the American Communist party, this is merely a form of shorthand; the proper expression would be "the Stalin line in the United States in the *n*th year of the proconsulship of A."

The enthusiasm with which a line was applied, and the details of its application, could, however, never be fully determined in Moscow. A local leader could therefore leave his imprint on the line, although he could not fundamentally change it. Stalin certainly decided that the American Communists should support Roosevelt, "national unity," and the no-strike pledge during the war. Their enthusiasm for Smith Act prosecutions of Trotskyites and pro-Nazi crackpots reflected the international Communist line. But there was a specifically American touch when Browder, told by a reporter for

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the newspaper *PM* that he sounded like the National Association of Manufacturers, replied: "That's fine. I'm awfully glad to hear that. I'm not sorry when you say that leading members of the NAM talk like me. My report to the plenum was distributed to every delegate at the economic conference of the NAM, and I am told most of them read it through. I am very happy when I get news like that."

There was perhaps one real exception to the above-mentioned rule: no matter how conciliatory the party line of the moment might be, William Z. Foster always remained at heart an unreconstructed left-winger. Hence Moscow never really trusted him and gave him the party leadership only when it had no choice. To many of the party members, and perhaps to himself as well, he symbolized "the Revolution." Like it, he could be laid on the shelf when expedient, but he could never be altogether dispensed with. Because of what Foster stood for, and also because he was the one person of genuine stature ever to play a leading role in the American Communist movement, he was able to stand alone against Lovestone in the Communist party's 1929 convention and against Browder in its 1944 National Committee.

In a sense, the core of the party has always leaned to the left. (This was shown in the avalanche of letters from the rank and file denouncing the "Browder line" which poured down on the *Daily Worker* during the discussion period that followed the publication of the Duclos article.) The reason for this is simple. When the party swung to the right, members who had been recruited on the basis of a "revolutionary" program could usually rationalize the line as a tactical concealment of the party's true aims. This rationalization was certainly not without its core of truth—though the party's truest aim was always not the revolution, but the aggrandizement of the Soviet leadership. But when the party adopted a leftist line, there was no way in which those other members who really believed in the right-wing line could persuade themselves that revolution was merely a camouflage for reform. They could believe, or they could get out. Hence the apparent paradox that while left-wing lines and leaders tended to be considerably more popular in the party than right-wing ones, they were also apt to bring sharp drops in party membership. It should be noted, however, that few of those who bade the party farewell when it shifted to the left ever formed right-wing Communist groups afterwards; Lovestone was the exception, and he took few rank-and-file members with him. (When Benjamin Gitlow broke with the Lovestone group, I asked one of its leaders for the reason. He replied: "Gitlow is essentially a mass leader, and we have no masses to lead.") Most of those who quit the party after the various left turns simply ceased to be Communists.

Not all who had joined the party on the basis of its right-wing appeals in the Popular Front period of the 30's and the war period later dropped out, however. A few were gradually metamorphosed into full-fledged party stalwarts ready to accept the discipline of any line and die if need be for the "Workers' Fatherland." Others were trapped. Some had integrated their lives so thoroughly with the Communist movement that to break meant to disrupt their social and in some cases their economic lives. For others, something more sinister was involved. For it was precisely during the Popular Front and war periods that the Communist penetration into government, both for the purpose of influencing the formulation and execution of policy and for the conduct of espionage, reached its height. It is doubtful whether the first stages of this infiltration were actually planned by the party. In 1933 the expansion of government into new fields of activity began to open up wide employment opportunities for college graduates. In the depression years, large numbers of these had been unable to find jobs, and a good many had turned to Communism. Now they, as well as their non-Communist fellows, flocked to the Washington fleshpots. When they rose to positions where they could hire others, or simply when they heard of openings, they brought in their comrades; the party served as an employment agency. (This was also a means of recruiting new members in a period of mass unemployment.) Soon this informal migration to Washington drew the attention of certain party leaders and of the Soviet intelligence agencies to the possibilities of systematic infiltration.

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Infiltration was also greatly facilitated by the adoption of the Popular Front line, which made Communists both harder to detect and more acceptable to many non-Communists. Some of the things that happened then have become public through the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, and others. Much can still only be guessed at. But one thing is clear. A person who had once handed over a secret United States document to a Soviet agent, even if he had done so only out of the purest "anti-fascist" motives, was thenceforth bound to the Communist movement by ties much stronger than those of doctrine.

WHEN Khrushchev's secret speech exposing Stalin's crimes burst on it, the American Communist party had been reduced to a hard core of convinced revolutionaries, devout adherents of the Soviet Union, and individuals so seriously compromised or so deeply involved in a personal sense that withdrawal from the party was possible for them only at a very high price. Very few had been recruited in recent years. A "left" line normally attracts few members in a period of prosperity, and events since 1945 had hardly made the party's ties with the Soviet Union a political asset. Many, including a high proportion of the leaders, dated back to the party's earliest days. Most of the others had joined during the depression and held on to the "locomotive of history" while it dashed through the Popular Front, the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the no-strike pledge, and "de-Browderization." (The few party members under forty were in large part hereditary Communists, the children of older party members.) Many of them had possessed power of one sort or another—in government, in the labor movement, in the cultural world—and had abused it in the interests of the party and of the Soviet Union. Many had made substantial sacrifices for the Communist movement. A rather high proportion were "professional revolutionaries"—people who had served as party functionaries and been directed from one job to another in accordance with the party's needs of the moment.

The members whom the Communist party recruited during the Popular Front and war periods came, in varying proportions, from all sections of American society and their motivations were many. But those who formed the bulk of the party membership before 1934 and remain its backbone today fall into two main groups. The largest, numerically, is and has always been predominantly located in the East and is of recent European origin. This group always included a high percentage of professional and middle-class people. But in the early period of the party's history, manual workers probably predominated among them. Today such manual workers are very much in the minority. To a considerable extent, this is the result of the success of non-Communist trade unionism; thus many outstanding figures in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union today were Communists in the 20's and 30's, and their shift from Communism to anti-Communism mirrors a similar development among rank-and-file garment workers. Although Communists secured positions of influence in many sections of the trade union movement during the great organizing wave of the 30's, their strength was concentrated in the newer unions, where they profited by their ability to supply organizers to a labor movement that was desperately short of trained personnel. In most cases, the workers in the newly organized industries were native in background and orientation; at the same time, the Communists were steadily losing ground in their one-time strongholds among workers of European origin. (By 1939 the fur workers were the only remaining Communist beachhead in the needle trades.)

Moreover, the number of Communist workers of foreign background was reduced not only by defections from Communism, but by defections from the working class. Frequently this occupational shift was associated with an increased facility in English. A good many of those who thus changed their class status did not, however, change their politics; it may even be that because of a sense of guilt about rising from their class rather than with it, they were more reluctant to break with Communism than were the comrades whom they left behind in the factories. But their ties with the party were now more than ever ideological rather than economic, and related more closely to developments in Europe than in America. Communism for them meant the Soviet Union; they saw American events in terms

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of their effect on Russia just as much as any Russian did. The situation was similar in regard to the hereditary Communists, who joined the party because their parents had brought them up that way. To a large extent, these alumni of the Young Pioneers, the Young Communist League, the American Student Union, and other Communist or Communist-infiltrated youth groups entered the professions and the civil service; they also furnished the party with many of its younger functionaries.

The new members recruited in the 30's—both during the early depression and during the later Popular Front period—were also predominantly drawn from the middle and professional classes. There was an economic factor in the party's attraction for them; in some ways they were harder hit by the depression than were the manual workers. The white-collar and professional workers' unions formed at this period were to a considerable extent an outgrowth of organizations formed among members of these economic groups on relief or employed by the WPA. Particularly in the Northeast —which was where their strength centered —most of these unions were not only under Communist leadership, but, in contrast to the situation in most Communist-led unions of manual workers, a high proportion of their members were consciously and overtly fellow-travelers at least. The party also recruited these non-proletarian elements on the basis of their admiration for Soviet planning and Soviet anti-Nazism.

For the first time, Communist fronts developed into at least the beginnings of mass organizations. Among the most influential were the American Friends of the Soviet Union, the American League against War and Fascism (later the American League for Peace and Democracy), and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Many members of these fronts, especially of the last-named, were neither Communists nor in any real sense fellow-travelers. This was, indeed, a measure of the Communist success; while maintaining control of the organizations, they drew to them a broad stratum of non-Communists who thus became unwitting instruments of the party, were subjected to a constant barrage of its propaganda, and served as a recruiting ground for new members. All these organizations were overwhelmingly middle class in composition; their greatest strength lay in the Northeast and in California.

To an even greater extent, the same thing was true of the Communist-controlled fraternal insurance society, the International Workers Order. This organization was an important source of financial support to the party, as well as a means of mobilizing those on its periphery and binding them to itself by a variety of social and economic activities. The "workers" in this organization's title were notably absent from its membership; where the other three groups appealed mainly to assimilated but still Europe-oriented white-collar workers and intellectuals, the IWO had its roots among small businessmen still not quite at home with the English language. The mass following of all these organizations was ephemeral; except for the IWO, whose members were tied to it by their financial stake in its insurance features, they were practically wiped out by the Hitler-Stalin pact. Their successors in the period after Hitler's invasion of Russia addressed similar appeals to the same groups with results which, while substantial, never equaled those attained in the 30's. But those whom the party did succeed in recruiting through such organizations added to its middle-class component.

The second major group in the American Communist movement has always been much smaller, but has had an importance in party activity and an influence in party councils disproportionate to its numbers. It has been stronger in the West than in the East, and has derived more from the long tradition of native radicalism than from the Bolshevik revolution. This group originally consisted mainly of workers of native and North European stock. Later it drew to some extent on non-European minority groups. Manual workers are relatively more important among the members of this second group than among Communists of East European background. A good many of the older ones went through the Industrial Workers of the World at one time or another; some had held fairly important posts in American Federation of Labor unions. William Z. Foster himself had been entrusted by the AFL with the leadership of

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the packing-house organizing campaign of 1917 and the great steel strike of 1919. Clarence Hathaway had been a district secretary of the Machinists Union and a vice-president of the Minnesota State Federation of Labor. In the organizing drives of the 30's, the Communists attained a considerable degree of influence in some fields in which the IWW had once been active, and where many workers were veterans of its struggles. Among these were the Woodworkers, the National Maritime Union, the West Coast longshoremen led by Harry Bridges, and the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers. On the whole, members of this group were Communists because of their resentment against the existing order in the United States. They were for Soviet Russia because they expected Russia and the Comintern to help bring about an American revolution; the question of what was happening in the Soviet Union was of relatively little importance to them. Their concern with the United States repeatedly brought them into conflict with their European-oriented comrades in the American Communist movement. They did not feel at home in the Communist movement during its first years, when the dominant foreign-language federations insisted that the party operate "underground" in Russian style. The American radical tradition had always emphasized outspoken rebellion, not conspiratorial secrecy. But if they did not share the "infantile leftism" of the party's underground period, most of them were likewise unhappy during the periods when Soviet interests imposed a right-wing line. Cannon became a Trotskyite. Foster furnished a "left" opposition both under Lovestone and during the war period, when Browder was uniting with the NAM in defense of the Soviet Union and free enterprise. After more than a quarter of a century in the party, William F. Dunne was expelled as a "left deviationist" at about the same time that Browder departed to the right. (Those expelled with Dunne included a number of key Communists in the National Maritime Union. It was their support that made it possible for Joe Curran finally to break with the Communists and smash their power in the NMU. Later Curran turned on his allies in that struggle and destroyed them too—with the aid of still other ex-Communists!)

The members of this group were loath to sacrifice the revolution in America in order to "defend the Soviet Union"; that ran counter to the Soviet Union's meaning for them. The considerations motivating their opposition to ultra-right lines were basically akin to those which from time to time led trade-union Communists to break with the party because its political demands conflicted with the interests of their unions. Indeed, many Communists of this type were alternately or even simultaneously troubled by the party's political and trade union lines for what might superficially appear to be opposite reasons. But just as a right-wing political line may seem to involve the sacrifice of the revolution, so an adventurist—as well as a "class-collaborationist"—line may threaten the functioning of a trade union.

On the whole, the situation from the fall of Browder in 1945 to the Khrushchev speech in 1956 was one in which there were few ideological strains between the American-oriented and European-oriented groups in the American Communist party. (Personal friction arising from differences in background, and even prejudice, probably continued under the surface if not on it. In an earlier time, after the expulsion of the Lovestoneites, the *Daily Worker* had referred to them as the "Lovestone-Gitlow-Wolfe-Hester Street crowd.") Tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union called for a leftist line. American capitalism was the international enemy of those American Communists who thought first of Russia, and the domestic enemy of those whose main interest was in working for the revolution at home.

True, the party's membership and influence were declining; almost all except the hard core of veterans had deserted it. Prosperity made it relatively easy for unions and employers to arrive at mutually profitable agreements, and relaxed the class struggle. Prosperity, together with progress in the fields of social legislation and civil rights, increased the sense of identification with the United States of even the most underprivileged. This and the growing antagonism between Russia and the United States tended to isolate the Kremlin's American allies. Very few Americans were anxious to be "liberated" by the Soviet Union.

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At the same time, both the government and the labor movement brought the Communists under very heavy fire. The government adopted loyalty and security procedures, prosecuted Communists under the Smith Act, tried to denaturalize and deport them, and harassed them in countless ways. Communist-controlled unions were expelled from the CIO. Other unions systematically raided their membership. The once-powerful United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers Union was reduced to a shadow of its former self. The Communist caucuses which had almost seized other major unions melted away. The Communist-controlled unions of white-collar workers and other centers of Communist influence in the Eastern labor movement practically disappeared, except for a few that found shelter under Jim Hoffa's wing in the Teamsters.

But all this left the Communist influence in the West Coast longshoremen's union and the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers almost unshaken. Particularly to the Western metal miners, the near-outlawry into which the Communists were thrust must have seemed like a point in their favor. For government attacks on their unions were nothing new. Many of them had personal and all of them "cultural" memories of the persecution which the IWW had sustained at the hands of lawless police, trigger-happy company guards, and sadistic mobs; these memories were kept fresh by occasional similar incidents in some areas. Newspaper disapproval of their union leadership could hardly be expected to affect workers who had always seen their leaders and themselves slandered by the same newspapers. Nor could they be expected to heed the disapproval of a society from which they had always been to a considerable extent cast out. In the Southwest, too, many of the metal miners were of Mexican descent and found in their union a refuge from discrimination. (This factor also helped to sustain the loyalty of many Negro longshoremen to Harry Bridges, and some Puerto Rican and Negro machinists in the New York area to the United Electrical Workers.) What happened in Butte or Bisbee—or even what had happened in those places a generation earlier—was more important to them than anything in far-off Russia.

Though the international Communist movement switched from an ultra-left course to a new popular front in the last two years of Stalin's life, this had relatively little effect in the United States. The enemy against whom the Communists were seeking allies through their new popular front was the United States; they directed their appeals to the bourgeoisie elsewhere—but against that of the United States. Hence in this country the new line meant only that they sought—with little success—to secure the broadest possible support for their opposition to American foreign policy, and were willing to call a truce in minor feuds to achieve that end. Nor did the first changes in Russia and in the satellites under Stalin's successors, and the rapprochement with Tito, affect the American Communist party very much. For one section of its membership, all this was Soviet policy, and therefore right; Stalin had made abrupter changes of line, and people who had swallowed the Hitler-Stalin pact could scarcely be expected to gag at eating crow prepared by the Yugoslav chefs. For the other major group in the American Communist movement, the changes in Soviet policy were remote matters and therefore irrelevant.

But the Khrushchev speech, and the other revelations and events which preceded, accompanied, and followed it, disrupted this internal harmony. The two main groups in the party reacted in quite different ways. For the American-oriented revolutionists, Stalin's sins were more or less irrelevant; he had been the enemy of their enemies, and that was what counted most. If his successors wished to denounce him, that remained their own affair—as long as they continued to fight against American capitalism (though perhaps it *was* a bit of a pity that they had to provide ammunition for the capitalist press). Nor were Communists of this type unduly disturbed by revelations of Soviet anti-Semitism; philo-Semitism had never been a strong passion with them.

But the larger part of the membership and even leadership of the American Communist party entered upon a crisis which was as much spiritual as political, and had no precedent in the entire history of Communism. The defamation of Trotsky and the Old Bolsheviks had proceeded gradually over a period of years. Even so, their

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transformation from revolutionary heroes into factional opponents, then into defeated oppositionists, then into conspiratorial rebels, and finally into Gestapo agents, was too much for some party members and followers to swallow—yet just because each step paved the way for the next, more had accepted than balked. Even the Hitler-Stalin pact, which shook the faith of some of the hardiest Communists for a few weeks, was quickly rationalized as a necessary measure to prevent the West from "unleashing" Hitler against the Soviet Union. Stalin's infallibility and the sanctity of the Soviet Union remained inviolate; faith triumphed and was even reinforced in the hearts of those who stayed. They had defended the Moscow Trials; and after the war they found it no problem at all to justify the extermination of "counter-revolutionaries" and "Zionist agents of Tito and the FBI" in Eastern Europe. Charges of Soviet anti-Semitism they rejected as slanders against the country that had saved the world from Hitler. The break with Tito meant that he was deserting the camp of progress for that of reaction; the Kremlin's reconciliation with him and its confession of error merely showed once more the superlative generosity of the Soviet leaders and their readiness to expose their rare mistakes to pitiless self-criticism.

Now, however, the late "Father of the Peoples" was revealed on the highest authority of the Soviet Union *itself* to have been a Moloch. The wreckers, saboteurs, Nazi agents, and assorted dregs of humanity who had been slaughtered en masse in the Soviet Union and its satellites over the past twenty years turned out to have been selfless patriots devoted to the cause of Communism even in their dying breaths, from whom confessions had been wrung by inhuman tortures. The military genius who had conquered the Nazis single-handed was revealed as a coward and incompetent who had almost lost the war by his blunders and his loss of nerve. And worst of all—for those Communists whose faith in the Soviet Union was to so large an extent based on its supposed elimination of Russia's traditional anti-Semitism—was the confirmation of the charges of anti-Semitism leveled against the Soviet Union by anti-Communists as not only true, but far short of the reality.

The men on whom this blow fell had, by and large, sacrificed a great deal for the party and the Soviet Union. Many of them had gone to prison; more had lost jobs or suffered other economic penalties. Now they were told that they had been sacrificing themselves in the interests of a murderous, half-demented tyrant, and that the truths they had been proclaiming were lies. Some of them had doubted, but had suppressed their doubts because belief was their life. Now there was no escape. At first they sought one desperately. They begged the Soviet leaders for some explanation of how one man could pervert and turn the entire system from good toward evil, and whether there must not have been fatal defects in the entire structure to make this possible. They wanted to know how Stalin's colleagues, who had become his successors and now his judges, could escape a large share of the responsibility for the crimes in which they had been his accomplices. They worried about the possibility that such abuses could be—perhaps were even already being—repeated. They were not unmindful of the fact that the charges and the procedures in the cases of Beria and his former adherents closely followed the pattern of the cases Khrushchev had denounced as frame-ups. They had, indeed, begun to ask some of these questions even before Khrushchev's speech, on the basis of Mikoyan's public attack on Stalin at the 20th Party Congress in February 1956.

Similar questions were being asked in other Communist parties (in Italy, for instance, by Palmiro Togliatti), but in most cases with far less emotional urgency. Communists in other countries might raise these questions because they were implicit in the situation, but they seldom had the same need for adequate answers. And no adequate answers came, because there could be none. Continued references to "the cult of personality" were singularly unsatisfying.

The editors of the *Daily Worker* (and apparently a majority of the American party's National Committee) decided that the American Communists could not themselves escape a share of the blame for Stalin's sins; this was a position non-Communists had arrived at a good many years earlier. On June 10, 1956, the *Daily Worker's* foreign editor, Joseph Clark, wrote: "The blind and un-

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critical attitude of the *Daily Worker* during the past years to the Soviet Union only did grave damage to our goal of promoting a socialist movement in this country." The *Daily Worker* announced that in future it would not repeat its error in this respect. Articles appeared that would previously have been inconceivable in a Communist publication. The editors even went so far as to indicate that they doubted the fairness of the trial of the former Azerbaijan Communist leader, Bagirov, executed as an accomplice of Beria. The *Daily Worker* even raised questions about Soviet foreign policy, criticizing the Russians along with the West for not having insisted that Egypt permit Israeli ships to pass through the Suez Canal.

At the same time, editors and ordinary party members were using the columns of the paper to subject the party's theory and tactics over the previous decade to sharp criticism. The party's isolation and the sharp fall in its membership were attributed to its left sectarianism and overestimation of the threat of world war and American fascism. There were many condemnations of bureaucracy and of the absence of internal party democracy. The period before Browder's expulsion had been characterized by similar "self-criticism." The difference was that this time the criticism did not reflect any directive from Moscow, it was largely criticism *of* Moscow. And there were many differing opinions expressed. Indeed, the New York State organization of the party even went so far, in August 1956, as to overrule the violent objections of William Z. Foster and permit the publication in the party's discussion bulletin of a long defense of Browder. Some Communists also raised the question of dissolving the party and setting up a political or even a purely educational association in its place, or of trying to merge it into a larger grouping of "left-wing forces" in the United States.

But the Soviet Union, Stalin, and post-Browder Communist policy in the United States were not without their defenders. William Z. Foster was chief among these; no one was more closely identified with the postwar Communist turn to the left than he. The national committee tried to bridge the two opposing positions with formulas both ambiguous and ambivalent. Thus on June 25, 1956, it declared: "We cannot accept an analysis of such profound mistakes which attributes them solely to the capricious aberrations of a single individual, no matter how much arbitrary power he was wrongly permitted to usurp. It is just as wrong to ascribe all the mistakes and violations of socialist principle to a single individual as it was to ascribe to him all the achievements and grandeur of socialist progress in the USSR." This could be interpreted as a defense of Stalin—or as a criticism of the Soviet dictatorship.

After the Russians had attacked their Communist critics abroad, in a reply specifically aimed at Togliatti, the National Committee of the American party adopted another statement on July 19 and made it public on July 26. This praised the Russian resolution as a "valuable and important contribution to analyzing the origins, effects, and lessons of the mistakes made by the CPSU under Stalin's leadership," and "a convincing answer to the big business enemies of socialism who claim that the gross mistakes made under Stalin's leadership are inherent in socialism." But it added that "certain aspects of past violations of socialist principle," including "the question of bureaucratic distortions in a socialist society, as well as the happenings in the sphere of Jewish cultural organizations and their leadership," needed further study. And it reiterated that "friendly criticism" was the "right and duty" of all Communist parties.

A FURTHER stage in the development of the National Committee's position was marked by its adoption on September 13 of a draft resolution for submission to the party convention scheduled to open on February 11. This resolution was accepted only with reservations by Foster and Benjamin J. Davis; later Foster changed his vote to an outright negative. The National Committee criticized the party for having adopted a sectarian approach, and attributed that approach to unsound political and economic analyses which resulted in an overestimation of the dangers of war and fascism. Specific criticism was directed against a trade union policy that antagonized "progressive" unionists, the proliferation of Communist fronts with no mass basis in fields where effective non-Communist organizations existed, the formation of the Progressive party despite

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the absence of trade union support, and "the introduction of a system of leadership which . . . tended to accept a status of illegality and abandoned many possibilities for the public functioning of the party."

Were such criticisms just the normal accompaniment of a change of line? Possibly they were, as could also have been the declaration that "Bureaucratic concepts of party organization, systems of leadership, and relations between the party and the masses . . . hindered the early and timely correction of these errors. Wrong concepts of leadership discouraged full and free participation of the membership in the discussion of policy and tactics." But the following pronouncement was unprecedented: "Our party has also suffered from an oversimplified approach to and an uncritical acceptance of many views and ideas of Marxists and Marxist parties in other countries. . . . *The party must distinguish better between the additions to Marxist theory made by Lenin which are valid for all countries and those specific aspects of Lenin's writing which reflect exclusively certain unique features of the Russian revolution or of Soviet Society. Likewise, the Communist Party will have to be bolder in re-examining certain Marxist-Leninist theories which, while valid in a past period, may have become outdated and rendered obsolete by new historical developments*" (italics mine). When did the American Communist party, or any Communist party, ever issue a statement like that before? One might almost suspect that, by his close association with Stalin in their joint tomb, Lenin had come to share his successor's guilt; no wonder Bill Foster voted no!

The draft resolution went on to give some examples of the doctrines to be scrapped, saying: "For example, we as well as other Marxist parties have already discarded as obsolete Lenin's thesis that war is inevitable under imperialism. We have long since discarded as incorrect Stalin's thesis about the alleged law of inevitable violent proletarian revolution. Likewise, we are making important modifications in the theory of the state, as evidenced in our advocacy of the peaceful, constitutional path to socialism." If one could take these statements at face value, there would be very little left of Communism. But Communists have many times in the past made statements repudiating violent revolution, dictatorship, and the doctrine of the inevitability of war—though they have not hitherto described such repudiation as a departure from Marxism-Leninism—and these statements have meant nothing. (At the 20th Party Congress, Mikoyan said violent revolution was not inevitable—citing Czechoslovakia as a case in point!) It is therefore not improbable that the specific examples of the doctrines to be scrapped were chosen with an eye on the Supreme Court test of the McCarran Act, and with a large quantity of tongue in cheek. Yet in the present historical context, it is not completely impossible that for once at least some of the authors of a Communist statement meant what they were saying.

On the Soviet Union and the Khrushchev speech, the resolution said: "The party also viewed uncritically developments in the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. It mistakenly thought that any public criticism of the views or policies of the Marxist parties of these countries would weaken the bonds of international working class solidarity or bring comfort to the enemies of peace and socialism. The incorrectness of this view was highlighted by the revelations in Khrushchev's special report to the Twentieth Congress of the CPSU. Because it held this view, the Communist Party of our country was entirely unprepared for and deeply shocked by the admissions of crimes, violations of socialist justice, mistreatment of certain national minorities, and the basis for the rupture of relations with Yugoslavia—all at variance with the truly liberating character of socialism." And then the inevitable sop to Cerberus: "The courage shown in making these disclosures and the profound process of self-correction begun some years ago and sharply accelerated since the Twentieth Congress, are irrefutable evidence of the historic role and vitality of the socialist system."

THE draft resolution's proposals for the internal government of the party likewise marked a sharp departure from previous theory, and an even sharper one from previous practice. These proposals called for: "Guarantees of real inner-party democracy through provisions of channels for freedom of discussion, dissent, and criticism within the framework of carrying out the majority

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will. The National Committee should issue a special publication on a regular monthly basis which should be devoted exclusively to articles or letters discussing, debating, or differing with party policies, whether current or long-range. The decisions of all party bodies shall continue to be made by majority rule. Minorities or individuals opposed to such decisions shall be required to abide by them. But the right of such individuals or minorities to express their views shall be guaranteed in all cases.* However, this does not mean that factions—groupings with their own platform, discipline, organization, and publications of the party—can be tolerated."

If these proposals were really put into effect, and not merely adopted on paper, the Communist party would turn into something very different from what it has been for the last three decades. And indeed the conduct of the present discussion would seem to indicate that, for the moment at least, it already is. In one respect, however, the National Committee felt that change could go too far. It opposed either liquidating the party or converting it into a purely educational organization. As to the proposal that the party be replaced by a "political action association," as in the last phase of the Browder leadership, the National Committee thought that the time was not yet, but it did not close the door. In December, the Committee offered an amendment to this section, providing for further discussion of the question after the convention and authorizing the new National Committee to consider it further and perhaps call a special convention on it. Foster and Davis voted against this amendment, Dennis abstained after an amendment of his own urging that the Communists continue as a party had been rejected, and the other ten members supported it.

Meanwhile the party press and subordinate party organizations continued to exercise their new right to criticize. Both the *Daily Worker* and the *Freiheit* returned time and again to the subject of Soviet anti-Semitism. They even went so far as to criticize sharply a statement of Ekaterina Furtseva, protégée of Khrushchev and alternate member of the Soviet Politburo, on the subject. In November and December the *Freiheit* printed a series of extremely critical articles on the situation of the Jews in Russia by a Canadian Communist, J. B. Salzberg, who had recently returned from there. These included the report of an interview he had with Nikita Khrushchev which indicated that the latter had at least a little in common with such earlier Ukrainian leaders as Bogdan Chmelnitzky (after whom it will be remembered that Stalin named a decoration) and Simon Petlura. Among other things, Salzberg reported Khrushchev as saying that both he and Stalin had opposed projects for Jewish settlement in the Crimea because they doubted the loyalty of Jews in time of war. On December 16, the *Freiheit* editorially declared that although Khrushchev "was willing to grant that every people has its virtues and its shortcomings, he saw only Jewish faults." It went on to say that his remarks played into the hands of those who charged him with anti-Semitism.

Events in Poland and Hungary also had their repercussions in the American Communist movement. At the time of the Polish Communist party's revolt against Russian dictation, the *Daily Worker* gave full support to Gomulka; in general, it has supported the Tito-Gomulka thesis of the equality of Communist parties, and on this point the Foster forces have had little to say. It also criticized the use of Russian troops in Hungary, both initially and when they returned to overthrow the Nagy government, saying that it "does not advance but retards the development of socialism." On this issue, however, the Foster forces rallied. A National Committee resolution of November 1, before the second Soviet intervention, called the action of Gerő in calling in Soviet troops "a tragic error" which "dramatized the bankruptcy" of Hungarian Communist policies. Criticism of the Soviet Union, however, was only implied in the statement that the Hungarian and Polish events showed that the decisions of the 20th Congress were "yet to be fully applied in practice." Foster recorded his vote against this resolution, Dennis and Davis abstained,

*An amendment proposed by the National Committee in December altered this phrasing to make it explicit that party members would still have the right to dissent even after a decision was voted.

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and James E. Jackson, Jr. approved it only with reservations. When it was clear that the Russians were fully committed in Hungary, however, the National Committee adopted a compromise resolution which certainly satisfied nobody. This statement, made public on November 19, declared that Gerő's use of Russian troops "was a tragic error for which the Soviet Union must also take responsibility," but defended the overthrow of Nagy as necessary "to head off the White Terror and . . . the danger of . . . an anti-Soviet, Horthy-like regime . . . which would threaten not only the security of the USSR and other socialist countries but world peace as well." And then it indicated that it really didn't mean all this by adding: "There are no ready answers and we are in no position to give final judgment on the Soviet action. On this there are different viewpoints in the National Committee and in the party."

The existence of these divisions was clearly shown in the bitter polemics which followed in the columns of the *Daily Worker*, in which Party Secretary Dennis accused that paper of looking at the Soviet Union "through the eyes of American imperialists," while Max Gordon, of its editorial staff, charged Dennis with "blind apologetics." Even when the Russian magazine *Kommunist* brought up its heavy guns and accused the *Daily Worker* of "babbling" and equating the invasion of Egypt with the use of Russian troops in Hungary, the *Daily Worker's* editors refused to retreat. Instead, they fired back on November 26: "No, we do not 'equate' the events in Hungary with the imperialist invasion of Egypt. But neither do we condone Soviet policies in Hungary or those of the Hungarian Communist Party." And asking whether *Kommunist's* "dismissal of our views as babbling comes under the heading of fraternal spirit," the editors suggested that "*Kommunist's* editorial writer follow the advice of *Pravda* to Marshal Tito on the friendly tone required in such discussions." Nor did the *Daily Worker* criticize only Russian armed intervention; although generally favorable to Tito, it defended Milovan Djilas when Tito imprisoned him for criticizing dictatorship. On the other side, Foster gave the Soviet position all-out support; on January 9 he stated in the *Daily Worker* that "the bulk of the party" had reached "the same opinion as that of Communists in other countries, particularly with regard to the 'grim necessity' for the Red Army to enter that country to prevent a very serious growth of reaction and war danger."

So deep are the divisions within the Communist party today that the coming convention will almost certainly not resolve them. Even should the "revisionists" carry everything before them, they are already pledged to let their opponents keep up the fight. It is doubtful that, under the present circumstances, the latter would split off voluntarily; it would mean depriving themselves of access to the party press, and it would not be easy for them to find a substitute. If, on the other hand, Foster should be victorious, it could only be by an alliance with Dennis, who is obviously desperately anxious to find formulas that would preserve party unity; expulsion of the *Daily Worker* group would therefore be very unlikely. Nor would the latter be likely to secede *en masse*, although many of them would doubtless leave the party individually. (Indeed, whatever chance the Foster wing has of controlling the convention comes from the fact that there have been heavy defections from the party in recent months, and that these have, of course, been chiefly among those critical of the Soviet Union.) An additional factor tending to unite the party is the respect which all factions still appear to retain for the Chinese Communists; quotations from Mao seem to be getting more numerous than those from Lenin and Stalin, and there has been little criticism of the Chinese Communists, although the Connecticut party did call on them to release their American prisoners.

Nevertheless, the logic of the positions of the contending groups would seem to be driving them further apart rather than nearer together. The new wave of Soviet repression in the satellites and the increasing strain between the Russians and Tito seem certain to sharpen the conflicts within the American party and to accelerate the tendency of its "liberal" wing to turn away from Communism. But no course seems likely to stem the party's decline: whatever decision it may formally adopt as to its structure and function, it has already effectively ceased to be more than a "political action association."

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FIRE

A Story

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

I WANT to tell you a story. It isn't from a book—it happened to me personally. I've kept it secret all these years, but I know now I'll never leave this poorhouse alive. I'll be carried straight from here to the morgue. So I want the truth known. I'd have had the rabbi and the town elders here, and got them to record it in the community book, but why embarrass my brother's children and grandchildren? Here is my story.

I come from Janow near Zamosc. The place is called Poorman's Kingdom, for obvious reasons. My father, God bless his memory, had seven children, but lost five of them. They grew up strong as oaks and then down they fell. Three boys and two girls! No one knew what was wrong. The fever got them one after the other. When Chaim Jonah, the youngest, died, my mother (may she intercede for me in Heaven) went out like a candle. She wasn't ill, she just stopped eating and stayed in bed. Neighbors dropped in and asked, "Beile Rivke, what's wrong?" and she answered, "Nothing. I'm just going to die." The doctor came and she was bled; they applied cups and leeches, exorcised the evil eye, washed her with urine, but nothing worked. She shriveled up until she was nothing but a bag of bones. When she had said her Confession of Sins she called me to her side. "Your brother Lippe will make his way in the world," she said, "but you, Leibus, I pity."

Father never liked me. I don't know why. Lippe was taller than me, he took after Mother's family. He was smart in school though he didn't study. I studied, but it didn't help. What I heard went in one ear and out the other. Even so I can find my way around in the Bible. I was soon taken out of *cheder*.

My brother Lippe was, as the saying goes, the apple of Father's eye. When my brother did something wrong, Father looked the other way, but God forbid that I should make a mistake. He had a weighty hand; every time he smacked me I saw my dead grandmother. As far back as I can remember it was like that. The slightest thing and off came his belt. He beat me black and blue. It was always, "Don't go here, don't go there." In the synagogue, for example, all the other boys fooled around during the services, but if I left out a single "Amen," I got my "reward." At home I did all the work. We had a handmill, and all day long I ground buckwheat; I was also water-carrier and wood-chopper; I made the fire and cleaned the outhouse. Mother protected me while she was alive, but after she was gone, I was a stepchild. Don't think it didn't eat into me, but what could I do? My brother Lippe shoved me around too. "Leibus, do this, do that." Lippe had his friends, he liked to drink; he hung around the tavern.

There was a pretty girl in our town, Havele. Her father owned a drygoods store. He was well fixed, and he had his ideas about a son-in-law. My brother had other ideas. He set his trap carefully. He paid the matchmakers not to bring her proposals. He spread a rumor that someone in her family

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ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, considered by many to be the greatest living writer of Yiddish fiction, was born in Poland, where he had already won literary fame before coming to the United States in 1935. That year he published his novel *Satan in Goray*, the recent English translation of which was reviewed in our April 1956 number. "Fire," translated by Norbert Guterman, is from a collection entitled *Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories*, which Noonday Press will publish next fall.

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had hanged himself. His friends helped out, and in return they got their share of brandy and poppy seed cake. Money was no problem for him. He just opened Father's drawer and took what he pleased. In the end Havele's father was beaten down, and gave consent to the marriage to Lippe.

The whole town celebrated the engagement. The bridegroom does not usually bring a dowry, but Lippe persuaded Father to give him two hundred gulden. He also got a wardrobe fit for a landlord. At the wedding there were two bands, one from Janow and one from Bilgorai. That is how he started on his way up. But it was different for the younger brother; he didn't even get a new pair of pants. Father had promised me clothes, but he put off ordering from day to day, and by the time he had bought the material it was too late to have it made up. I went to the wedding in rags. The girls laughed at me. Such was my luck.

I THOUGHT I would go the way of my other brothers and sisters. But I was not fated to die. Lippe got married; as the saying goes, he started off on the right foot. He became a successful dealer in grain. Near Janow there was a watermill belonging to Reb Israel David, son of Malka, a fine man. Israel David took a liking to my brother and sold him the mill for a song. I don't know why he sold it; some said that he wanted to go to the Holy Land, others that he had relatives in Hungary. Whatever the reason, shortly after selling the mill, he died.

Havele had one child after another, each prettier than the last; they were such marvels, people came just to look at them. The dowry Father had given Lippe undermined his own business; he was left without a cent. The business collapsed, as well as his strength, but if you think that my brother Lippe gave him a helping hand, you're very much mistaken. Lippe neither saw nor heard anything, and Father took his bitterness out on me. What he had against me I don't know; sometimes a man conceives such a hatred for his child. No matter what I said, it was wrong, and no matter how much I did, it was not enough.

Then Father fell ill, and everyone could see he would not last long. My brother Lippe was busy making money. I took care of Father. It was I who carried the bedpan; it was I who washed, bathed, combed him. He couldn't digest anything; he kept spitting up whatever he ate. The disease spread to his legs too, so he couldn't walk. I had to bring him everything, and whenever he saw me he looked at me as though I were dirt. Sometimes he wore me out so that I wanted to run from him to the end of the world, but how can you leave your own father? And so I suffered in silence. The final weeks were just hell: Father swearing and groaning, I have never heard more horrible curses. My brother Lippe would drop in twice a week and ask with a smile, "Well, how are you, Father? No better?" and the moment Father saw him, his eyes brightened. I have forgiven him, and may God forgive him too: does a man know what he is doing?

It took him two weeks to die and I can't begin to describe his agony. Every time he opened his eyes he stared at me in rage. After the funeral, his will was found under a pillow; I was dispossessed. Everything was left to Lippe—the house, the handmill, the cupboard, the chest of drawers, even the dishes. The town was shocked; such a will, people said, was illegal. There was even a precedent to this effect in the Talmud. It was suggested that Lippe give me the house, but he merely laughed. Instead he sold it immediately, and moved the handmill and the furniture to his own place. I was left the pillow. This is the truth pure and simple. May I be no less pure when I come before God!

I began to work for a carpenter and I could scarcely earn a living. I slept in a shed; Lippe forgot that he had a brother. But who do you suppose said *kaddish* for Father? There was always some reason why it couldn't be Lippe: I lived in town, there weren't enough men at the mill for the service, it was too far away for him to get to *shul* on Saturday. At first they gossiped

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about his treatment of me, then people began saying he must have his reasons. When a man is down, everyone likes to walk on him.

I was now no longer young and still unmarried. I had grown a beard but no one thought of a match for me. If a matchmaker did come, what he offered was the dregs of the dregs. But why should I deny it, I did fall in love. The girl was the cobbler's daughter and I used to watch her emptying slops. But she became engaged to a cooper. Who wants an orphan? I was no fool; it hurt. Sometimes I couldn't sleep at night. I would toss about in my bed as if I had a fever. Why? What had I done to my father? I decided that I would stop saying *kaddish,* but a year had almost gone by. Besides, how can you take revenge on the dead?

And now let me tell you what happened.

ONE Friday night I lay in my shed on a pile of shavings. I had worked hard; in those days one began at dawn, and the price of the candle was deducted from one's wages. I hadn't even had time to go to the bathhouse. On Fridays we got no lunch, so we should have a keener appetite for the Sabbath dinner, but at dinner the carpenter's wife always dished out less to me than to the others. Everyone else got a nice piece of fish, I got the tail. I would choke on the first mouthful of bone. The soup was watery, and my portion of meat was the chicken legs, along with some strings of muscle. It was not only that you couldn't chew it, but if you swallowed it, according to the Talmud, it weakened your memory. I didn't even get enough *challah,* and of the sweets, I never got a taste. So I had gone to sleep hungry.

It was winter, and bitter cold in my shed. There was an awful racket—the mice. I lay on my pile of shavings, with rags for covers, burning with rage. What I wanted was to get my hands on my brother Lippe. Havele also came into my mind; you might expect a sister-in-law to be kinder than a brother, but she had time only for herself and her little dolls. The way she dressed you would have thought she was a great lady; the few times she came to *shul* to attend a wedding, she wore a plumed hat. Wherever I went I would hear told how Lippe had bought this, Havele had bought that; their main business, it seemed, was adorning themselves. She treated herself to a skunk coat, and then to a fox fur; she paraded herself in flounces while I lay like a dog, my belly growling with hunger. I cursed them both. I prayed that God would send them plagues, and everything else I could think of. Gradually I fell asleep.

But then I awoke; it was the middle of the night and I felt that I must take revenge. It was as if some devil had seized me by the hair and shouted, "Leibus, it is time for revenge!" I got up; in the darkness I found a bag which I filled with shavings. Such things are forbidden on the Sabbath, but I had forgotten my religion: surely there was a *dybbuk* in me. I dressed quietly, took the bag with the shavings, two flints and a wick, and sneaked out. I would set fire to my brother's house, the mill, the granary, everything.

It was pitch dark out and I had a long way to go. I kept away from the town. I cut across swampy pastures, over fields and meadows. I knew that I would lose everything—this world and the next. I even thought of my mother lying in her grave: what would she say? But when you're mad you can't stop. You bite off your tongue to spite your face, as the saying goes.

I walked and walked, and the wind blew; the cold cut into me. I sank into snow over my knees, and climbed out of one ditch only to fall into another. As I passed by the hamlet known as "The Pines," dogs attacked me. You know how it is: when one dog barks, all the rest join in. I was pursued by a pack, and I thought I would be torn to pieces. It was a miracle that the peasants didn't wake and take me for a horse thief; they would have done away with me on the spot. I was on the verge of giving up the whole thing; I wanted to drop the bag and hurry back to bed. Or I thought of simply wandering away, but my *dybbuk* kept inciting me: "Now or never!" I trudged on and on. Wood shavings aren't heavy, but if

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you carry a bagful long enough you feel it. I began to sweat.

And now listen to this coincidence.

As I walked I suddenly saw a red glow in the sky. Could it be dawn? No, that didn't seem possible. It was early winter; the nights were long. I was very close to the mill and I walked faster. I almost ran. Well, to make a long story short, I arrived at the mill to find it on fire. Can you imagine that? I had come to set a building on fire and it was already burning. I stood as though paralyzed, with my head spinning; it seemed to me that I was losing my mind. Maybe I was: for the very next moment I threw down my bag of shavings and began to scream for help. I was about to run to the mill when I remembered Lippe and his family, and so I rushed to the house; it was a blazing inferno. It seemed they had all been overcome by smoke. Beams were burning; it was as bright as on Simchas Torah. Inside it felt like an oven, but I ran to the bedroom, smashed open a window, seized my brother, and threw him into the snow. I did the same with his wife and children. I almost choked to death but I rescued them all. No sooner had I finished, than the roof collapsed. My screams had awakened the peasants and now they came running. They revived my brother and his family. The chimney and a pile of ashes were all that was left of the house but the peasants managed to put out the fire in the mill. I caught sight of the bag of shavings and threw it into the fire. My brother and his family found shelter with neighbors. By this time it was daylight.

My brother's first question was, "How did it happen? How come you're here?" My sister-in-law rushed at me to scratch my eyes out. "He did it! He set the fire!" The peasants also questioned me, "What devil brought you here?" I didn't know what to say. They began to club me. Just before I was battered to a pulp, my brother held up his hand, "No more, neighbors. There is a God and He'll punish him," and with that he spat in my face.

Somehow or other I managed to get home; I didn't walk, I dragged myself. Like a crippled animal I pulled myelf along on all fours. A few times I paused to cool my wounds in the snow. But when I got home my real troubles began. Everyone asked: "Where were you? How come you knew your brother's house was on fire?" Then they learned that I was suspected. The man I worked for came to my shed and raised the roof when he found that one of his bags was missing. All Janow said that I had set my brother's house on fire, and on the Sabbath no less.

Things couldn't have been worse. I was in danger of being jailed, or pilloried in the synagogue yard. I didn't wait, I made myself scarce. A carter took pity on me and drove me to Zamosc that Saturday night. He carried no passengers, only freight, and he squeezed me in among the barrels. When the story of the fire reached Zamosc, I left for Lublin. There I became a carpenter and married. My wife bore me no children; I worked hard but I had no luck. My brother Lippe became a millionaire—he owned half of Janow—but I never had a line from him. His children married rabbis and wealthy businessmen. He is no longer alive—he died weighted down with riches and honors.

Until now I have told this story to no one. Who would have believed it? I even kept it a secret that I was from Janow. I always said that I was from Shebreshin. But now that I'm on my deathbed, why should I lie? What I've told is the truth, the whole whole truth. There's only one thing I don't understand and won't understand it until I'm in my grave: why did a fire have to break out in my brother's house on just that night? Some time ago it occurred to me that it was my anger that started that fire. What do you think?

"Anger won't make a house burn."

"I know. . . . Still there's that expression, 'burning anger!'"

"Oh, that's just a way of talking."

Well, when I saw that fire I forgot everything and rushed to save them. Without me they would have all been ashes. Now that I'm about to die, I want the truth known.

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"A DEAD BRANCH ON THE TREE OF ISRAEL"

The Xuetas of Majorca

ROBERT GRAVES

THE Xueta (pronounced: *shwetta*)* community, who occupy a couple of streets in the center of Palma, the capital of Majorca, and monopolize the goldsmith and silversmith trades, are of unmixed Jewish stock, but strict Catholics. Jews are said to have first come to Majorca during the reign of the Emperor Claudius—perhaps in the year 49 C.E. when, as Suetonius records, those settled at Rome were expelled because of a disorderly Messianic uprising. Palestinian Jews joined them after Titus's destruction of the Temple; and others again, "with some of their most celebrated rabbis," when the Emperor Hadrian built his temple to Aelian Jove on Mount Zion. Majorca, the largest island in the western Mediterranean, lies midway between France and North Africa, and well on the route between Barcelona and Italy. It was then inhabited by the native Iberians (famous as slingers), a few Greek settlers, and four colonies of Roman veterans. The Jews soon took over trade and industry. They are said to have been the dominant class in 418 C.E., when the Visigoths secured the island; and do not seem to have fared too badly on the subsequent arrival of Genseric's Vandals, or of Belisarius's Byzantines, a century later. Nevertheless, Christians were not dependable. Since, in times of famine or other distress, they had a habit of making Jews the scapegoats, the Majorcan community are likely to have shed few tears when the Moslem Moors drove out the Byzantines in 720 C.E. Mohammed had, at least, ordained that religious toleration should be extended to all non-Moslem "Men of a Book"—meaning the Torah, or the Gospels—so long as they kept the peace and refrained from proselytizing; whereas the Gospels, for example in the parable of the King's Marriage, recommended compulsory conversion. There were three flourishing Palma synagogues during the Moorish occupation, and doubtless others elsewhere in the island. The Moors improved agriculture, terracing the mountainsides for olives, and building irrigation canals; the Jews improved trade. Majorca became very rich.

On December 31, 1229, King James of Aragon's knights captured Palma and, with the help of a few powerful Moorish collaborators, whom he allowed to keep their lands, soon secured the whole of the island. Though in the excitement of conquest his priests seized the largest of the three synagogues for re-consecration as a Catholic church, James was sensible enough to let the Jewish congregation have it back again, on a promise of peaceful cooperation. These Jews had taken no part in the fighting, being forbidden by the Moors to carry arms. Because the surviving Moors were lax Moslems, as their cultivation of the vine and their readiness to help King James suggests, Islam soon withered away when they

THE byways and even the dead ends of Jewish history have their importance, too. Here ROBERT GRAVES tells us something about the Xuetas (or Chuetas), that strange community of Catholics of relatively unmixed Jewish blood living in Palma on the Spanish island of Majorca. Mr. Graves, who himself lives on Majorca, is perhaps the most versatile man of letters of our time, having distinguished himself as a poet, novelist, biographer, critic, scholar, and translator. His *Collected Poems* were published two years ago by Doubleday. Born in England in 1895, he was educated at Oxford and served at the front during much of the First World War. Mr. Graves previously contributed, in our June 1956 issue, the review-article " 'Culture Creep.' "

*Also spelled "Chueta"—ED.

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began to intermarry with James's more numerous, if equally lax, Christians. The Jews, however, continued their strict observance of the Law, and felt no temptation to do otherwise, their closest trade contacts being with other Jews in Morocco, Italy, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Flanders, who would not extend equal credit to renegades. The Cavellers, or Aragonese nobility, had taken over the rich Majorcan farmlands, and left the Jews to carry on as before, until their merchant fleet became the most powerful in the western Mediterranean. At one time it employed thirty thousand sailors and shipwrights. The language of the island was now a form of Provençal French called *Mallorquin,* which is still the vernacular.

By the beginning of the 14th century Spain still had no Inquisition, the Moslem and Jewish religions being both officially recognized in the northern provinces; but the Popes had begun sending Dominican friars there to direct the persecutions. The first sign of trouble for the Majorcan Jews was an incident in 1344, under King Sancho. Two German Christians, almost certainly *agents provocateurs,* came to Catalonia and pleaded to be received into the Jewish faith. Since the synagogues of Lerida and Gerona would not admit them, they proceeded to Palma. There the rabbis, true to the Talmudic injunction "let thy right hand beckon, but let thy left hand repulse," pointed out the disadvantages of conversion. However, the Germans persisted, renounced Christianity, and became Jews. The Bishop of Villa Nova then brought a civil action against the Majorcan synagogues, which he naturally won; and the fine for this perversion of two Christian souls was fifteen thousand pounds' weight of gold. Five thousand went to the King of Aragon, five thousand to the Bishop, and five thousand toward the conversion of the largest Palma synagogue into a Christian church, henceforth called Santa Fé (the Holy Faith) de la Calatrava. It is recorded that a Jewry of three hundred houses lay between the present Calle de la Calatrava and the Calle de Call.

Next, the Church persuaded the Royal Governor that the existence of the remaining synagogues was a disgrace to a Christian island and that, as he hoped for salvation, he must suppress them. So the larger synagogue became the Church of Montesión (Mount Zion); and the smaller that of San Bartolomé—at one time a nunnery, now a timber store. Yet practical common sense kept the Royal Governor from killing the goose that laid the golden eggs: the Jews were given leave to continue their devotions in a nearby building called the Tower of Love—which is still commemorated in a Palma street name. The Papal propagandists grew bolder, and at last staged one of their familiar atrocity dramas. Here is the official account by the early 18th-century historian Dameto:

> In the year 1435, in the Passion Week, the Jews committed the most atrocious Action that can be imagined; they took a Moor, one of their own Slaves, and giving him the name of Jesus Christ, they began to represent in him, on the same Days of the Passion Week, what our Savior had suffered for all Men; this Moor they curs'd, whipp'd, and plac'd him upon a Cross, Crucifying a second time our Redeemer in the Person of this Wretch. This was a piece of the most execrable Impiety that could be invented by these Inhumane Monsters. But God Almighty, who in His infinite Mercy often brings Good from Evil, and from the Disgrace of Men Glory to Himself, willing to bring back these Jews to the Vineyard of their Fathers, made this Act of Impiety of use to convert them to the Christian Faith.
>
> Yet the Bishop hearing of this Action, ordered the two Jews who were the chief Authors of this Villainy to be taken into Custody, and also the Moorish Slave whom, tho' they had put upon the Cross, they had not killed. The Governor's Lieutenant demanded of the Bishop these Prisoners, because they belonged to his Jurisdiction; and they were accordingly carried to the King's Prison.
>
> The People thinking that the Governor delayed the Punishment of these Wretches, began to murmur and use very bitter Reflections against him, which was not a little encouraged by the Preachers from their Pulpits. The Governor to prevent any bad Accident, called a Council, and had one of the Criminals put to Torture before them. He confessed the Crime, and accused his Accomplices; of whom sixteen

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had already been seized and put in Prison. In the Space of five Days, the Process was ended, by which the four Principal Actors, viz., the Rabbies Struch, Sibili, Farrig and Stellator were condemned to be burnt; with this Clause, that their Sentence should be changed to hanging in case they would turn Christians and be baptized. The Sentence being published, the Governor sent two Confessors to take care of the Salvation of their Souls: by whose means God was pleased to convert these Jews. They were baptiz'd, and had Christian names given them.

The Example of these four, who were the wisest of their Religion, had such an influence over the Rest, that in two Days' time there were above two hundred Baptized in the Great Church. The Prisoners also met with the same Mercy: for, the Governor having ordered to bring the Criminals to Punishment, the Vicar General desired him to stay till they were baptized, and had received the Holy Sacrament; which they did with great Devotion. The Mob, whose temper is always variable and discontented, now began to have Compassion on these Wretches, and begged for their Pardon. There were also three of the converted Jewesses, who came with their Children in their Arms, accompanied with some Ladies of the Place, who fell down upon their knees before the Bishop and Governor, and in Tears implor'd Mercy. The Governor remained undetermined till the Bishop, Magistrates, Canons, Nobles, and Priors of the Convents intreated on their behalf, upon Account of so extraordinary a Conversion of the Jews. Upon this he called a Council, who unanimously voted their Pardon, which, with their Liberty, was accordingly given them; and they afterwards went in Procession to the Great Church, where a Te Deum was sung with great Devotion and Solemnity.

Nevertheless, it is probable that the rabbis who had "bowed in the House of Rimmon" continued to practice Judaism at home behind closed doors.

FORTY years later the crown of Majorca passed to the Spanish monarchy at the marriage of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Queen Isabella of Castile (1474-1504), who together set up a national Inquisition independent of the Papacy, and banned both Islam and Judaism. Penalties for continuing to observe the Law already so restricted the Jews in their daily life—those convicted of heresy might no longer employ Christian servants, ride horses, wear silk, furs, or jewels, or travel without permission—that in 1453, when King Alfonso the Magnanimous ruled Majorca, all but the ship-owners, druggists, bankers, furriers, and jewelers, who continued buying protection from the Royal Governors, or the Papal emissaries, or both, went over to Christianity in a mass, and now form part of the ordinary Catholic population. (It would be no exaggeration to say that all Majorcan tradesmen and businessmen of established family are of Jewish descent, and that the reputation which they everywhere enjoy for cleanliness, fair dealing, sobriety, industry, family affection, and a hatred of physical violence is due to this inheritance. They are also apt to form close-knit colonies abroad. For example: they control the high-class fruit trade throughout France, and the pastry trade in two or three South American republics.)

Worse followed. A deputation of the Spanish nobility complained to Ferdinand and Isabella that the greater part of Spain's wealth had passed into the hands of Jewish moneylenders. By a decree of May 1492, all Jews were given four months to choose between leaving the country (though without any gold, silver, precious stones, or other valuables) and embracing the Catholic faith. Eighty thousand emigrated to Portugal, the Balkans, and elsewhere; the figures for Majorca are unknown. Some families hoped to stay and ride out the storm, but by 1504, after various *autos-da-fé* had taken place in Palma, they realized their mistake. The good old days were over; and good days they had been. Despite a lack of secure harbors in the island, the Palma *Lonja,* or Exchange, had been so prosperous at one time that the Genoa Exchange was forced to close its doors. Now, however, their ships were being redirected to the American run; and the price of protection had risen ruinously. They decided to make a pretense of conversion, while continuing to worship their God in private; and so became the ancestors of the Xuetas.

The Mallorquin word *Xueta*—elsewhere

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in Spain converted Jews are called *Marranos* —has been given different etymologies. Some connect it with the French word *chouette* (screech owl), a bird of ill omen. Others say that it is formed from *xua,* the Mallorquin for pork chop; because the converted Jews used to eat pork in front of their shops, as a proof that they had renounced the Law. But the word is, it appears, no more than *"Jeu-ete,"* a playful diminutive of "Jew."

Though the conquest of the Americas filled Spain with treasure, this did not benefit the country itself so much as had been hoped. On the contrary, the sturdiest and most energetic Spanish peasants became soldiers, and for the next hundred years fought in the Caribbean, Italy, France, and the Low Countries. Prices soared, industry and trade dried up, learning stifled, English privateers played havoc with the Spanish fleet, the Armada was lost, and Philip III's expulsion of the Moriscoes—the ex-Moslem peasantry—left whole regions uncultivated. By the middle of the 17th century, Spain was nearly burned out. The English were founding colonies in the New World; Cromwell had invited Dutch Jews to England, where they introduced sound banking and made London the financial center of Europe. Yet the swifter the decline of Spanish national prestige, the more fanatic the triumph of faith. The Xuetas of Palma were spied upon, and many proved to be still faithful to Judaism, though a hundred and sixty years had elapsed since Judaism had been theoretically suppressed. The Inquisitors handed over those who remained "hardened" to the civil authorities for public burning. "Spectacles were organized in accordance with the most brilliant functions celebrated by the triumph of the Faith in Madrid, Palermo and Lima."

Of the condemned Jews, some thought it better to pretend a change of heart, so that their bodies at least could be buried, not burned, and thus await the resurrection of the just. Others thought that God would not forgive such an act of treason, and felt bound by the text of Isaiah: "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace." Here are two contrasting cases from the long list of victims proudly published by Father Garau, the rector of the Jesuit College of Montesión, who was Chief Examiner for the Inquisition.

The first prisoner abjured his faith:

> Juan Antonio Pomar, by trade merchant, a native and resident of this city, seventy years of age, arrested for Judaism. He appeared at the *auto-da-fé* in the dress of a penitent, with a two-peaked hood and a candle of green wax in his hands. His sentence, with its penalties, having been read out, he formally abjured his errors, was duly reconciled with the Church, warned, reprehended, cursed, and condemned to wear a felon's dress, be imprisoned for life, and to have all his goods confiscated.

For Zion's sake, the second prisoner would not hold his peace. He was Rafael Valls, the leader of a large party of rich Xuetas who had engaged an English ship and secretly sailed for England. A tempest, however, drove the ship back; the Xuetas were arrested, charged with tax evasion, and their goods confiscated to the value of several million florins.

> Rafael Valls the Elder, soap-maker by trade and, as it were, the Rabbi of all the Jews, aged fifty-one, a native and resident of this city, who after a reconciliation with the Church relapsed, and was arrested again for Judaism. He appeared in the same guise as the two last-mentioned [*Catalina Tarongi, aged fifty, a cooper's wife, and Rafael Tarongi, her brother, aged twenty-one and unmarried, who had worn coats decorated with devils and the flames of hell, and hoods painted with toads, snakes, and horned monsters*] and his sentence with its penalties having been read, was handed over to the secular arm to burn alive, as the last-mentioned had also done, with confiscation of his goods, being a heretic, apostate, Judaizer, and backslider, who had been convicted, confessed to his crime, but remained most obstinately rooted in his errors.

The full account of the burning is too sadistic to reprint here; but we learn that Rafael Valls "stood like a statue" and continued to curse the Jesuits who had condemned him, until the end. All this took place, by the way, where the Plaza Gomila, known as "the open psychotic ward" from the type of tourists it attracts, now spreads

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its numerous café tables at the foot of Bellver Castle Hill.

The document ends with a typical decree of the Inquisition:

> All the offenders listed in this report have been publicly sentenced by the Holy Office, as avowed heretics; their possessions confiscated and devoted to the Royal Treasury; themselves pronounced incompetent and disqualified from holding or acceding to any rank or benefices, whether ecclesiastical or secular, or any other public offices or honors; unfit to carry on their persons, or have carried by their dependents, gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, coral, silk, camlet, or broadcloth; to ride on horseback, carry arms, or practice and use the other things which, by common law, the laws and pragmatic sanctions of this Kingdom, or the directions and style of the Holy Office, are prohibited to persons thus degraded; the same prohibition extending, in the case of women under sentence of burning, to their sons and their daughters; and in the case of men, down to the third generation in tail male; condemning at the same time the memory of those executed in effigy, ordaining that their bones (provided that these can be distinguished from those of faithful Christians) shall be exhumed, handed over to justice and to the secular arm, to be burned and reduced to ashes; and there shall be obliterated or scraped away all inscriptions appearing in the burial places of the said heretics, wherever they may be, whether affixed, or painted; and all armorial bearings, so that there remain nothing of them on the face of the earth except the memory of their sentence and of their execution.

THE Xuetas, although making a great show of Catholic piety, continued to be shunned by all other Majorcans—including those Jews of the 1453 conversion who had forgotten their origin. In the year 1773 the enlightened King Charles III, famous for his expulsion of the Jesuits, received a deputation of eight leading Xuetas; as the result of which he issued a remarkable edict, intended to break down the prejudice which excluded them "from all societies, employments, honors, and amenities to which every honest Catholic subject of the King has a right to aspire," though they paid taxes and undertook all the public services demanded of them. The King ordered that they should be granted complete equality with the rest of his Majorcan subjects, and remarked that Christian baptism destroyed any "taint of lineage." He forbade the use of the "offensive word *Xueta*" under severe penalties, commanded the destruction of all barriers or gates which formed the Palma ghetto, and gave the inhabitants leave to settle wherever they pleased in the island.

The edict was disregarded, except insomuch as the Captain General tried to clear the ghetto by inviting the Xuetas to colonize the nearby desert island of Cabrera, which they of course refused to do. In 1782, when the King issued another, even stronger, edict, the Palma civil and ecclesiastical authorities, including the University, protested that the behavior required of them was "diametrically opposed to the clean Majorcan tradition," which excluded the descendants of converts forever from all offices, honors, and dignities in the island. These people, they maintained, still conserved "Talmudic fantasies and customs" that caused a natural disgust among pure-blooded Majorcans and, whatever the deputation may have told the King, far preferred to live in the ghetto, though many of them owned large houses outside. Elsewhere—in Catalonia, for example—the descendants of converted Jews had merged with the general population within two generations; but it had not happened, and could never happen, in Majorca. The Xuetas of Palma formed a closed society. They refused to attend the City Hospital, preferring their own mutual-aid organization; scorned agricultural labor, and observed a certain unparalleled and disgraceful Paschal custom, which earned them the horror of all good Christians. Their great show of religious devotion was puerile in its enthusiasm and excess. They had, in the previous century, refused to let pure-blooded Majorcans join their Silkworkers' Guild. And, despite the King's wishes, they must remain a distinct society, because no decent father of a family would dream of letting his daughter marry a descendant of those who had rejected Christ. Moreover, when, on publication of the King's first edict, a Xueta tried

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to enter the Tailors' Guild and won his case in the civil courts, the guild masters had announced that sooner than admit him they would prefer to be disbanded.

This second edict, therefore, also remained a dead letter. The "disgraceful Paschal custom," by the way, was that of killing a lamb and awarding a prize to the man who displayed the fattest carcass hanging up at the entrance to the house. The Captain General now abolished this custom—presumably a reminiscence of the Passover Seder—as a studied insult to Christ, the true Paschal Lamb.

Judaism is no longer an officially proscribed religion in Spain. A liberal revolution caused the Holy Office to be finally dissolved in 1834—and later, in Barcelona, permission was even granted for the building of a synagogue. Though destroyed in 1936 during the troubles, the synagogue has recently been rebuilt, and a cinema is now annually hired as an overflow meeting place for the celebration of Yom Kippur. This, however, is a concession to the foreign Jewish colony.

The Xuetas of Palma, however careful in their Catholic observations, are still shunned by the more backward part of the population as somehow responsible for Christ's crucifixion, and tacitly debarred from becoming priests, nuns, or until lately, army officers. Except in rare instances, they marry only among themselves. They continue to control the goldsmith trade, but their shops are now stocked with factory-made jewelry for tourists, and the craftsmen confine themselves to repair work. Most of Palma's plumbers are Xuetas; the trend began, I am told, when the demand for silver-chain purses, which the Xuetas made by the thousand, ended at about the same time as modern plumbing came in. A few Xuetas have gone out into the larger world and become internationally famous: among them Don Antonio Maura, the far-sighted Spanish liberal statesman of the 1890's, whose father was a furrier's cutter. Baruch Braunstein, in a book on the Xuetas published by Columbia University twenty years ago, estimated that they then consisted of some three hundred families; this seems plausible.

Some Xueta characteristics are obvious. The jewelers have a habit of standing at the doorways of their shops to welcome customers, which nobody else does here; and give unlimited credit to people with honest faces. They live economically, and their tiny shops with jewelry in the windows are often false fronts to moneylending businesses. They also have a wholesome fear of litigation and, I am told, settle their internal disputes by appeal to an *hombre recto*, or upright character—an ex-colonel of the Caveller family—whom they know as altogether unbribable and unprejudiced and would never insult with the offer of fees. To have earned their confidence is sufficient honor, and they always abide by his decision. Another of their habits is nostalgically to attend Montesión Church, once their synagogue. Xuetas in Sóller and other small towns have a sort of rabbi as their moral and spiritual leader—a Catholic, of course, but a layman.

Recently I bought from a Palma jeweler named Pomar—perhaps a descendant of the Pomar who recanted—a small crowned lion in silver, hanging from a buckle set with a red stone. The lion had bells attached to its feet, and a fifth bell above its head. Señor Pomar had no idea what it represented, but guaranteed it to be ancient Majorcan work. I was antiquary enough to recognize the crowned lion as the Lion of Judah, and the red stone as the emblem of Judah; I guessed that the five bells represented the five Books of Moses. It proved, in fact, to be the ornament from an early 16th-century Torah.

I was about to send off this piece, when the following extraordinary news item reached me:

Forward [the *Jewish Daily Forward* in New York], August 26, publishes article by Israel correspondent L. Rochman, who reports that several thousand Marranos, living on the island of Majorca, have appealed for permission to enter Israel. It has generally been believed,

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Rochman states, that in the five hundred years since the Spanish Inquisition, when many Jews were forced to abandon Judaism, the Marranos, who practiced their religion in secret, had all but disappeared.

The appeal, sent to Ben Gurion, is postmarked Palma, the capital of Majorca. It reads:

"We have heard that God has remembered His people and that after two thousand years the Jewish state has been recreated. We are several thousand men, women, and children, the remnants of Spanish Jewry. The cruel Inquisition forced our ancestors to deny their religion and accept the Catholic faith. We appeal to you as the head of the Israeli government to help us return to the faith of our fathers, to our people, and to our homeland. Regretfully, we know very little of Jewishness, and therefore urge you to supply us with books on Judaism written in the Spanish language. We Marranos yearn to return to our people."

The appeal is signed by Marti Valls, who, Rochman says, has also written to the Minister of Religion in Israel, and to the Jewish Agency.

He states further that no one in Israel "knows exactly how to respond to the Marranos' appeal." They are "generally skeptical of repenters" and, furthermore, "have had a very unfortunate experience with a village of Italian converts, who came to Israel but found it very difficult to adjust to living conditions there." In the meantime, he adds, a delegation from Israel is on its way to Majorca. . . .

I recognized the double surname Marti Valls as a typically Xueta one. Rafael Valls was the rabbi who died at the stake in 1691; and Leonor Marti, a seventy-year-old widow who died impenitent in prison during the same pogrom and was burned in effigy, together with a casket of her bones. So I went to consult Don Antonio, a prosperous Xueta of my acquaintance, and asked if he knew anything about the matter. He told me: "I know several Valls Marti's and Marti Valls's, but none has asked permission to make any appeal on my behalf, or my sons', and after all we are pretty well known in our small community. I don't say it is necessarily a hoax. Who knows what some imbeciles will write in a moment of enthusiasm? But why should we want to leave Majorca? We have been here many centuries longer than the noble families themselves; this is our home, and the streets in which most of us live do not form a ghetto. I am proud of my Hebrew ancestry, and if the Caveller and allied families do not wish to marry with us, we do not wish to marry with them. The ignorant people envy us because we are successful in business and now practically run the island. What do we care? Our success is due to three qualities which we have learned to cultivate: intelligence, sobriety, and strict honesty. Thirty years ago we got many gross insults; but the people have since become civilized, and some even realize how much Spain owes to us historically. We were the leading cartographers and navigators of the Middle Ages. My mother's name, by the way, is Cortés; and the Hernan Cortés who discovered the mainland of America was a collateral ancestor. So, perhaps, was Cristobal Colom [Columbus]—we have Coloms in our pedigree—who gave Majorcan names to his first landfalls in Haiti, including the unique Sa Ona and Martinet, and both of whose pilots were Xuetas. I could show you a book, secretly printed, which lists all the Xueta names. You would be surprised how many they are."

I have since tried to check up on Don Antonio's statements. "That is more or less true," a non-Xueta government employee told me, "especially about the straight dealing. But Don Antonio greatly exaggerates the community's wealth and influence. They control the jewelry business, and do pretty well for themselves by lending money on security that would not satisfy the banks; however, the big business interests are not in their hands. In the last century they won a practical monopoly of the medical, legal, and musical professions, but now they have lost it. And the once important fur trade has ceased to exist. The prejudice against them still continues; at the schools, Xueta boys are thrown very much on their own society, as they were when I was a schoolboy, twenty years ago. Surnames, by the way, are not an infallible test of Xueta ancestry; because Jews long ago were allowed to borrow the names of their Christian patrons who gave them protection. 'Pomar' is an example; 'Fortaleza' is another.

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"There are two classes of Xueta, familiarly known as the *oreya de bax* and the *oreya d'alt*—the 'droop-eared' and the 'prick-eared.' The droop-eared are mechanics; the prick-eared are businessmen. These terms are said to derive from the different sort of caps they once wore. The prick-eared (to whom Don Antonio belongs) look down on the droop-eared, and the two groups seldom intermarry. But the droop-eared look down on masons, and agricultural laborers, if any Xueta family has fallen so low as to live that way. What Don Antonio says about intermarriage is not quite true either. If a Xueta boy can marry well outside, that is considered a good thing. They argue: 'We can do with healthy new blood.' When Don Antonio's cousin, for instance, married a girl of poor Caveller family six years ago, the wedding was a big fiesta for the Xuetas; but she has proved barren. Her own family never approved of the marriage, and Don Antonio resents her having spoilt their plans. Barrenness is a serious matter here, when there is no divorce. Xuetas, like most of us Spaniards, consider children as riches, not as a nuisance.

"Though the Goldsmiths' Street is no longer a ghetto, my father remembers when, sixty years ago, it had a large gate at each end, kept locked and barred from dusk to dawn. A socket of one of the gates can still be seen at the Santa Eulalia end, and a sort of invisible barrier still separates the community from the rest of Palma. The prick-eared are ultra-orthodox Catholics, and when the other day one of them, a doctor, turned Protestant—that's a long story, into which a German girl enters—the whole family, to the third degree, were ashamed to show their faces in the street for months."

Two of my informants tried to persuade me that in some families Judaism continues even today, behind doubly locked doors, and in whispers. But this seems to be a baseless legend, perpetuated to justify local anti-Semitic prejudice. And that Don Antonio prides himself on his Hebrew ancestry may well be a sign of the times; Palma swarms with tourists, including sympathetic American Jews.

A close friend of mine, a Hungarian Jew, long resident in Barcelona, was recently visited by a poor Xueta from Majorca, inquiring about a free trip to Israel as a Jewish immigrant. He had no family and nothing to lose, and supposed Israel to be a land of plenty—like Venezuela, where a stream of Majorcans, Xuetas among them, have gone lately in search of sudden wealth. But my Hungarian friend is explicit on this point: that the Xuetas are "a dead branch on the tree of Israel," and so conservative in their ways that they would remain staunch Catholics even if a revolution were to sweep away every priest in Spain.

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MY FRIEND PAUL

One Who Survived

THEODORE FRANKEL

LOOKING at Paul Weiss one would never suspect that only twelve years have passed since he came out of Buchenwald. He seems younger than his thirty years, and with his fair skin, blond hair, blue eyes set deeply beneath a broad, low forehead, his straight nose and slightly prognathous jaw, he is often taken for an Irishman—so long as he keeps quiet.

I have known Paul (this, incidentally, is not his real name) since he came to this country in 1949 and I believe I have become his friend, or as much of one as he will let an American be. But then I, being a *Yecke,* a Jew born and raised in Germany, don't count in Paul's eyes as a real American.

Part of Paul's difficulty in making friends with Americans, Jewish or Gentile, lies in his struggle with the English language. For a man so eloquent in his native tongue, descending to the low intellectual level imposed upon him by a limited English vocabulary is galling indeed. Most of his friends are Polish Jews like himself and with them he speaks a Polish whose purity of accent and wealth of vocabulary are remarkable and rare. And his Yiddish, which he uses with me, spiked with frequent Russian and Polish curses, technical terms in German, and American slang, is no less rich and fluent. But Paul's difficulties are not confined to the English language. Observing him over the years, I have been disturbed by his inability and, yes, his unwillingness to come to terms with America.

More than seven years have passed since Paul came to this country and he is still drifting from temporary job to temporary job, from one furnished room to another, while his only real friends are still those few of his fellow refugees who can be seen hanging around Senator's Cafeteria on Broadway and 96th Street. He shows no sign of settling down; the mere mention of marriage makes him shudder.

As I have said, I met Paul when he first arrived in this country, and very soon he became a special problem to me. As the years slipped by for him, their waste somehow became a challenge for me: his difficulty in finding himself in America was a reproach to me, who had had such an easy time of it, his lostness was a threat to my new and tender roots. I brooded over these things for a long time, and there was even a period in my life when the only thing that mattered deeply to me was to understand Paul, to know all about him, to account for every minute of his past, indeed to reach a point where I could quite literally put myself in his place and make his memories my own. Even while this was happening I realized that Paul himself—much as I liked and esteemed him—was merely serving as a focus for those dark, unquiet feelings I carried with me for having been saved when those I loved most had died in the very camps Paul had been in.

Of course, Paul's life did not furnish me with my catharsis—how could it? But those endless conversations we had, those interminable monologues of his, gradually yielded, if not the full understanding, then at least the intimation, the aura of a fate that might, but for exceptional good luck, have been my own.

WHENEVER I wanted to see Paul, I would go up to Senator's Cafeteria, where I was sure to find him, in one of those small clusters of men who stand day and night

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in front of the place, or else sit inside or divert themselves in the poolroom above. After disengaging him from his friends, I would sit down with him to a piece of Danish and a cup of coffee, amid the familiar noises of the cafeteria—the voices of the customers ordering their meals, the clatter of the chefs at the range, the squeal of the busboys' carts, the hum of conversation, and the steady knocking of heavy silverware on heavy crockery. From time to time Paul would wave to a passing friend, then he would settle back, bite into his Danish, and tell me about the night in Auschwitz when the Germans gassed five thousand Gypsies to make room for new inmates.

The beginnings of Paul's life were completely unremarkable. He was born and raised in a middle-sized Polish town, the spoiled younger son of a Jewish shopkeeper. He has mentioned his father only once to me, saying that he had great handle-bar mustaches, but he often speaks of his mother and he has shown me photographs which portray her as a dignified matron with unusually piercing eyes. *"A sheyne yidene,"* Paul affectionately calls her. I have also seen snapshots of Paul himself, first at ten, in his new knickers, smiling as only a mother's favorite does, and again at the age of fourteen, in a cape dramatically flung over his shoulder. At school he was known for his astounding memory, his ability as a storyteller, and his frequent absences. Among his friends he was admired for his precocious skill at billiards.

When he was fourteen the Germans came, at sixteen he was taken to a work camp, and from there to a succession of work and concentration camps until, early in 1945, he reached the notorious "Little Camp," a sub-division of the huge Buchenwald camp. Naturally, there are no pictures of Paul at that time, yet from the movies taken when the camp was liberated in April 1945, we know exactly what Paul must have looked like. Who can ever forget those living skeletons propped up against the heaps of the dead?

There is a description by a French student, quoted in Reitlinger's *The Final Solution,* of the arrival of a transport from Auschwitz at Buchenwald, possibly the very transport of which Paul was a part. The writer does not mention that the prisoners, many of whom had been driven halfway across Europe on foot or in open cattle cars, frequently had to lie for as many as three days and three nights in the open plain around the camp, struggling to keep awake in the snow and the bitter cold, until they were admitted. But he does tell us what their arrival in camp was like: "Sometimes under the pressure of blows they would suddenly break into movement like a herd of cattle, jostling each other. It was impossible to extract from their lips their names, much less the date of birth. Kindness itself had not the power to make them speak. They would only look at you with a long expressionless stare. If they tried to answer their tongues could not reach their dried up palate to make a sound. One was aware of a poisonous breath appearing to come from entrails already in a state of decomposition. That was what the transport was like in the winter 1944-45, that winter when death achieved the prodigious figure of 13,000 detainees in the last three months before our liberation."

I once asked Paul how it felt to be in a concentration camp, but he did not understand quite what I meant. He has no impulse toward introspection: he has spent far too much time looking only at the man opposite on whose reaction his very life might depend to have cultivated any interest in his own responses to experience. Trying a different tack, I then asked Paul to reconstruct for me the routine of an average day in Buchenwald, trusting to his phenomenal memory to dredge up the details of a moment now more than eleven years gone. With the skill of a born raconteur he began by sketching in the background: the biting cold of that February 1945, the emaciated internees in their thin prison pajamas, the barbed wire and the watch towers surrounding the camp, the frozen mud and the physical desolation within. Finally he described the seventeen "temporary" wooden structures that comprised the Little Camp which was by then overflowing with prisoners who had been evacuated from the camps in Poland and Austria already overrun by the Russians.

These barracks, located directly off the *Appell Platz,* were a hell compared to which the regular concentration camp at Buchenwald seemed but a mild purgatory. The

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buildings, unheated and inadequately lit, were divided lengthwise into two equal parts by a low wall, about two feet high. On either side of this barrier there ran a narrow corridor, the only free space in the room. The rest of the cabin was jammed tight with three- and four-decker wooden bunks (the infamous *"boxen"*) on the bare boards of which the prisoners were packed, usually ten to twelve to each deck, so tight they all had to sleep on the same side without ever being able to turn over. "Still," Paul told me, "we warmed each other that way, except when the man next to you died during the night, which happened quite often. And though we were all hardly more than skeletons, our cumulative weight became so great at times that the *boxen* would sink right through the floor."

A TYPICAL day in Buchenwald began, according to Paul, at six in the morning with a blast of whistles over the loudspeaker system. A minute later the *Stubendienst* (orderlies in charge of the barracks; these soft jobs almost invariably went to German prisoners) began to drive the inmates off the bunks with shouts of *"Aufstehen! Aufstehen!"* This was no easy matter, a handful of men hustling two thousand exhausted creatures out of bed and into the bitter winter darkness and every morning there were a good many who could not, or would not, get off the bunks. Many were dead, many more were too weak to move, and still more pretended to be even weaker than they actually were for fear of what the day had in store. These "simulators" rarely had any luck because the *Stubendienst* were experts at distinguishing among the various degrees of exhaustion, and they forced everyone who could at all move to line up outside the barracks in columns of four. There the prisoners stood, dressed only in their gray-blue cotton pajamas, caps made of the same material, and wooden Dutch cloppers—the only clothing they possessed. At the command they began to move slowly, their shoes crunching the snow, to a barracks two hundred yards down the road. "We must have been quite a sight," Paul recalls now. "Like a parade of walking skeletons. And how we must have stunk! In all those months we never changed or washed our clothes once. There was no soap. And anyhow, who cared?"

The destination of their morning march was the wash barracks, another wooden structure, which was unheated and completely empty except for two or three water pipes and a trough below them running down the center of the building. These pipes were perforated; ice cold water came spouting out of the holes and was drawn off into the trough. The prisoners lined up on both sides of the pipes, removed their pajama tops and washed themselves in the icy water. Neither soap nor towels were available and each man dried himself as best he could. Then the shivering men were marched back to the barracks for breakfast.

Now it may be significant that in the matter of breakfast Paul's memory, usually capable of total recall, is more than a little hazy, and that at various times he has told me several different versions of how the meal was arranged. But after checking with his friends, he settled definitely on this one: from the wash barracks the prisoners were marched back into their own barracks, where they lay down on their bunks again. Then the *Blockälteste* (the official barracks boss—again, in most cases a German prisoner) came along and distributed the morning's ration in a manner grimly reminiscent of feeding at the zoo.

There were groans and moaning and arguments as the well-fed and warmly dressed *Blockälteste* strode down the corridor through the offal, the filth, and the stench, thrusting the ration into the bunks, where it was grasped by desperate hands. The ration consisted of a quarter of a loaf of bread and a pat of margarine. The procedure for distributing the coffee was even more grotesque. A huge pot filled with a lukewarm, muddy liquid (burnt chickory, mostly) was wheeled or carried down the aisle. Since the prisoners were lying down twelve deep parallel to the wall and corridor, those next to the wall had to crawl—cup in one hand and bread clutched in the other—over the bodies of their fellows, stretch their cups over the edge of the bunk, get them filled, and crawl back again. A few, remembering that their portion of bread would have to tide them over until night, would hide it on their persons and just drink the coffee. The great majority, however, gobbled down their ration immediately, for the possession

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of bread, in however small a quantity, was an open invitation to thievery. The Russian prisoners of war, who were relative latecomers to the camps and therefore healthier than the rest, were particularly feared in this respect. They were known to work in gangs, and in the dim twilight of the barracks or out in the yard they stole the bread or took it by force.

Since the Little Camp was not a regular concentration camp, the prisoners were not assigned permanent jobs—at least not in the last months of the war—but were ordinarily left to their own devices for the rest of the day.

In bad weather they lay on their bunks or walked up and down the corridor in the barracks; when the sun shone and it was a little warmer, they wandered around the yard. Small groups of friends, people from the same town or province, relatives however distant, stood and walked together, talked and looked for friends among new arrivals. According to Paul, the Jewish prisoners seldom made friends with non-Jews and never trusted them entirely.

PAUL himself had been officially passing for a non-Jew long before he got to Buchenwald; nonetheless he kept to the company of other Jews. He would not have survived without them. On the long trek from Auschwitz to Buchenwald there were many times when he wanted to lie down in the snow and die, but his friends would not let him. On other occasions during the march when he felt stronger, he in turn would encourage them to go on. In the camps, too, they helped each other as much as they could. "Wherever I went," Paul says again and again, "whatever camp I was sent to, I found *yiden* and *chaverim*."

This trust and dependence on fellow Jews has never left Paul; it is even reflected in the way he talks. For instance, whenever he mentions a Gentile he will say: *yener Polack* or *yener Deitsh* ("that Pole" or "that German"), rarely giving the person's name, even when he knows it; but he always speaks of a Jew by name and always specifies exactly how he is related to him: "So-and-so, my father's cousin's oldest son," or "So-and-so, an uncle of a classmate of mine," or simply, "*A kollege*" (a buddy). It is also very important to Paul that he should be surrounded by trusted friends. Again and again he will mention people, Jews and occasionally a Gentile who saved his life, and say: "Ha, he was my best friend." Or after telling a particularly exciting story in which he figured prominently, and seeing his audience impressed, he will laugh in triumph: "*Du halst fun mir, eh, kollegele?*"—"I'm O.K., eh, pal?"

Not much could be done in the Little Camp to fill the time between morning and evening meals. There was almost no "organizing," no possibility of getting additional food or clothing from the SS guards through bribery, because there was nothing left to bribe with. The day was one unending wait filled with hunger pains and endless shuffling in the dirty yard or the cavernous barracks. Death and the stench of death were everywhere: death by starvation and death by burning, death by scientific injection and death by murder for a piece of bread, death by old age and death by disease.

Sometimes, when new transports arrived, frostbite cases by the score lay screaming in the yard and those who were walking outside stepped heedlessly over their writhing bodies. The fires of life were almost extinguished and there seems to have taken place a lowering of awareness that made most things bearable and blotted out perception of the rest.

H. G. Adler in his monumental book *Theresienstadt** comments on this particular aspect of concentration camp life: "Reality was, quite literally, unhinged [*ver-rückt*]. Nothing in it corresponded to what reality had been. . . . It became unreal and ghostly. It was perceived as a deception, hallucination, dream, as the monstrosities of a sick imagination. . . . One was confused and oneself confounded the confusion. This went so far that the existence of reality was not accepted; it had decomposed into an impossibility, a non-reality. The extent of this process, as a collective phenomenon, is without parallel in the written history of man."

For Paul, too, his life in Buchenwald remains indistinct. A kind of haze has settled over even his extraordinary memory, and simple facts (like the routine at breakfast) are always sliding away from him, to be

*Reviewed in COMMENTARY, July 1956, by Everett C. Hughes.—ED.

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recaptured only by checking with his friends. There are also vast areas of life in Buchenwald of which he is totally ignorant. To this day he and his friends know almost nothing about the bitter struggle for supremacy between political and criminal prisoners. Though these struggles took place behind the scenes and in the regular camp, their outcome often affected the lives of Paul and his fellow prisoners in the Little Camp. Nor does he know anything about the homosexuality so widespread in some camps. "Maybe it was going on in the regular camp," he says. "We in the Little Camp were too weak to think about sex. All we were interested in was a loaf of bread."

WAITING became the major reality in those last months before liberation. One waited to be fed or to be called to the gates or to be killed. Congregated in small groups, the prisoners filled the long day with talk. What did they talk about? First and foremost: bread. It is curious that neither Paul nor his friends remember talking about any other food. There was no craving for liquor: only the dream of cramming a whole loaf of bread down one's gullet, not to have to share it with anybody else, but to gulp it down, all of it, at one crack. And then another loaf and another.

When the talk was not of bread, it had to do with the future. None of the prisoners seems ever to have speculated about what he would do next year or five years hence—only about what the Germans would do to him before the war was over. As the signs of Germany's defeat multiplied—and on this the grapevine was extremely accurate—the tension and fear became greater. The prisoners could not believe that the Germans would let them survive to testify about the camps.

Feeding for the second and last time began early in the afternoon. It took place in a barracks which for some reason was called *"Das Kino,"* the "Cinema." The lines began to form as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, but most prisoners tried to hold out until a little later. By three o'clock, rain or shine, hail or snow, the lines seemed a thousand deep, but they moved quite rapidly. The "Cinema" looked like prisoners' messes everywhere; long tables and low benches, and up front the distributing line. The privileged German prisoners in charge of serving the food had the process worked out with the proverbial efficiency of Germans. One ladled out the lukewarm soup—mostly potato, pea, or turnip—another doled out a piece of bread, sometimes with ersatz jam, and the third marked the prisoners' food cards to make sure that nobody cheated. A man whose food card had been lost or stolen was in desperate straits. The prisoners ate their meals either in the hall or in the yard, and there again the danger of stealing was great.

The final and the most feared event of the day was the evening roll call. Every single inmate—in some camps even the day's dead—had to be present and accounted for. In the Little Camp the prisoners lined up four deep in front of their barracks and waited to be counted, first by the *Blockälteste* and then by the SS man in charge. Quite often, while the SS man was busy with another barrack, the *Blockälteste* would put his "men" through an exercise, *"Mützen ab, Mützen auf!* [caps off, caps on!]" and drill them till they did it smartly. Ordinarily the roll call took two hours and, coming at the end of the day, the long wait in the bitter cold was an ordeal. But if even a single prisoner could not be accounted for, either because he had escaped or—and this occurred more frequently—because he had died somewhere unnoticed, the whole camp would be kept on its feet until the missing man was found, occasionally as much as four and six hours later. At long last the inmates were permitted to return to their barracks. Sometimes, Paul says, it was only by mustering his last reserves of strength that he finally managed to crawl up with the others into his bunk, twelve to a board, squeezed tight and all lying on the same side together, waiting.

WAITING for his friends in a small café on Munich's Mehlstrasse a year later, in February 1946, Paul was slowly and a little noisily consuming a *Schillerlocke* and a *café au lait*. Pictures taken at the time show that he was still a little haggard, but his hair, which had been kept shorn for the last four years, was now long in the German fashion, his eyes looked large and clear, and his complexion was soft, almost boyish.

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He wore a stylish gray leather coat, his elegantly cut suit cost $100, his custom-tailored shirt was of imported English linen, and his cuff links solid gold. A diamond ring glittered on his pinkie and a fat Havana cigar in his mouth; he was, in short, the very picture of a successful petty black-marketeer at the tender age of twenty-one.

After the Americans liberated Buchenwald in the spring of 1945, Paul had stayed around the camp for a while, slowly building up his strength on good American food and the foundations of his fortune on American cigarettes which the soldiers gave him either as a gift or in return for the eggs which he regularly "requisitioned" from nearby German farms. By July of 1945 he was strong enough and had enough cigarettes, then worth their weight in gold, to leave camp, and along with a friend he set out for a *hachsharah* (a settlement to train prospective emigrants for life on an Israeli kibbutz) that had been established near Fulda. (Going to Israel was then every liberated Jewish prisoner's first idea.)

THE trip was an exhilarating experience. For the first time in four years Paul moved as a free man, and for the first time in rather more than four years he could acknowledge himself a Jew. "You know," Paul said, when he told me about this episode, "I was not much of a Jew at home and in most ways I was not much more of one when I came out of the camps. I was no more religious, I was no more nationalistic or anything like that. But after all those years when I had to deny my Jewishness, it was wonderful to be able to say I am a Jew. And it was wonderful to see other Jews walking free and upright, to find out that there were still some who had survived, because for all we knew everybody might have been killed. In those first days, whenever Jews met on the street, even if they did not know each other, it was like a holiday. We used to go up to each other and ask: *'Amcho?' Amcho* means God's people, Israel. I hadn't heard the phrase used this way before, but suddenly, after the war, it had become a password for us, and all over Germany you could hear it: *'Amcho, amcho.'*"

Paul never got to Fulda and the *hachsharah*. On the way he ran into a couple of friends who were going to Munich for purposes of "business," and he decided to follow them instead. Once there, he stayed for good. "*Oi,*" he sighs now in reminiscence, "you cannot imagine how well we lived in Germany in those days. You had to be crazy to go and dig ditches in Israel or to learn a trade with a German who made you work ten hours a day and paid a few lousy pennies. And who wanted to be in Poland and work for the Communists in a *kolkhoz*? I went back to my home town Kielce in 1946. Our house was destroyed, my parents were dead, only a handful of Jews had returned from the camps.

"And what do you think those Polacks had done? That Easter they had spread a rumor that the Jews had slaughtered two Christian children for Passover and then they went and had themselves a regular old-fashioned pogrom. A mob finished off anyone Hitler hadn't killed. Luckily, for business purposes I was passing as a non-Jew. Brother, I sold the wagonload of leather that I'd managed to get over the border on false papers, picked up a load of sugar, and made tracks back to Germany.

"Now those Germans—you can't imagine how timid and good they were in those days. We got everything from them, food, housing—and that wasn't easy to get with everything in ruins—whatever we needed. Once I was traveling to Frankfort to see a friend and the conductor came over and asked for my ticket. 'I paid already,' I answered. 'Let's see your ticket,' he said. I didn't say a word, I just rolled up my sleeve and showed him the number they had tattooed on me in Auschwitz. He walked away, fast. And then I started hollering at him, oh, did I give it to him. But," Paul adds, "who needed their charity? There was plenty of money to be made."

The source of this money was, of course, the black market, which in those days spanned the entire Continent and whose capital was Munich. There you could buy and sell—at a profit—what all Europe demanded: bread and liquor, clothes and typewriters, paper and saccharin, genuine dollars and false ones, faked papers and real diamonds. From Munich's Mehlstrasse the trade routes ran to French, Dutch, and Belgian ports in the west, to Switzerland, Italy, and possibly North Africa in the

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south and, finding little difficulty in penetrating the Iron Curtain, to the satellite countries in the east.

However deplorable such a situation may have been, the development of a black market was inevitable in postwar Europe with its ghastly scarcities, the disruption of established trade routes, the breakdown of currencies, and the complete absence of governmental authority. But what gave the European black market in those years its special character was the presence, in the midst of the ruined Continent, of the immensely rich, the fantastically opulent American army, laden down—or so it seemed to the starving Europeans—with food, cigarettes, and hard currency. Given the fact that Europe had a large supply of some things the Americans were interested in, notably women, a good deal of exchanging was bound to take place, and the conduits through which ran this golden stream were provided by an army of black-marketeers recruited from all the dispossessed elements in Europe and including, alas, a sizable contingent from the concentration camps. The latter had, in fact, a considerable advantage over their competitors, their survival in camp having depended only too often on their skill in evasion and bribery. In addition, being homeless, they were highly mobile, almost without exception multilingual, and possessed of a thorough (and hard earned) knowledge of several countries. They enjoyed excellent connections (some antedating the war), previous business experience, and all the advantages of belonging to a marked group—solidarity, favorable credit conditions, and up-to-the-minute inside information.

The dollar trade was the mainstay and basis of all other black market operations, and Paul soon became active in it. He took a room in a small town half an hour by train from Munich, and, his pockets crammed with German marks, would go to the nearby American base on the last day of every month, when the troops were paid; sometimes he made the trip more often than that. American personnel stationed abroad were paid in scrip, a currency issued by the army which could legally be used only in the PX. The soldiers, eager to entertain their Frauleins in German bars and night clubs, were willing to buy marks at a considerable discount, say at 65 per cent of what a regular dollar would bring in the market.

Paul was soon well known as a seller of German money and able to find steady customers, so that (working at night) he usually managed to get rid of his marks, no matter how great the quantity, in less than half an hour. The following day, he would sleep late and then consume a substantial breakfast served by his landlady, after which, his wallet bulging with American scrip, he would board a train at eleven o'clock and reach the Mehlstrasse by noon. The Mehlstrasse was as well organized as the New York Commodity Exchange, and considerably more flexible. To the uninitiated it might have looked like nothing more remarkable than a street filled with small groups of exceptionally well dressed DP's who were always standing around arguing, talking, or just waiting; but Paul knew that every corner, every café, was the post of a specialized trading interest, and if he had, say, a good diamond to sell, he would be able to get his price from one group and then buy perhaps a load of flour from another located nearby.

The minute Paul reached the Mehlstrasse, he would grab the first passer-by and ask, *"Was kosten Weiche?"* (What's the price on the dollar?—Dollar bills being known as *Weiche, "soft* money," to distinguish them from the "hard" twenty-dollar gold coins for which there was also quite a demand at one time). If Paul was satisfied with the going rate of exchange on the market he would sell his scrip for dollars, usually at not too large a profit, and then, when he felt the price was right, he would exchange his dollars for German marks and start the circle all over again.

Meanwhile the people who had bought Paul's scrip were forced to travel a somewhat more circuitous route to profit by their dollars. They could neither use the scrip themselves nor redeem it with the American authorities. Because of these difficulties, the usual practice was to work with a high American officer who, for a large rake-off, would pay for the scrip in travelers' checks. Since German banks possessed no foreign currency, the travelers' checks had to be collected into a pool and sent by courier to

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Switzerland, where they were redeemed—legally and in full—in American dollars. From Switzerland the golden stream of U.S. currency flowed back again to Munich, and the circle began anew.

After getting rid of his scrip, Paul would settle back to his *Schillerlocken* and his *café au lait,* talk, play cards, billiards, or table tennis, kibitz and wait. Wait for what? For business, gossip, pleasure, or for nothing in particular; it did not really matter. He was well fed, he had plenty of money, and he was surrounded by his friends.

The world of the Mehlstrasse in those days was fascinating to watch. There were small fly-by-night operators like Paul and his friends, and there were the big guns who had the capital to buy truckloads of American cigarettes that had been sent over for sale in Austria, divert them to Munich, and fix the police all along the line. There were confidence men, and there were fixers with connections in the police and the customs. There were thieves, hold-up men, and informers, along with two distinct types of gangsters: the so-called *"Blattes,"* wily veterans in crime who had served time in all prisons of Europe and were famous for their past exploits, as well as the new men, the *"postavchiki,"* who made up in daring what they lacked in experience. There were the indispensable forgers, men who could duplicate with equal facility Polish and Russian passports, British transit permits, American military passes, German ration books, and French automobile licenses. There were hordes of deserters from all armies, and there were armies of prostitutes. And all this pullulated in one vast buzzing heap, eating, drinking, making merry and, for a change, watching others starve.

There were many in those years who starved. One of them was Paul's landlord, a former SS man. For him Paul had devised a special kind of humiliation. He remembered how the SS guards in the concentration camps had taken pleasure in grinding their cigarette butts under their heels and then watching the prisoners dig them out of the dirt. Now, seeing his landlord's greedy look when he smoked, Paul, in turn, took care always to step on his butt. "Still," he says, "I did not smoke them down the way the Germans did and I just stepped on them lightly, I did not grind them under my heel. Also, I walked around with an obsession in those days. Whenever I passed a bakery I had to buy two or three loaves of fresh bread which I could never eat. So I'd give them to the landlady."

But most of the hungry people were those who failed for one reason or another to profit from the black market, or who, on principle, would have nothing to do with it. There were very few of the latter, however, and Paul, remembering the frozen-faced British majors, the high-spirited American colonels, the morose Germans with whom he did business, doubts if there were any at all. Paul is indulgent on this matter; he does not blame the Germans, because they were hungry, and as for the Americans, the English, the French, and the Russians, did not the spoils belong to the victor? He has never volunteered an alibi for himself.

PAUL has literally hundreds of stories about life in Munich and every time I hear them they become more elaborate and exciting. His favorite, here cut down to manageable size, concerns the great typewriter "action." It begins with his buddy Shloime "Greps" returning from Paris with the hot news that there was an enormous demand for second-hand typewriters in France (new typewriters could not be obtained anywhere, even on the black market) and that the prices were sky-high owing to the French tariff on German machines. Paul understood immediately that Shloime wanted to smuggle the machines across the German border, and when he heard that Shloime had "found" an old route the Resistance had used to smuggle refugees out of Germany, he declared himself willing to sink capital and time into the enterprise.

The first thing was to get the typewriters. There were none in the Mehlstrasse and so the two boys—they were hardly twenty-one—began systematically combing Munich for machines. Their best bet, they found, were stores which had sold typewriters before the war and now had switched to other lines. "At first," Paul recalls, "nobody would admit to having typewriters. If they did, we could just have plunked down our marks and walked away with the machines. Don't worry, those Germans were sly, all right. So we let them know we knew the ropes. If

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the owner was interested he'd turn to his wife and say, 'So, *Muttchen,* what do you think?' and she'd answer, *"Ach ja, Vati,* maybe the *Herr Professor* from across the street would be interested. What are the *Herren* offering? The *Herr Professor* is very partial to coffee.' Then we knew we were in, because for genuine coffee, *Bohnenkaffee,* and for real butter those Germans would sell their souls, not to mention their typewriters. When we came back the following day, sure enough, there'd be our machine. Sometimes it was as good as new, you could see it had lain in the store's cellar all through the war; and sometimes it looked pretty beat up and I guess it really came from the *Herr Professor* across the street. It made no difference to us. We gave them about twenty dollars worth of coffee we had gotten in the Mehlstrasse and beat it."

When they had collected a dozen machines, Paul and his friend would crate them in wooden boxes and send them as baggage by rail to a German town near the French border. Boarding the same train, they would claim the "baggage" on arrival and leave it with a friendly hotel owner. In the evening, as soon as it was dark enough, they would hire a truck and transport the stuff to a farm situated very close to the border. There, in the farmer's barn, they would uncrate the machines and put them into rucksacks. At eleven o'clock Shloime and Paul would each strap a rucksack on his back and another on his chest, with a third to be carried by hand. The farmer and one of his friends would then guide them through the woods and over the border, sometimes even carrying the third rucksack for them. On the French side they would leave the machines with another farmer and repeat the trip, bringing across the other six machines. By then it was usually five in the morning and daylight would be approaching.

They would pay the farmers off with flour, about ten or fifteen pounds to each, and start walking to the nearest railroad station. From there they would take the train to Saarbrücken, soon come to terms with a customer, hire another truck, pick up the merchandise, and make the final delivery. Their profits generally amounted to $300, paid in legal U.S. tender. Then with this money they would buy French cognac and smuggle it back to Munich.

"Brother," says Paul gleefully, "we had them coming and going. But remember, it was not always so easy. One time the border patrol saw us and started shooting. *Mame zisse,* I thought my last moment had come. The farmers, those cowards, took off like hares while we were weighed down with those damned machines. Boy, we lay there in that dark forest and prayed for all we were worth while the bullets flew past us. Luckily, the patrol had no dogs with them and couldn't find us."

For a while business flourished and Paul and Shloime had to take in four partners, each of whom specialized in a different phase of the enterprise. In the end two of the gang were caught and put in jail for six months. Paul, who had retired from the actual smuggling before that, now decided to leave the business for good, but not before salvaging as much as he could of the last, unsuccessful shipment of thirty typewriters. These, his connections had told him, had been shipped back by the French to Munich. With extreme trepidation he walked one day into the railroad station to claim his crates. But when the clerk asked him to wait a minute, he smelled a rat, walked quietly to the men's room, dove out of the window, and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. There was now only one way of recovering the typewriters: to contact the police fixer—quite a job in itself, involving numerous intermediaries and mysterious telephone calls—and to make a deal with him. The fixer's terms were stiff: a fifty-fifty split. To this day Paul gets mad when he talks about that part of it, but then he resigns himself once more. "A choice I had?" he asks rhetorically. "Listen, when those guys get you, you have to pay through the nose. But it was worth it. Imagine, this guy took me right to police headquarters and two cops in uniform brought out my crates and loaded them straight on the truck. Yes, that's how we did business in Munich in those days," and he throws his head back and cackles gleefully.

PLAY, if one takes Paul's word for it, was only a little less sensational than business. "Listen," he once told me, "when we came back from a trip we lived like kings.

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We went to the finest night clubs, the Regina Palast, Deutsches Theater, and ate caviar and drank champagne. We were the biggest sports in town and doormen and headwaiters couldn't do enough for us."

After one listens to Paul's big stories, the photographs he offers in evidence come as a distinct disappointment. True, the studio portraits show his good profile and display him carefully posed, gazing soulfully into the distance, but the snapshots are less impressive. Is this anxious little huddle of boys really the intrepid band of smugglers, is this mean-looking little sharpie really the legendary Shloime "Greps"? And Paul himself, how small he seems against the giant ruins of the destroyed city! And when I press for details in his stories, Paul will admit, though reluctantly, that the daily routine was by and large pretty prosaic, while some of his friends will declare roundly that it could become quite dull and that their entertainment, and their occupation, for weeks on end consisted of nothing but billiards, table tennis, and cards. There was a great deal of nervous drinking, especially during the later years, when the black market became more hazardous and the German police and the American CIC more efficient. Life was then one unending round of killing time, hanging around street corners, sitting in cafés or poolrooms, waiting for business. There was always room for business, even at night in the night clubs.

But however important business was, and the things its profits bought, there was one thing more important, the only one, I sometimes get the impression, that really mattered: the fact that the boys always worked together. Again and again this note of solidarity, of unquestioned loyalty is sounded in the stories. Jasha, one of Paul's oldest friends, once said to me, "I always want to be surrounded with Jews; let me be with Chaim, Shmiel, and Yankel, and I'll be happy." And Paul, in one of his rare introspective moods, explained, "You must understand that when we left Buchenwald we were just like a bunch of sheep. We had been told for so long what to do, we just could not do anything individually, we had to do everything together. And remember, too, we had nobody else, no parents, no family, no country even, just each other, and we stuck together in good times as we had in bad. And one more thing: remember we were still surrounded by Germans and what they had done was always with us. We did business with them, we lived in their houses, but we never trusted them and they never liked us. It was like being on an island by ourselves. Some of the boys fell in love with German girls and married them, but I never could forget that the only people I belonged to were those guys in the Mehlstrasse." Thus the years from 1945 to 1949.

TODAY Paul is still waiting and he is still with his friends. One can see them, when the weather is good, standing in small groups on Broadway and 96th Street, talking volubly in Polish and Yiddish, or silently watching the stream of humanity push past them day and night. Their world is bounded by the cafeteria, the poolroom upstairs, the Chinese restaurant on the next block, and the nearby hotels where they take furnished rooms by the week. Since they came to this country in 1949—about the time when the black market declined—their mode of living has not changed essentially; a certain number may have settled down to steady jobs and marriage—indeed quite a few had done so earlier in Germany—but there remains a small hard core whose roots are sunk into 96th Street and nowhere else.

When Paul arrived here at the age of twenty-four, very little of his European "earnings" was left. His education had ended when he was fourteen, he had no skill of any kind, and he knew only a hundred or so English words, picked up largely in his dealings with the American troops. Most of the older immigrants coming over with him were content to take jobs as stock clerks, machine operators, and the like, hoping to work themselves up as so many had done before them; but unlike them, Paul had never held a steady job or known responsibility. Nor had his life been one to encourage the habit of planning in advance. Having always lived for the day, he now lacked the patience and foresight to endure a dull and badly paid job for the sake of possible future advancement.

It is unlikely that these considerations presented themselves to Paul as clearly as this; most probably, he simply drifted along with his friends, just as he had done in

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Munich, and took up the kind of employment that they had found most congenial—working in the Jewish resort hotels of Lakewood, the Catskills, and, lately, Florida. Paul started in as a busboy, but when he grew used to the work and picked up enough English, he became a full-fledged waiter. And a waiter he has continued to be and apparently will remain. Off season he returns to 96th Street.

And so his life has taken on a curiously split character; each half has its own locus, its own routine and, above all, its own sense of time, so disparate and so peculiar to itself that the two spheres do not seem to touch except in the singular personality which shuttles to and fro between them.

Away from 96th Street, up in the resorts of the Catskills or down in the hotels of Lakewood during the winter, the work is back-breaking and nerve-racking, the food for the help by and large of inferior quality, the living conditions callously sub-standard, and time itself brutally chopped into pieces by the meat-cleaver hands of the kitchen clock.

PAUL is up at seven amid a crowd of weary and sullen waiters, in some hotels squeezed ten to fourteen into a dormitory room jammed with double-decker beds, a few closets, an abundance of trunks, and heaps of soiled underwear and comic books. His working day begins at eight when the dining room opens for breakfast, and rarely ends before nine at night. He may get out for some fresh air between breakfast and lunch, though frequently he does not. He is free for three hours between lunch and supper, but all the rest of the time—seven days a week for more than ten weeks—he is working, often at top speed and to the point of physical and nervous exhaustion.

To and fro he runs, lugging the monstrously heavy trays, the sweat pouring over his face, out of the air-conditioned dining room and into the broiling kitchen filled with hurrying, screaming waiters, himself screaming at the cooks, fellow waiters, busboys; always hustling, dodging trays, picking up food, and racing out of the pandemonium back into the dining room, dishing out the food, apologizing to guests when the kitchen has run out of certain items. Almost all waiters are tense while they work, but Paul always hovers on the edge of panic. His eyes bulge, he mutters to himself while he runs along, he forgets orders and rushes back to the kitchen like a man possessed. If traffic gets too busy and he has to wait in line for soup or meat, he is apt to lose his head and to push aside whoever is in front of him. Then there are noisy arguments, recriminations, and, when everything has cooled down, apologies.

Paul's free time is limited. In the afternoon he goes down to the hotel swimming pool for an hour, but stays out of the water. Not a good swimmer, he is too vain to be seen doing anything at which he does not excel. He sits around for a while, exposes his flabby, oil-smeared body to the sun, and then gets a nap. At night many of the younger waiters go dancing in the "casino," as the entertainment and dance halls belonging to the hotels are called, but Paul is usually too spent and prefers to drive into town with a couple of like-minded boys for a hot pastrami sandwich and a cup of tea. The ensuing bull session concerns girls, sports, jazz, and the dining room. Paul is an expert on all these topics and ever since he acquired some fluency in English he has invariably monopolized the conversation. He simply out-shouts and out-talks his companions. But what really gets the other fellows to listen is a certain caustic quality in his speech, a sharpness of wit still not quite perfectly translated into English, and the habit of putting his audience on the defensive by a series of sweeping attacks on American mores.

In the end, however, the conversation always returns to the dining room. At that hour of the night weary waiters, waitresses, and busboys sit in snack bars, all-night diners, and restaurants all over the mountains and tell each other the troubles of their day. The air is full of smoke and of "so I says to him" and "he says to me" and round and round it goes, over and over again. But they never tire of it. When Paul and his friends have gotten everything out of their system, they leave the waitress a disproportionately large tip and go back to their dormitories; sometimes they fall asleep immediately, but at other times dice and poker games are on in the hotel, and their uneasy sleep will be disturbed by bright lights and loud arguments.

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This, however, is only one side of Paul's life, the side in which he is not truly himself, or only intermittently so—panicking in the kitchen, hustling customers, or soliloquizing at night. His real life begins with his return to the city, when he blossoms once again into a personality, when he is once again a *mentsh*. His first appearance on 96th Street would be worthy of an actor. He'll quietly approach a gossiping group, give the man nearest him a resounding whack on the shoulder, and start cursing him in Yiddish and Polish. *"Behemeh!"* he'll scream, *"meese chaye,"* and launch into a stream of oaths which are accepted in the spirit offered, a virtuoso performance expressing the joy of return and fraternal solidarity. Then he will flash a roll of several hundred dollars and drag somebody down to Phil Kronfeld's to help him choose a new winter wardrobe.

Paul loves company and he will give anything to be admired; what better opportunity to satisfy both these needs than when buying several hundred dollars worth of sharp clothing? Round and round he'll turn in front of the haberdasher's triple mirrors, stretch out his chin, admire himself front, side, and back, and spend a fortune. He will buy flashy sport jackets costing $75 each, Italian silk suits at $150, shoes at $30 a pair, custom-tailored shirts, hand-painted ties, cashmere overcoats setting him back, as he would say, "two yards" ($200).

On the other hand, he is not particularly concerned about his lodgings and he may float around for several weeks, spending a few days with a relative in Brooklyn, a fortnight with some friends in the Bronx, or, if he finds travel companions but not otherwise, he may go to Miami for a month. After a while, he usually settles with a friend into a furnished room in one of the hotels around 96th Street, and there spends the time between working seasons.

PAUL'S life in New York, freed from the tyranny of the kitchen clock, is deliberately sluggish and aimless. Appointments are made for "sometime in the afternoon" or "after supper" and the place is left equally vague, "around 96th," or "ask anybody, they'll tell you where I am."

Paul and his friends seldom go to sleep before two or three in the morning, and rarely get up before noon. Then they will make themselves coffee on a hot plate in their rooms, and spend the next few hours reading magazines. At about three o'clock they begin flocking to the cafeteria from hotel rooms and furnished apartments all over the neighborhood. They may go upstairs to the poolroom and while away the afternoon kibitzing or playing pocket billiards. Paul playing pool is quite a different person from the panicky dervish of the Catskill kitchens. Impeccably dressed, he makes the very picture of a gentleman sportsman. When he picks up the cue stick reserved especially for him, the noisy, dingy poolroom with its green tables and cold fluorescent lights, the cries of the players and the clack-clack of the balls, even the chatter of his partner, all fall away into silence. He inclines his head, squints his eyes, and bends slowly over the table; suddenly his stick darts out with lightning speed, the ball shoots forward like a bullet, hits another ball, and drops it into a pocket. Point!

The afternoon passes and then the evening and nothing really happens. When not playing billiards or ping pong (a game at which he is also a near master) Paul sits around kibitzing. When he gets hungry he goes down to the cafeteria or to the Chinese restaurant down the street. At night in warm weather he'll stand outside with his *landsmen*, but he is too nervous to stay put for long, and sooner or later he will take one of the boys by the arm and walk him along Broadway. Paul suffers from insomnia, and these nocturnal wanderings can last till three in the morning.

At 1 or 2 A.M., when Senator's closes, those of the gang not otherwise engaged move across the street to one of the all-night cafeterias, filled at that hour with shabbily dressed men and women without a place to sleep, elderly insomniacs, quiet drunks, and tired street walkers. Paul does not bother much with the latter, although he knows a great number of them by name and is as knowledgeable about their various specialties as he is about everything else. By and large, Paul is wary of women; sometimes he goes to one of the German clubs in Yorkville where he can sit down, have a beer, and ask a girl to have a drink with him. He stays away from American girls, though; he does

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not trust them and apparently has never known one for whom he could feel any affection. For that matter, he seems not to have had any special feelings for his German girls either; in fact, it is remarkable how few his flesh-and-blood loyalties really are.

There is his dead brother's German wife, now living in Brooklyn, to whom he is very devoted—and there are the boys on 96th Street. But even on 96th Street Paul's attachment is more to the group as a whole than to any one individual. To be sure, at a given time he will be on particularly good terms with one fellow, room and work with him, but the friendship will rarely outlast the year. In a relatively short time they will have got on each other's nerves, and the following year Paul will have a new best buddy. The same seems to hold true for the others of the group; its composition may change, relations within it be upset, yet the group as a whole maintains its coherence.

Withal, it is a very matter-of-fact and unsentimental association and one whose members are singularly devoid of illusions about each other. It is based to a large extent on practical considerations. Whether one of the boys is looking for several thousand dollars for a business venture or a couple of bucks for the week; whether he needs a job or a room, witnesses for his naturalization, advice on compensation claims against the German government, or information on business conditions in Europe, he will find them on 96th Street. But apart from this and apart from the social aspect of it, the pleasure of talking in one's native tongue to friends beset by the same problems; apart from their need to belong somewhere, and apart from the habit of so many years, what binds these men together ultimately are the memories and, perhaps more importantly, the attitudes of the time when they stood all alone against a world which had marked them for destruction, when there was nobody, neither family nor society, who could help them, and when all they had were those who now stand next to them on 96th Street—or, more precisely, those others like them who died on the way.

In the years that have passed since that time the world has changed, but they cannot believe that it has. Is it any wonder that their first impulse is to distrust, that they always expect the worst, that they are never entirely at ease with a Gentile, and remain suspicious of American Jews so determinedly integrated in non-Jewish life? Perhaps if Paul and his friends had been thrown individually into the "melting pot," their need to belong would have broken down the barriers inside them, and they might at least have become part of the American Jewish community. As it was, they brought over a ready-made community of their own, *eigene mentshen,* and so had no need to make the effort of reaching across, or the readiness to grow into those new attachments of family and community which would have enabled them to achieve more normal lives. And so it is their ultimate misfortune that the finest thing they have ever experienced, their solidarity, should stand between themselves and growth and maturity.

Now their solidarity, too, is turning sour and sterile, and they constantly bicker with each other. Their present life lacks not only the great and tragic quality which it had in camp, but also the excitement, however spurious, it had in Munich, and it has now degenerated into purposeless waiting, discontent, and fear of the future. What will become of them, what will they be ten, twenty years from now? They don't know, and there is nothing, they feel, that they can do about it.

And yet, for all the emptiness, Broadway and 96th Street is where the only roots they have in this world are found, and so it is on 96th Street that they are most content. Some of the boys have gone back to Europe, but their letters are not sufficiently enticing to tempt the others to follow. There is a great deal of talk on 96th Street about the good old days in Munich and quite a lot of grumbling about the hardships of life in America, but never any spontaneous mention of the concentration camps. When I asked him about this the other day, Paul said, "I no longer think of all that as having really happened, or if it did, that it happened to me. I just can't realize any more that it was really I in that long march to Buchenwald who licked the sooty water off a locomotive to quench my thirst. It seems like something that happened to somebody else."

To see what 96th Street means to them

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one need only watch Paul after a season in the Catskills as he settles down in the car carrying him home. He turns on the radio and leans forward eagerly. The strong, sad rhythm of jazz floods the car and Paul in a slightly hoarse voice sings the blues along with Count Basie, with the Duke, with King Cole, with the great Satchmo. "April in Paris," the announcer says and Paul closes his eyes, claps his hands and sways from side to side. "One mo' time," he croaks, anticipating the frayed voice in the radio, "one mo' time." Soon, soon, he'll be back with the boys, all together, waiting.

G.I. REPRISE

WILLIAM S. POSTER

At Peenemund, V-Twos rose slowly into the air,
mammoths of a new order, self-sealing,
shutting out the old like natural air. We watched,
chewing spearmint, with knowing grins, until
we saw that it was plainly feasible
and cunningly consented
as strong boys tucked us into jeeps and half-tracks,
all neatly ticketed, rules and regulations
encircling the last Awol, guerrillas, *fauves*,
Bohemians, idealists utterly defeated
in their first great clash with fashion. I passed
the induction center without a murmur,
having died the night before. Carcinoma
took my colleagues, my buddies swam away;
I kissed my girl and plunged
into that olive-drab and mindless whirlpool
till I was hurled ashore alone and shacked up
with a monkey. That was on Guadalcanal;
amid the devilish flame-throwers and the kamikazis
I kept my head and finagled a fat furlough
to stroll with pimps by stagnant waters. All
the instruments of human thought jammed tight,
my spirit shook with horror at what I saw, thank God
it couldn't last though paranoia
dropped in my blood with dark fanatic music
and I bloomed like a suburb gladiolus
in the rank mulch of violence.
Paris stained my conscience, the tribunal of safety;
we came for cooties, mud and taxicabs
not dickering in purple atmospheres—
and left.
It was no better
where pyramids ruined my outlook and promotion
and hoicking Bedouins hoisted up their skirts,
I took my absolution at market value,
two Brünhildes for a Tootsie Roll,
outsmarting their smartest, stick 'em all with jazz
and educate the egotistic bastards, I tripped
the levers and wrecked the mechanism
but got through customs with the wrist-watches at least,
ticking like time in agony.

Gutter-tough and book-smart, you would have thought
I'd breeze through war on schedule
but everyone has seen some profile in the movies
celluloid *ignis fatuus* that leads us sprawling
through the swamps of anticipation
to the desert of fact.
I learned
the lowest mudhole slob will live in images
staff sergeants boil like teapots—for a creed!
and there was the time
but what's the use?
Every two-stripe dunce
has anecdotes
about zero zero fifteen hundred or more
naturally
that's what there is fighting for.

William S. Poster's verse and prose are already known to our readers. His long dramatic monologue "Joe's Moan" appeared in our August 1955 number.

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LIBERAL UNPOLITICS ON STAGE AND SCREEN

Gesture Without Content

HENRY POPKIN

WE LIVE now in an era which is characterized by the absence of great divisive political issues at home. On the one big issue of the moment—desegregation—the liberals have been joined by the right wing, or what used to be the right wing: of the four candidates for national office in 1956, only one—Vice President Nixon, the man reputedly most conservative—was able to claim membership in the NAACP. With support like that, it is hard to make of desegregation an occasion for embattled liberal passion. Indeed, it has become impossible for a liberal to feel himself isolated in a virtuous minority of right-thinking people, for who is not a liberal now? President Eisenhower is a liberal (as well as a moderate conservative), the late Senator Taft was a liberal, the liberalism of President McKinley has recently been uncovered, and Alexander Hamilton is now becoming Jefferson's chief rival as co-founder of American liberalism.

But there still lingers among us a residue of sentiment that one ought to be breaking a lance for something, a feeling that causes and quests are necessary to a well-ordered life. The liberal gesture—I mean the gesture alone, drained of all content—has retained its charm, and the need to assert attitudes of liberal right-mindedness continues to arise in our fiction, our drama, and especially our popular arts. Deprived of politics as an arena, the popular arts have set forth on a search for newer and narrower areas where it will be possible to go through the necessary liberal motions without venturing into really controversial territory, and without getting involved in the hard complexities that only serve to make the gestures seem irrelevant to real problems in the real world. The favorite strategy of the popular arts is to sound a little liberal and then quickly to drop the subject. Some equally vague liberals in the audience are stirred without becoming sweaty and excited, and, just as important, no one is offended.

RIGHT now, the great virgin territory being opened up for settlement by the new liberalism is the subject of marriage and adultery. Irwin Shaw, who seems to be a typical liberal without a cause, is one of the pioneers in this field. Leslie Fiedler recently observed (COMMENTARY, July 1956) that Shaw, having run through a variety of liberal political attitudes, has arrived at "the last politics," an emancipated view of adultery. Fiedler has isolated the peculiar virtues of this position: "In no other area, can we indulge so convincedly in the sense of our own understanding and tolerance. In no other area, can we feel so emancipated at so little cost."

Shaw has been joined by many others. Even Al Capp, the creator of *Li'l Abner*, has discovered that marriage could stand in the place of politics. In 1952 he announced that Senator McCarthy was making it impossible for *Li'l Abner* to continue its free-wheeling satirization of the current scene; consequently, Abner married Daisy Mae and demonstrated that marriage was still a

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HENRY POPKIN, a commentator on the dramatic and popular arts, here describes the liberal "unpolitics" currently practiced in Hollywood and on Broadway. Mr. Popkin studied at Brown University, the University of Michigan, and Harvard, where he received his doctorate in 1951. At present he is a member of the English department of Brandeis University. His article "Broadway Takes Refuge in Childhood" appeared in the September 1953 COMMENTARY.

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fitting subject for satire. Capp presumably became free-wheeling once more after McCarthy was censured by the Senate; I wonder how many of his readers noticed the difference. (Capp's exaggerated notion of what he does in his comic strip makes his statement all the more telling.)

Hollywood in particular is very busy being liberal where adultery is concerned. Fallen women are now raised up and restored to the human family. This trend is much indebted to a recent change in movie censorship. Formerly, the films were required to punish adultery with death; in *Hollywood, the Dream Factory,* Hortense Powdermaker reports that back in the Dark Ages, when illegitimacy had to be mentioned in a certain film, it was necessary to establish that the mother had died in childbirth. When Hollywood filmed such plays as *The Voice of the Turtle,* love was purified by the elimination of carnality. Only hard fighting on the part of some moviemakers has established this new beachhead of liberalism on the screen. The result is that sexual dereliction may now be expiated by the punishment and remorse of the sinner. This new dispensation has had an effect much like that of a wonder drug. Lives that in less enlightened times would have been lost are now saved by a simple curative process, a mere matter of prescribing the right amount of suffering. Cheerful, tearful happy endings have become the rule —but not quite always and everywhere. Only a short time ago *Variety* was recording the censorship problems encountered by a French film which was being cut for American audiences. In the original, the libertine hero survives without any permanent harm. The first American version left him crippled for life; the second killed him outright. But such disasters are becoming less frequent.

NEVERTHELESS, some remnant of the double standard still prevails, even in this liberal universe. The woman who has sinned is still a special object of interest. She is required to follow the sentimental pattern of the Magdalenes of the stage—Camille, Sadie Thompson, and Anna Christie; she must fall in love and suffer before being forgiven by the generous, patronizing, liberal-minded onlookers. The best current example is not fiction but the real-life soap opera of Ingrid Bergman. After a steady diet of out-of-the-way, low-budget films, Miss Bergman has returned to the majors by making *Anastasia.* Public forgiveness was at one time to be conferred in the form of the greatest accolade ever to befall a converted Magdalene—a gala coast-to-coast television debut on Ed Sullivan's program. Sullivan's audience was invited to write in and say whether Miss Bergman had been punished sufficiently for bearing a child out of wedlock. Early results showed forgiveness trailing, but rejection was, I think, out of the question. If public opinion were really against Miss Bergman, no one would have been so foolish as to cast her in *Anastasia.* The final ballot was never reported, since she finally could not manage to get over here for the program anyway.*

Several films of the last few years have given the carnal sinner a fair chance to pull through—*From Here to Eternity, Demetrius and the Gladiators, The Proud and Profane, D-Day—The Sixth of June.* The movie version of *Tea and Sympathy* informs us that its heroine pays for her carnal sin with a lifetime of remorse, but her suffering is a rather perfunctory adjunct to a generally faithful adaptation of the play. Mixed feelings are present also in *Helen of Troy,* which made Helen's deserted husband a revolting weakling and scoundrel; nevertheless, the Greeks win the Trojan War, and a sort of rough justice is observed. *Mogambo* takes full advantage of the new mood of charity; Ava Gardner spends a night with Clark Gable, confesses to a priest, and thereafter seems little the worse for wear. All three of these films are extremely "liberal" and forgiving in spirit, while man-

* In the end Miss Bergman did get over here to accept a critics' award for her acting in *Anastasia;* she appeared on television, and received a generally warm welcome, in the newspapers and elsewhere.

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aging to conform to the letter of the Production Code's current laws.

Some movies utilize a special sort of trickiness that allows them to be even more "liberal." They avoid the question of repentance by creating some doubt as to whether there is anything to repent. Everyone knows that the worst has happened, but the movie is coy and admits nothing. In the movie version of *Picnic,* we are permitted our choice in deciding what occurs when the hero and heroine spend the night together; the play was more explicit. In *Trapeze,* we are not directly told what has been going on between Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida, and so we may have cause to wonder why the third member of the triangle blows his top. When *Born Yesterday* was filmed, the ruthless businessman's mistress became his fiancée. If any were prone to regard "fiancée" as a euphemism—well, evil to him who evil thinks.

The latest tendency, however, is to an even greater freedom, without benefit of euphemisms, and the best example is the recent television performance of *Born Yesterday.* For the screen, the sex was bowdlerized but the politics was retained; for television, a few years later, the politics was bowdlerized, but the sex was retained. For one thing, the relationship between Harry Brock and Billie was treated frankly; no such idiot euphemism as "fiancée" was employed. Billie was once more permitted to explain why she quit show business, as she did in the play: "Harry didn't want me being in the show. Harry likes to get to bed early." This line was absent from the film, present on television. Another instance: Harry Brock, chatting with the Senator he has bought, is very self-consciously on his best behavior; he dismisses a grateful reference to their arrangement for mutual aid by saying: "Just tit for tat. [He stops, confused, then turns to MRS. HEDGES.] Excuse *me!*" That is what he says in the play and in the television version, not in the film. But television has to draw the line somewhere. In the play, Billie denounces Harry by exclaiming: "Big Fascist!" Puzzled, Harry points out the incongruity of the charge to his lawyer: "It don't make sense. I was born in Plainfield, New Jersey. She knows that." The movies let this slip past, but television won't stand for a dirty word like "Fascist." So Billie calls Harry "Napoleon!" Harry is puzzled, because he is six feet tall. Obviously, only politics is obscene. Freedom in the other area—sex—continues to develop evenly in television and films. Just as television attains a sort of landmark in its version of Maugham's *The Letter* (using the word "rape" instead of "attack"), Hollywood prepares the first movie in which abortion will be suggested—"handled delicately and in good taste."

The stage, unhampered by the Production Code, needs stronger medicine for its symbolic liberalism, and what adultery is to Hollywood, homosexuality has become to Broadway. Some leading thesis plays of the last few years, including *Tea and Sympathy, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* and *The Immoralist,* illustrate this trend. Almost a decade ago, Blanche DuBois of *Streetcar Named Desire* was suffering remorse for her cruelty to her homosexual husband; last season, Arthur Miller joined the parade with a play in which one man kisses another.

LIBERALISM has held out in a few more pockets of last-ditch resistance, but in its unpolitical form. Of course, serious politics has always been taboo in the popular arts. National politics can usually inspire only wild, frivolous burlesques like *Of Thee I Sing* and *I'd Rather Be Right;* neither of these musical comedies, innocent as they are, was ever filmed. The favorite political attitude of the films, and of mass entertainment in general, has traditionally operated on a municipal level; it is unrelenting hostility to graft, a position which can be maintained without giving offense to anyone. In the past, Hollywood glanced at municipal corruption in *The Great McGinty* and at corruption on a larger scale in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington;* while the latter film was much admired as a defense of democratic government, its broad, sweeping, in-

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spirational rhetoric almost obscured the fact that the issue at bottom was the misappropriation of public lands. The new film *The Boss* has enough allusions to the Pendergast machine of Kansas City to cause concern to the Democrats, but I am inclined to believe the producer, who has declared that the film will do them no harm. Indeed, the broadmindedness of the popular arts is so great today that political bosses are now coming in for their share of "liberal" toleration; corruption is being represented as a venial political sin. I am sure that Tammany Hall has never looked so good as it will in the forthcoming movie in which Bob Hope will play Mayor Jimmie Walker.

The Boss is quite a curiosity. I suspect that it was originally planned as a straightforward anti-boss picture, but it fell prey to the spirit of the times. In its prologue, bosses are spoken of in the past tense; we are told that an aroused public rose up and smote them. The boss is played by a conventional leading man, John Payne, who tries hard to look like a desperate character. The film explains—if it does not quite explain away—his becoming a cynical political entrepreneur; he is striving to outdo his sibling rival, and he is bitter at the loss of his girl. His political machine makes a vague alliance with gangsters, but when the Union Station massacre takes place, the boss personally hunts down the chief gangster and shoots it out with him. Corrupt as the machine is, it sends a perfect monster of integrity to serve in the United States Senate —a pleasant little fellow with glasses whose hardware store has failed. When the boss faces a Federal investigation, the Senator he has created still feels a personal loyalty, but he will do nothing to stop the investigators. The boss is regretful but not resentful; he is proud that he has sent so honest a man to Washington. When an effective investigation is finally under way, it is headed by a man whose brother is involved in one of the boss's dubious business operations. The investigator, a seedy type who does not inspire confidence, sets the price at which the boss may buy his brother out.

Still nothing is more surprising than the ending. Although the boss has broken the law many times and consequently expects to be convicted on a legitimate charge, he is instead convicted on the basis of the perjured testimony of his best friend. We last see the boss in an unusual and sympathetic role—as the victim of injustice.

Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah* sets the style in fiction, with its portrait of a lovable rogue who resembles ex-Mayor James M. Curley of Boston. Television drama has also taken some notable steps in this direction. Two recently televised plays showed Ed Begley, who impersonates William Jennings Bryan on Broadway, playing lovable but crooked politicians. Stout, squat, and balding, this actor fits the popular conception of a political boss; curiously, the resemblance is shared in *The Boss*, not by the politician, but by the prosecutor. In one play, Begley is vanquished in an election by a young reformer, who at once takes over the machine and welcomes the support of the former boss. In the other play, an ambitious reformer exposes his dishonesty but is embarrassed by the disclosure that the boss's peccadilloes were inspired by the purest motives; that, Mr. Curley would say, was the story of his life.

THE new liberalism is still political in one respect: it takes its stand for persecuted minorities. True to the new spirit of caution, however, they are usually distant, abstract minorities. The movie cycles about Negroes and Jews subsided long ago, and the Mexican cycle (represented by *Viva Zapata* and *Trial*) seems to have run its course. What remains, here as elsewhere, is the spirit of abstract tolerance, the taste without the substance. The generalized reference carries the advantage of at the same time saying everything and nothing, about every minority and about none in particular. It fights sin so vigorously and so abstractly that no one—least of all the sinner —can take offense. Here is a case in point: a recent television play exposed the persecution of a man who chose to wear a beard.

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We are assured that this story is based on an actual incident.

This anonymous vindication of nameless minorities was inaugurated by a movie of a few years ago—*The Boy with Green Hair.* In this well-meant parable, a character asks the question: "How would you like to have your sister marry a boy with green hair?" The persecuted child of the title stands for all the minorities that have been mistreated, but he escapes the danger of strict identification. A similar shiftiness, together with a similar unreality, is sometimes in evidence when the films try to show a real minority. Two well-known instances come to mind. *The Brick Foxhole,* a novel about the murder of a homosexual, became *Crossfire,* a movie about the murder of a Jew. *Home of the Brave,* a play about a Jew at war, became a movie about a Negro at war. The main reason for the changes was, I suspect, that the originals fitted the minorities too well. Once the changes were made, the stories became a bit lopsided; in each case, one felt that the problems shown were not fully relevant to the kind of people who faced them. This inexactness achieved exactly the desired effect. It made the films parables about anybody—that is, nobody.

THE new, unpolitical politics of the movies is also concerned for the martyrs of civil liberties, but even in this area the last liberalism is empty of all content. It is constantly declaring itself opposed to slavery—when slavery is far enough removed from our shores. Consider *The Robe,* in which Victor Mature plays a Greek slave of the first century. He is liberated, but in the sequel, *Demetrius and the Gladiators,* he is enslaved once more and again liberated. An infinite number of sequels may follow the original down the path of alternating enslavement and liberation, but the main idea is clear: we take a dim view of the institution of slavery. New Testament slavery is equally unattractive in *The Prodigal;* here, the prodigal son, enslaved in Damascus, leads a revolt and wins freedom. But Hollywood's uncompromising opposition to certain kinds of slavery can come even closer to home. In *Santiago,* Alan Ladd helps the Cubans win independence from Spain; the Cuban heroine describes the cruel effects of slavery, which is identified with Spanish tyranny, and was not abolished in Cuba till 1886. Slavery, then, would seem to be an evil institution, even in the Western Hemisphere—but not in the United States! Liberalism is all well and good, but hurting the box office in the South is something else again. Accordingly, Negro slavery in the American South has been, in the movies, always idyllic. *Birth of a Nation, So Red the Rose, Gone with the Wind,* and many other films portray a world in which the only Negroes who object to slavery are self-seeking ruffians. Nowadays, the ruffians are gone, but one is still likely to find here and there a contented slave.

Santiago embodies Hollywood's characteristic self-contradictions to an unusual degree. Allied with the Cubans in their fight for independence are a Confederate ship captain and his Negro first mate. The captain sees no incongruity in his position. He ardently praises the Cuban efforts to win freedom and continually asserts that, this time, he feels he is on the winning side. He praises also his Negro mate, who fought beside him in the Confederate navy. The captain tells us the Negro is as good a man as the villain who picks a fight with him—although it is Alan Ladd who wins the privilege of pitching the villain into the Caribbean. The Negro mate is usually rather docile, and—I think we might say, *in consequence*—he gets the very best treatment: Alan Ladd has coffee with him, and he and the Confederate captain democratically blow themselves up together, following a last revelation that the Negro had been the captain's slave.

That gives us a Negro slave who fought to maintain slavery in the United States but now fights to liberate Cuba from Spain, evidently because he feels more personally involved in the enslavement of Cuba. We are compelled to regret that the Spanish were not as lovable as the Southern slave-

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holders. But this is a "liberal" movie, since it presents a Negro in a fairly prominent role and also flatly endorses Cuban independence. Liberalism has its penalties, however. *Santiago* probably won't make a *peseta* in Spain; that's the risk you have to take.

ANOTHER peak of liberal "unpolitics" was reached in 1952, when *The Male Animal* was re-made. The main crisis of the 1940 Thurber-Nugent play was over a college professor's public reading of a letter by Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Ignoring pressures of all sorts, the professor of the play asserts himself and wins a victory for free speech. The first film version was faithful to the original; in the second, *She's Working Her Way Through College,* made when McCarthyism was a major issue in a national election, the Vanzetti letter had vanished from sight. Instead, the film posed the burning question—could a former burlesque dancer be permitted to attend the college and take part in a campus musical? The professor rises to the occasion and puts intolerance to flight. The year 1956 almost gave us another censored version of *The Male Animal.* One television program showed interest in the play, but dropped it because of the Vanzetti letter. The play was considered for another program, and it was going to be cleansed by the elimination of its main issue. However, Henry Fonda, who was asked to act the lead (as he did in the first film version), is said to have objected to the change; that put an end to all plans to televise *The Male Animal.*

The mass media have broken lances in behalf of men with beards, boys with green hair, and ex-stripteasers. Broadway has made similar contributions to the cause of unpolitical politics in a series of successively less political plays with nominally liberal themes. When Allan Scott's *Joy to the World* was produced in 1948, the cast included three performers who were subsequently listed in *Red Channels.* Naturally, the play dramatizes a red-hot issue: it is about some film producers who want to make a movie on a "dangerous" subject—the life of Samuel Gompers. Their laudable intentions prevail over efforts to eliminate the "dangerous" subject. The fact that Gompers was a conservative never disturbed the author of the play; any reference to a labor union is enough to set up "liberal" reflexes.

A popular play of a few years later, Ronald Alexander's *Time Out for Ginger,* shows us an even safer crusade. Even apart from the script, the liberal intentions of this play were suggested by the presence in the cast of Melvyn Douglas, well-known as a liberal and married to a former Democratic Congresswoman, and the late Philip Loeb, who was then a widely publicized victim of television blacklisting. *Time Out for Ginger* submits the case of a high-school girl who wants to play football with the boys. This matter divides the town and moves the girl's father to quote Jefferson, invoke the Bill of Rights, and urge the importance of "individual fulfillment." In a way, this was the perfect thesis play. No offense was offered to anyone's political beliefs—only to the taste and common sense of the audience.

The popular arts will continue their strategic withdrawal. They will find safer and narrower ground, well behind the line of fire, in which there will still be room for the postures and gestures of liberalism. Naturally, there will be no room for more than empty postures and gestures. This curious pattern is traceable to a number of causes—the caution of show-business commercialism, the authority of liberal symbolism, and the present peculiar American political atmosphere, compact of harmony, timidity, and neutralism. But what ceaselessly fascinates me is the incongruity itself. I am reminded of the madwoman of Chaillot, whose favorite newspaper was the *Gaulois* of March 22, 1903. My favorite newspaper will, for a long time at least, be *Variety* of November 21, 1956. This headline appears in the second column of its first page: "Sacco-Vanzetti Too Hot for TV." The fifth column has this headline: "Code Would Sanction 'Abortion' for Screens 'If Delicately Handled.'" Who could invent an incongruity more ingenious than this one?

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

HERMAN MELVILLE IN JERUSALEM

Excerpts from a Journal

One hundred years ago Herman Melville made a trip to Europe and the Levant which took him through Scotland, Liverpool (where he renewed his acquantaince with Hawthorne), Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England again. The high point of this journey would seem to have been the eighteen days Melville spent in the Holy Land, mainly in and around Jerusalem (January 6-24, 1857).

His pilgrimage, for it was that, came at a turning point in Melville's career. He was only thirty-seven then, but he had long been troubled by the fear that his inspiration was failing, and he had written to Hawthorne: "I feel that I am now come to the inmost leaf of the bulb, and that shortly the flower must fall to the mould." His health had begun deteriorating also, and in 1853 he had driven himself to the verge of a nervous breakdown by overwork. His trip, begun in October 1856, was on the urgent advice of his doctor.

The journal Melville kept during these travels was not for publication; it consists of hurriedly jotted notes and phrases, cryptic reminders of his impressions and experiences. But these have many of the vivid qualities of his genius. The journal was first edited by Raymond Weaver, the rediscoverer of Melville in our century (*Journal up the Straits, October 11, 1856-May 5, 1857*, New York, 1935), and has recently been skillfully re-edited by Howard C. Horsford (*Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant, October 11, 1856-May 6, 1857*, Princeton, 1955).

After his return to America Melville gave up any attempt to support his family by his pen, and what little writing he did in the remaining thirty-four years of his life was in verse form (with the chief exception of *Billy Budd*, written shortly before his death). The major work of these years was a long narrative poem in two volumes, *Clarel* (1876), obviously inspired by his journey to Jerusalem two decades earlier. In *Clarel*, Melville takes a group of pilgrims—American and English, representing a variety of religious attitudes—from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. Clarel—interestingly enough, since he is a projection of Melville himself—has fallen in love with a Jewess, Ruth; he leaves her to go on his pilgrimage during the period of mourning after her father's death when he is forbidden to see her, and later learns that she too has died. Melville seems to have written this poem over a period of some ten years in the great anguish of soul foreshadowed in his *Journal*.

The following selections from the *Journal* (taken from the edition of the Princeton University Press, by their permission) sketch the chief events of Melville's eighteen days in the Holy Land and sample as well some twenty-five pages of additional notes. All the headings are by Melville himself. In the interests of greater clarity, I have corrected most of Melville's errors of fact or spelling.

—Sholom J. Kahn

JANUARY 4th 1857. Sailed from Alexandria for Jaffa. 2nd class passage. Many deck passangers Turks &c. . . .

Jan 6th. Early in the morning came in sight of Jaffa. A swell rolling, and saw the breakers before the town. Landed, not without some danger,—boatmen (Arabs) trying to play upon my supposed fears. Cunning dogs!—Employed a Jew dragoman to take me to Jerusalem.—Crossed the plain of Sharon in sight of mountains of Ephraim. Arrived at Ramla & put up at alleged (hotel). At supper over broken crockery & cold meat, pestered by mosquitoes & fleas, dragoman said, "Dese Arab no know how to keep hotel." I fully assented. After horrible night, at 2 in the morning in saddle for Jerusalem. The three shadows stalking on the plain by

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moonlight. Moon set, all dark. At day break found ourselves just entering the mountains. Pale olive of morning. Withered & desert country. Breakfast by ruined mosque —Cave. Hot & wearisome ride over the arid hills.—Got to Jerusalem about 2 P.M. Put up at Mediterranean hotel. Kept by a German converted Jew, by name, Hauser. Hotel overlooks on one side Pool of Hezekiah (balconies) is near the Coptic Convent,* is on the Street of the Patriarchs leading out of Street of David. From platform in front of my chamber, command view of battered dome of Church of Sepulchre & Mount Olivet.** Opposite house is open space, ruin of old Latin Convent, destroyed by some enemy centuries ago & never since rebuilt. Landlord pointed out the damaged dome, as beginning of the war with Russia. Still in same state as then. Walked out to the North of the city, but my eyes so affected by the long day's ride in the glare of the light of arid hills, had to come back to hotel. . . .

Jan 10th. Thought I should have been the only stranger in Jerusalem, but this afternoon came over from Jaffa, a Mr. Frederick Cunningham of Boston, a very prepossessing young man who seemed rejoiced to meet a companion & countryman . . .

Jan 11th. Spent the remaining days till Jan. 18th in roaming about city & visiting Jordan & Dead Sea.

Jan 18th. Quitted Jerusalem with Mr. Cunningham & his dragoman—the Druze, Abdallah—Stayed at Greek convent at Ramlah. No sleep. Old monk like rat. Scurvy treatment. Letter from Greek Patriarch. Countess staying there. . . .

Jan 19th. Rode from Ramlah to Lydda. A robbery of a village near by, by party of Arabs, alarms the whole country. People travel in bands. We rode to Lydda in train of the Governor's son. A mounted escort of some 30 men, all armed. Fine riding. Musket-shooting. Curvetting & caracoling of the horsemen. Outriders. Horsemen riding to one side, scorning the perils. Riding up to hedges of cactus, interrogating & firing their pistols into them. Entering Lydda, Governor's son discharged all his barrels (revolver) into a puddle—& we went to see the ruined church of Lydda. Evidently of the time of the Crusaders. A delightful ride across Plain of Sharon to Jaffa. Quantities of red poppies. (Rose of Sharon?). . . .

Jan 20th. I am the only traveler sojourning in Joppa. I am emphatically alone, & begin to feel like Jonah. The wind is rising, the swell of the sea increasing, & dashing in breakers upon the reef of rocks within a biscuit's toss of the sea-wall. . . .

Jan 21st. Could not sleep last night for the fleas. . . . Wrote in this diary (Jerusalem) to day. In the afternoon called upon Mr. & Mrs. Saunders, outside the wall, the American Missionary.—Dismal story of their experiments. Might as well attempt to convert bricks into bride-cake as the Orientals into Christians. It is against the will of God that the East should be Christianized. . . .

Jan 22nd. No sleep last night—only resource to cut tobacco, & watch the six windows of my room, which is like a lighthouse —& hear the surf & wind. The genuine Jonah feeling, in Joppa too, is worth experiencing in the same sense that, according to Byron, the murderer sensation were worth a trial. . . . I have such a feeling in this lonely old Joppa, with the prospect of a prolonged detention here, owing to the surf —that it is only by stern self-control & grim defiance that I contrive to keep cool & patient. . . .

Jan 24th. (Saturday)—Bravo!—This moment. . . . hear that the Austrian steamer is in sight, & going to the window, behold her. —Thus then will end nearly six days in Joppa. . . . Amused with the autographs & confessions of people who have stayed at this hotel. "I have *existed* at this hotel &c&c." Something comical could be made out of all this. Let the confessions be of a religious, penitential, resigned & ambiguous turn, apparently flattering to the host, but really derogatory to the place.—Bright sun & sea. You seem to look through a vacuum at every thing. The sea is like a great daub of Prussian Blue.

From Jerusalem to Dead Sea &c

Over Olivet by St. Stephens Gate to Bethany—on a hill—wretched Arab village —fine view—Tomb of Lazarus, a mere cave or cell—On down into vallies & over hills— all barren—Brook Kerith—immense depth— black & funereal—Valley of Jehosophat,

*Near the main or Jaffa Gate, on the west side of Jerusalem.—Ed.

**The Mount of Olives.—Ed.

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grows more diabolical as approaches Dead Sea—Plain of Jericho—looks green, (part of it) an orchard, but only trees of apple of Sodom . . . Where Kerith opens into Plain of Jericho looks like Gate of Hell.—Tower with sheiks smoking & huts on top—thick walls—village of Jericho—ruins on hillside—tent—fine dinner—jolly time—sitting at door of tent looking at mountains of Moab.—tent the charmed circle, keeping off the curse. . . . Arabs crossing the river—lance—old crusaders—pistols—menacing cries—tobacco.—Robbers—rob Jericho annually—&c—Ride over mouldy plain to Dead Sea—Mountains on both sides— . . . foam on beach & pebbles like slaver of mad dog—smarting bitter of the water,—carried the bitter in my mouth all day—bitterness of life—thought of all bitter things—Bitter is it to be poor & bitter, to be reviled, & Oh bitter are these waters of Death, thought I.—Old boughs tossed up by water—relics of pick-nick—nought to eat but bitumen & ashes with desert of Sodom apples washed down with water of Dead Sea. Must bring your own provisions, as well, too, for mind as body—for all is barren. Drank of brook, but brackish.—Ascended among the mountains again—barren.—

Rainbow over Dead Sea—heaven, after all, has no malice against it—[written vertically along margin of page].

Barrenness of Judea

Whitish mildew pervading whole tracts of landscape—bleached—leprosy—encrustation of curses—old cheese—bones of rocks,—crunched, gnawed, & mumbled—mere refuse & rubbish of creation—like that laying outside Jaffa Gate—all Judea seems to have been accumulations of this rubbish. . . . *No moss as in other ruins—no grace of decay—no ivy—the unleavened nakedness of desolation*—whitish (ashes)—lime kilns . . . St. Saba. . . . At dusk went down by many stone steps & through mysterious passages to cave & trap doors & hole in wall—ladder—ledge after ledge—winding—to bottom of Brook Kedron—*sides of ravine all caves of recluses*—Monastery a congregation of stone eyries, enclosed with wall—Good bed & night's rest—Went into chapel &c—*little hermitages* in rock—*balustrade of iron—lonely monks. Black birds*—feeding *with* head—numerous *terraces, balconies—solitary Date Palm mid-way in precipice*—Good bye—Over lofty hills to Bethlehem . . . On way to Bethlehem saw Jerusalem from distance—unless knew it, could not have recognized it—looked exactly like arid rocks. . . .

Jerusalem

Village of Lepers—houses facing the wall—Zion. Their park, a dung-heap.—They sit by the gates asking alms,—then whine—avoidance of them & horror. . . . *Wandering among the tombs*—till I begin to think myself one of the possessed with devils. . . .

Hill-side view of Zion—loose stones & gravel as if shot down from carts. The mind can not but be sadly & suggestively affected with the indifference of Nature & Man to all that makes the spot sacred to the Christian. Weeds grow upon Mount Zion; side by side in impartial equality appear the shadows of church & mosque, and on Olivet every morning the sun indifferently ascends over the Chapel of the Ascension. . . .

How it affects one to be cheated in Jerulem.

The old Connecticut man wandering about with tracts &c—knew not the language—hopelessness of it—his lonely bachelor rooms—he maintained that the expression "Oh Jerusalem!" was an argument proving that Jerusalem was a byeword &c.

Warder Crisson of Philadelphia—An American turned Jew—divorced from (former) wife—married a Jewess &c—Sad. . . .

In Jehosophat, Jew grave-stones lie as if indiscriminately flung abroad by a blast in a quarry. So thick, a warren of the dead—so old, the Hebrew inscriptions can hardly be distinguished from the wrinkles formed by Time. . . . Jehosophat, shows seams of natural rock—capitals of pilasters rubbed off by Time.—Large hole in front—full of stones inside, heap of stones (cart loads) before it—The maledictory contribution of the pilgrim, one of the melancholy amusements of Jerusalem. (See Bible for origin of (Absalom's) Tomb.)* To be stoned is his memorial.—The grave stones project *out* from the side-hill, as if already in act of resurrection. . . .

In pursuance of my object, the saturation of my mind with the atmosphere of Jerusalem, offering myself up a passive subject, and no unwilling one, to its weird impres-

*II Samuel 18:18—Ed.

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sion, I always rose at dawn & walked without the walls. Nor so far as escaping the pent-up air within was concerned was I singular here. For daily I could not but be struck with the clusters of the townspeople reposing along the arches near the Jaffa Gate where it looks down into the vale of Gihon, and the groups always haunting the neighboring fountains, vales and hills They too seemed to feel the insalubriousness of so small a city pent in by lofty walls obstructing ventilation, postponing the morning & hasting the unwholesome (?) twilight. . . . I would stroll to Mount Zion, along the terraced walks, & survey the tomb-stones of the hostile Armenians, Latins, Greeks, all sleeping together.—I looked along the hill side of Gihon over against me, and watched the precipitation of the solemn shadows of the city towers flung far down to the haunted bottom of the hid pool of Gihon, and higher up the darkened valley my eye rested on the cliff-girt basin, haggard with riven old olives, where the angel of the Lord smote the army of Sennacherib.* And smote by the morning, I saw the reddish soil of Aceldema, confessing its inexpiable guilt by deeper dyes. On the Hill of Evil Counsel,** I saw the ruined villa of the High Priest where tradition says the death of Christ was plotted, and the field where when all was over the traitor Judas hung himself. . . .

Talk of the guides. "Here is the stone Christ leaned against, & here is the English Hotel." Yonder is the arch where Christ was shown to the people, & just by that open window is sold the best coffee in Jerusalem. &c&c&c.

Had Jerusalem no peculiar historic associations, still would it, by its extraordinary physical aspect, evoke peculiar emotion in the traveller. As the sight of haunted Haddon Hall suggested to Mrs. Radcliffe her curdling romances, so I have little doubt, the diabolical landscapes (of the) great part of Judea must have suggested to the Jewish prophets, their ghastly theology.

. . . There are many olives on the plain north of the walls. The Cave of Jeremiah is in this part. In its lamentable recesses he composed his lamentable Lamentations . . .

Stones of Judea. We read a good deal about stones in Scriptures. . . . Monuments & memorials are set up of stones; men are stoned to death; the figurative seed falls in stony places; and no wonder that stones should so largely figure in the Bible. Judea is one accumulation of stones—Stony mountains & stony plains; stony torrents & stony roads; stony walls & stony fields, stony houses & stony tombs; stony eyes & stony hearts. Before you, & behind you are stones. Stones to right & stones to left. In many places laborious attempt has been made, to clear surface of these stones. You see heaps of stones here & there; and stone walls of immense thickness are thrown together, less for boundaries than to get them out of the way. But in vain; the removal of one stone only serves to reveal there stones still larger, below it. It is like mending an old barn; the more you uncover, the more it grows.—The toes of every one's shoes are all stubbed to pieces with the stones. . . . To account for this abundance of stones, many theories have been stated; *My* theory is that long ago, some whimsical King of the country took it into his head to pave all Judea, and entered into contracts to that effect; but the contractor becoming bankrupt mid-way in his business, the stones were only dumped on the ground, & there they lie to this day.

The hills. Are stones in the concrete. Regular layers of rock; some amphitheatres disposed in seats, & terraces. The stone walls (loose) seem not the erections of art, but mere natural varieties of the stony landscape. In some of the fields, lie large grotesque rocks—all perforated & honey combed—like rotting bones of mastodons.—Everything looks old. Compared with these rocks, those in Europe and America look juvenile. . . .

Three Sundays a week in Jerusalem—Jew, Christian, Turk. And now comes the missionaries of the 7th Day Baptists, & add a fourth. How it must puzzle the converts!

The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem in parts very wide & full of separate divergent footpaths, worn by the multitude of pilgrims. . . .

No country will more quickly dissipate romantic expectations than Palestine—particularly Jerusalem. To some the disappointment is heart sickening, &c. Is the desolation of the land the result of the fatal embrace of the Deity? Hapless are the favorites of heaven.

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*The "Upper Pool" (II Kings 18:17, 19:35).—Ed.

**The modern quarter of "Abu Tor."—Ed.

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In the emptiness of the lifeless antiquity of Jerusalem the emigrant Jews are like flies that have taken up their abode in a skull.

There is some prophecy about the highways being prepared for the coming of the Jews, and when the "Deputation from the Scotch Church" were in Judea,* they suggested to Sir Moses Montefiore the expediency of employing the poorer sorts of Jews in this work—at the same time facilitating prophecy and clearing the *stones* out of the way.

Christian Missions &c in Palestine & Syria

A great deal of money has been spent by the *English Mission in Jerusalem.* Church on Mt. Zion estimated to have cost $75,000. It is a fine edifice. The present Bishop (Gobat, a Swiss by birth) seems a very sincere man, and doubtless does his best. . . . But the work over which he presides in Jerusalem is a failure—palpably. One of the missionaries under Gobat confessed to Mrs. Saunders that out of all the Jew converts, but one he believed to be a true Christian,—with much more. All kinds of variance of opinion and jealousies prevail. The same man mentioned above also said to Mrs. S. many things tending to the impression that the Mission was as full of intrigues as a ward-meeting or caucus at home.

I often passed the Protestant School &c on Mt. Zion, but nothing seemed going on. The only place of interest there was the Grave Yard. . . .

At Joppa, Mr. & Mrs. Saunders from Rhode-Island. Mr. Saunders a broken-down machinist & returned Californian out at elbows. Mrs. S. a superior woman in many respects. They were sent out to found an Agricultural School for the Jews. They tried it but miserably failed. The Jews would come, pretend to be touched & all that & then—vanish. . . . Mrs. S. learning Arabic from a Sheik, & turned doctress to the poor. She is waiting the Lord's time, she says. For this she is well qualified, being of great patience. Their little girl looks sickly & pines for home—but the Lord's work must be done.

Mrs. Minor of Philadelphia—came out some three or four (years) ago to start a kind of Agricultural Academy for Jews. She seems to have been the first person actively to engage in this business, and by her pen incited others. A woman of fanatic energy and spirit. After a short stay at Joppa, she returned to America for contributions; succeeded in the attempt & returned with implements, money &c. Bought a tract about mile & half from Joppa. Two young ladies came out with her from America. They had troubles. Not a single Jew was converted either to Christianity or Agriculture. The young ladies sickened & went home. A month afterwards, Mrs. Minor died,—I passed her place.

Deacon Dickson of Groton, Mass. This man caught the contagion from Mrs. Minor's published letters. Sold his farm at home & came out with wife, son & three daughters, about two years ago.—Be it said, that all these movements combining Agriculture & Religion in reference to Palestine, are based upon the impression (Mrs. Minor's & others) that the time for the prophetic return of the Jews to Judea is at hand, and therefore the way must be prepared for them by Christians, both in setting them right in their faith & their farming—in other words, preparing the soil literally & figuratively.—With Mrs. Saunders I walked out to see Mr. Dickson's place. . . . After some introductory remarks the following talk ensued—

H.M. "Have you settled here permanently, Mr. Dickson?"

Mr. D. "Permanently settled on the soil of Zion, Sir." with a kind of dogged emphasis. . . .

H.M. to Mr. D. "Have you any Jews working with you?"

Mr. D. "No, can't afford to have them. Do my own work, with my son. Besides, the Jews are lazy & don't like work."

H.M. "And do you not think that a hindrance to making farmers of them?"

Mr. D. "That's it. The Gentile Christians must teach them better. The fact is the fullness of Time has come. The Gentile Christians must prepare the way."

Mrs. D. (to me) "Sir, is there in America a good deal of talk about Mr. D's efforts here?"

Mr. D. "Yes, do they believe (basically) in the restoration of the Jew?"

H.M. "I can't really answer that."

*In 1839.—Ed.

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Mrs. D. "I suppose most people believe the prophecies to that effect in a figurative sense —don't they?"
H.M. "Not unlikely." &c&c&c.

. . . The whole thing is half melancholy, half farcical—like all the rest of the world . . .

Sir Moses Montefiore. This Croesus visited Palestine last year, bought a large tract on the hill of Gihon & walled it in for hospital grounds.

A huge man of 75, he was carried to Jerusalem from Joppa, on a litter borne by mules. They fleeced him sadly, charging enormous prices for everything he bought. Sir M. seems to have the welfare of his poor countrymen near his heart, and it is said, purposes returning here for life.—

The idea of making farmers of the Jews is vain. In the first place, Judea is a desert with few exceptions. In the second place, the Jews hate farming. All who cultivate the soil in Palestine are Arabs. The Jews dare not live outside walled towns or villages for fear of the malicious persecution of the Arabs & Turks.—Besides, the number of Jews in Palestine is comparatively small. And how are the hosts of them scattered in other lands to be brought here? Only by a miracle. . . . Mr. Wood saw Mr. Dickson going about . . . with open Bible, looking for the opening asunder of Mount Olivet and the preparing of the highway for the Jews.

RALPH K. GUINZBURG 1891-1957

Ralph K. Guinzburg, friend as well as sponsor, served on the Publication Committee of COMMENTARY *since the magazine's inception. His loyalty, his sympathy, his sense of responsibility, his wisdom, contributed greatly both to the magazine and to the community. His place cannot be filled.*

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ON THE HORIZON

JOHN STRACHEY TWENTY YEARS AFTER

The Sword Has Lost Its Edge

WILLIAM PETERSEN

LIKE thousands of others who grew up during the 1930's, I owe a certain debt of gratitude to John Strachey. It was he who taught me that what I took to be fundamental differences between democracy and fascism were actually only superficial, incidental features; all that mattered was that both systems were defenders of capitalism, and their apparent hostility was merely a reflection of "the capitalist crisis," an expression of those internal contradictions which doomed capitalism to extinction. The task of the hour was to fight fascism, but only the Communists were anti-fascist. Liberals and socialists had always fought principally to save the capitalist system: "it was the apostasy of almost every social democratic leader alone which prevented the workers from turning against the ruling classes under the hideous and ever-growing strain to which they were subjected." During capitalism's last convulsions and "the coming struggle for power" between fascists and Communists, all the rest of the political spectrum would be polarized. Though the day of the revolution was dawning, such institutions as the British Labor party and such individuals as G. D. H. Cole maintained their animosity to the leaders of the revolution, and from an objective, historical point of view, they were already pro-fascist.

This was not of course a position that Mr. Strachey held in isolation, but the importance of his role in disseminating it in the United States ought not to be underestimated. He was one of the very few Communist theorists to be reprinted in the Modern Library, and his popularity undoubtedly warranted this. For he had a wonderful talent, comparable almost to Churchill's or Koestler's, for discussing great political issues both seriously and in clear and forceful prose. In contrast particularly to the ponderous language of the Marxian classics on the one hand and the jargon and shibboleths of the usual party exegesis on the other, Mr. Strachey's style seemed sunlight and fresh air. The gloomy impact of his two major works was great enough, I think, to withstand even his own subsequent message that there was "hope in America" after all, written when a change in the party line had transformed Roosevelt from a proto-fascist menace to the courageous champion of anti-fascist progressives.

The son of an important Conservative publisher, Evelyn St. Loe John Strachey rebelled against his background while still an undergraduate and went through the leftish Independent Labor party into the Labor party itself, which eventually elected him to the House of Commons. There he became Sir Oswald Mosley's private secretary, and when Mosley bolted and formed his "New Party" in 1931, Strachey was one of the four Labor MP's to follow him. This was

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before Mosley had become an avowed fascist, but Strachey's association with him (which he now calls the "sticky part" of his career) still indicates a certain lack of perspicacity on the part of a self-styled political expert. Shortly afterward, he joined the Communist party and began his most active period of literary production. He broke openly with the Communists in 1939, writing a book that denounced Russia's invasion of Finland in the strongest terms. Back again in the Labor party, he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Air and, later, Minister of Food. He aggravated the already considerable difficulties involved in the latter post by sponsoring the "groundnuts scheme," which proved to be perhaps the most resounding failure in the postwar Labor record.* This was followed by what seemed, at a distance, retirement to the relative anonymity of rigid Labor conformism, in which he avoided contact with Bevan or Zilliacus as sedulously as he followed Gaitskell.

It came as a surprise to me to learn, then, that John Strachey had written another book, and one that was to be the first of a projected series in which he would once again review the economic systems of the modern world and show us how to tell good from evil.

STRACHEY'S earlier books, especially *The Coming Struggle for Power*, will always remain classics of the "anti-fascist struggle," but this new one of his, *Contemporary Capitalism*,† will never, I am afraid, achieve comparable status. Whereas his specialty used to be presenting the party line in polished Oxford English, now that he is thinking for himself his metaphors lack wit and sometimes point, his sentences plod round in work-horse circles, and occasionally he even commits errors of grammar.§ Mr. Strachey makes no pretense to professional competence in economics; he sees himself as a popularizer of other men's analyses. But a popularizer who cannot write nearly so well as, say, Kenneth Galbraith, whom he quotes by the page, or Keynes, or Schumpeter, has lost his function altogether.

Curiously, the substance of Strachey's analysis has gone through fewer changes over the past twenty years than his style. He now believes firmly in the central importance of the democratic process and is thus opposed to Communism, but he has not permitted this change of view to penetrate his former position very deeply. The fundamental cleavage in the world is still that between socialism and capitalism. Fascism and Communism, while they are both forms of dictatorship and hence to some extent alike, are thus still basically opposed: fascism "conducts an economy in the latest stage of capitalism, while the communist form of this [totalitarian] method of Government conducts or controls a rudimentary form of socialized economy." Capitalism, inherently unstable as ever, has now reached its final stage. It will still convert itself into fascism unless the working class succeeds in estab-

*The plan was to raise vast quantities of peanuts in East Africa and use them to alleviate the world shortage of fats immediately after the war. After a hurried survey of the area, more than 3.2 million acres were cleared and machinery was purchased all over the world. This equipment, however, proved to be unsuitable to the conditions found in East Africa, not the least of which was the total lack of a labor force able to use and care for the machines. The failure of the scheme derived from its very inception. In the words of Professor S. Herbert Frankel of Oxford, "The essence of the proposals affirmed that it was possible, desirable, and indeed urgently necessary, *to do in five years what might normally be expected to take a generation or more.*" For those who remember Strachey's background, it is perhaps not fanciful to suggest that he was guided to some degree by the example of Stalin's forced collectivization of agriculture, when the difficulties of mechanizing a primitive agriculture were likewise "solved" by riding over them roughshod.

†Random House, 374 pp., $5.00.

§Consider the following passages, not chosen indeed at random, but representative nevertheless of the work as a whole: "The economists had studied, in a word, the relationship between each independent capitalist producer." "But what was perhaps their decisive move, the Homestead Legislation, by which the American people enjoyed access to free land, right up to the eighteen-nineties, succeeded." "No, the latest-stage capitalisms can only become more instead of less stable as a result of the democratic pressures upon them succeeding in more than counter-balancing their innate tendencies; as a result of these forces actually improving the distribution of the national income and providing adequate, alternative, and essentially social, motivations for investing in new capital goods, whether their use, when they have been made, is expected to be profitable or not."

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lishing socialism first, either by the full extension of democracy or (presumably—the point is not made clear) by a successful socialist revolution. This built-in tendency of the capitalist system has been mitigated (and thus hidden from less astute observers) only by the operation of extraneous, non-economic forces. Thus Marx was essentially right in his over-all analysis; and if his labor theory of value and his doctrine of "immiseration" in particular cannot be judged to have been entirely correct, neither can we say that they were erroneous. Strachey's faith in Stalinism, the keystone of his old theoretical structure, has eroded away, but the building still stands, held together by maladroit dialectics, hope, and sheer inertia.

HE BEGINS his argument by contrasting 19th-century economic theory with 20th-century economic reality. According to the model constructed by Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and their successors, the price of any commodity is determined automatically in the market by competition among many producers. Actually, however, most important commodities are now manufactured mainly by a small number of giant firms that are able of their own accord to influence the price of the goods they sell. In the terminology of the economists, perfect competition has been largely replaced by oligopoly. It must be emphasized that the technical meaning of "competition" is narrower than what laymen understand by the word; what has changed, allegedly, is only "competition in the old real decisive sense of the word, namely *price* competition."

Strachey mentions in passing other forms of economic rivalry, but he does not include in his analysis the effect of these on the economy. While Fords and Chevrolets, for example, typically sell for the same price, this has not eliminated the effort of the Ford Motor Company to win customers away from General Motors. Competition remains very sharp when expressed in advertising or in the improvement of products and services. Moreover, the ability of giant corporations to control prices is decidedly limited. In an oligopolistic industry, the few large firms must take into account the small fry (Kaiser, Volkswagen, etc., etc.) who do offer price competition. And beyond this, inter-industry competition remains an important factor: if the prices of automobiles go too high, prospective purchasers may decide to buy refrigerators instead.

Thus it is debatable whether the present limited control of prices within a market economy has brought about as basic a change in the capitalist system as Strachey claims. It can even be questioned whether the change he describes has taken place at all. Indeed, it is a commonplace of economic analysis that monopolistic tendencies have developed in recent decades, but the only proof typically offered to support this contention is the one that Strachey uses—the contrast with classical economic *theory*. Outside the theoretical construct of the economists, perfect competition never existed at any time; and the change from the *real* world of the 19th century has not been all in one direction.

In his lectures at the New School on industrial structure, Professor Alexander Pekelis used to point, only half-facetiously, to "the two worst monopolies in the United States," the Aluminum Company of America and—the school cafeteria, which was able to offer barely palatable food at good round prices because the nearest lunchroom was four or five blocks away. If the first type of monopoly has grown, the second type has almost disappeared. The enormous improvement in transportation and distribution services has all but eliminated the semi-isolated pockets within which each small producer or seller used to have a measure of monopolistic control. For example, the big grocery chains, which because of their very size one might assume to be fostering oligopoly, have in fact broken the virtually complete monopoly once enjoyed by the crossroads general store, that hoary symbol of old-style free enterprise. What increase there has been, on balance, in the entrepreneur's power to influence the price of his product would be very difficult to measure empirically, and Strachey does not attempt it.

HAVING stated without proof that there is a mounting tendency toward oligopoly, Strachey feels justified in predicting that the assumed trend will go on until it reaches its logical conclusion—the absolute monopoly of power of the fascist state. Here, however, the empirical evidence is not only not conclusive, it is just about non-existent. So far

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as we can tell from the limited data we have, most of the numerous firms that enter any new industry do indeed die off, leaving a small number of giants and an unstable group of smaller competitors—but after that the pattern remains essentially static. For Strachey, however, the future development of the capitalist economy is quite clear, and he even goes so far as to say that "in Britain and America political life itself has fallen into the same pattern. Two great parties, and only two, confront each other in the political arena"! Yet Strachey himself must certainly know, not only that his observation lacks both historical depth and political sense, but that, in spite of arithmetic, a two-party system is much farther away from a totalitarian monopoly of political power than a thirty-seven-party system. It might also be worth his while to ponder whether the economic stability associated with oligopoly may not act as a brake on the supposed inherent tendency of the market system toward fascism.

This inherent tendency, according to Strachey's version of Marxist theory,* should be expressed in the increasing misery of the masses and the ever growing monopoly of state power by the owning class.

> The polarisation of society . . . is Marx's essential subject matter. . . . Marx succeeded in demonstrating . . . why the free exchange of commodities had, by, say, 1840, undeniably produced not social harmony, but ever-growing inequality and social polarisation. . . . Marx cut his way through to the essential tendency of capitalism, which, however you express the point, is to channel the whole of its ever-growing surplus towards the owners of the means of production.

Let no one say that Strachey is not a courageous man; he is the first apologist for some time to attempt a full-dress substantiation of Marx's famous theory of "immiseration." But the theory remains as preposterous as it ever was.

The *main* social effect of industrialization in England was not to polarize society, but rather to break apart the vestigial feudal classes and create, first in political theory and then in reality, a nation of persons with undifferentiated civil status and legal rights. And in economic terms, early capitalism, hellish as it was, certainly did not *create* a "morass of destitution"; according to modern research, the average condition of life of the pre-industrial worker remained pretty much the same for a while after the introduction of the machine, and sometimes there was even an improvement. Though by 1883, the year of Marx's death, there was certainly a marked improvement, Marx, as Strachey points out, never withdrew or even modified his dogma of immiseration. And what of the state of the working class today? Strachey himself tells us that "in 1952 American 'monopoly capitalism' had unquestionably provided the majority of the American people with the highest standard of life ever reached by the human race at any time in any place." In spite of this empirical evidence, however, "Marx was right in believing that . . . the capitalist system, *operating in the political and social environment which he alone knew*,† contained a strong tendency to hold down the wage-earners' standard of life to a subsistence level and so reserve the whole of the ever-growing surplus for the rich to spend or accumulate."

Strachey attempts to resolve the paradox by offering two arguments: first, that the mass of the people have not usually received a larger share of the national income but have merely retained the same relatively small proportion of an increasing total; and secondly, that the general standard of living in capitalist countries has risen only through the operations of political democracy, which is a factor extraneous to capitalism and one that contradicts that system's tendencies. Both these arguments are worth examining in some detail.

The productivity of advanced capitalist

*Marx's main point was that in capitalist society there is a long-term tendency for the rate of profit to fall, ultimately to zero, and the "immiseration" of the working class was in part a reflection of the mounting desperation of an owning class confronted by the disappearance of profits. Strachey passes over this, and understandably; for since by his analysis oligopoly now "enables firms to affect the level of their own profits," this element of Marxian theory would merely have confused his argument.

†The language is ambiguous, but the context indicates that Strachey means not that Marx was alone in knowing this, but that it was the only environment that Marx knew.

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countries, over both depressions and prosperous periods, has increased by an average of about two per cent a year. Strachey maintains that, while the working class has benefited from this technical improvement, it has not been able to increase its share of the total. His evidence for this, however, consists of no more than one table showing how the national income of England was divided among various social classes between 1911 and 1938. It is true that the proportion paid out in wages remained constant over this period, at about 40 per cent of the total; but the proportion paid out in profit, interest, and rent *declined* considerably. The difference was paid out in *salaries*, rather than wages or profits, for during this period white-collar salaried jobs increased greatly in number. In other words, while the proportion of manual wage-workers in the labor force declined, their share of the total national income remained constant, which means that on the average wage-workers gained at the cost of other social classes. Strachey is able to "prove" his point only by defining "worker" as one who receives a *wage* rather than a *salary* (Marx, it will be recalled, defined the working class rather in terms of their relation to the means of production). But even with regard to wages, Strachey's evidence turns out to be fallacious.

As he himself points out, English "workers" have gained an important proportionate increase in income since 1938; and while precise data are not available for the earlier period, the proportionate increase from, say, 1840 to 1911 was certainly tremendous. Thus, if Strachey were to examine a longer period than the twenty-seven years he actually has chosen, he would find it impossible to maintain that the share of the national income allotted to the "workers" remained constant. And in any case, the discussion of class incomes in terms of the amount of money received before taxes is useful only for the purpose of making a biased case. "The only qualification to be borne in mind," Strachey warns us, is that the propertied classes in England have paid in taxes for "the bulk of such general national services as defense, police, administration, etc., some of which were, in my view, for the benefit of everybody." Included in that "etc.," it must be remembered, was also the continuous improvement of the country's capital plant, which formed the basis of its steadily increasing productivity—and which was likewise for the benefit of everybody.

Thus, even Strachey's own inadequate data reveal that the share received by the working class has never fallen and has sometimes risen under industrial capitalism, yet the "tendency" of capitalism, he insists, is nevertheless to push wages down to subsistence level. If wages turn out to be higher than subsistence level, this is only because in the war against the capitalist devil the democratic angel has won an occasional battle. "Democracy and latest-stage capitalism undoubtedly pull in opposite directions. Their co-existence constitutes a state of antagonistic balance. They co-exist in the same way that the two teams in a tug-of-war co-exist upon the rope. Such a form of co-existence can hardly be permanent. One force must begin to gain, and at length to gain decisively, upon the other." Like any article of pure faith, this doctrine is difficult to dispute. It is offered in the face of all the evidence, and one cannot suppose that more evidence still—say, data on the historical trend of workers' incomes in the United States—would have any effect. Strachey's position, however, is not only anti-empirical but, in its own terms, illogical.

The capitalist system and political democracy, so far from being opposed forces, are parallel expressions of the revolution that overthrew medieval society. They emerged at the same time and developed by interaction. A multitude of buyers and sellers expressing their joint will through the mechanism of the market, or a multitude of voters declaring what they want through the mechanism of an election—the difference lies not in the kind of institution but in its purpose. The market is mainly economic, the election mainly political, but both are democratic.

While Strachey himself never says this in so many words, the essentially democratic nature of the market is implicit in the argument of his whole book. As he sees it, the danger signal, the harbinger of coming fascism, is precisely the narrowing of the market's function by the growth of oligopolies. As the entrepreneurial function is concentrated into fewer and fewer hands, he

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tells us, the danger of fascism grows greater and greater, until finally the amalgamation is completed and all industrial works are united into one vast state enterprise. At this point, however—once we go from oligopoly to absolute monopoly—the economic system may no longer determine politics: it is not inevitable for a total concentration of economic power to lead to the totalitarian politics of fascism. We may instead pass through the looking-glass into socialism, where both monopoly and democracy are perfect by definition.

HERE Strachey's book ends. But having in the course of his argument criticized the occasional "crimes" and the much more frequent "mistakes" of the Soviet regime, and fearing that some of his readers might mistake him for a red-baiter, Strachey has added a five-page coda entitled "The Anti-Communist Obsession." In this epilogue Strachey complains that many of his colleagues in the Labor party struggle more fervently against the Communists than against the Conservatives (who have spent more on public housing, he himself mentions in passing, than the Labor party itself): "Nearly all democratic parties of the Left are in fact in danger of being deflected from their struggle with their real opponents on the Right; they are in danger of being deflected into fighting a defensive action on their left flanks. . . . It must not be supposed that lifelong and earnest socialists have thus been converted—as in effect they have been—into conservatives either easily or without extreme provocation . . . [However] nothing would be more barren than to try to assess the blame for this development."

It is as though Strachey were in the process of rewriting his books of the 1930's, and then suddenly remembered that he had neglected to mention the doctrine of "social fascism," the infamous Stalinist thesis that socialists insofar as they opposed Communists were the equivalent of fascists. In this softer, later version, Strachey mentions the "extreme provocation" of the Communists as a factor behind socialist opposition to them, but fighting Communism still makes a socialist, in Strachey's eyes, into a "conservative." What this view means to Strachey himself in terms of day-to-day policy can be illustrated by one example. At the Annual Conference of the Labor party in 1954, Strachey spoke against the abandonment of Britain's bases in Cyprus, and offered this as his main argument: "If one visits the Middle East today, total abandonment by Britain of all her defence positions there, which would mean the wiping out of British influence from a defence point of view in that area, is by no means what the most progressive force in the Middle East would desire. For one thing, it would mean leaving a complete monopoly of military power in American hands in that area. . . ."

Here, then, is where John Strachey stands today. But I am happy to say that the weapons in his hands are not nearly as sharp as they once were.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

CULTURAL DIFFERENCES AND RACE

The History of a Problem

KENNETH E. BOCK

DURING the past two decades social scientists have responded to the awful reality of racial persecution with a vigorous attack on racist theory.* Anthropologists in particular have called attention to the obvious facts that racial classifications are at best tenuous, that races can be identified, if at all, only in terms of measurable physical characteristics, and that there is no evidence for the existence of innately inferior or superior races. The argument that cultural achievement or its absence can be explained on racial grounds has been shown to be without foundation. On another front, historical studies have exposed racist dogma as a crude and hypocritical rationale for the European exploitation of native peoples.

While the good this exposé of racist theory has done in the field of ethnic relations is evident, social scientists should not forget that the mere denial of race as a factor in accounting for the cultural heterogeneity of mankind still leaves that heterogeneity unexplained. If we cannot explain cultural differences by race, then—as Kroeber has remarked—we are compelled to offer an alternative solution. The notion that cultures differ because groups of men differ in native endowment is inviting in its simplicity and has an appeal quite apart from its value as a rationalization for the exploitation of one people by another. Exposing the theoretical weakness of this notion and condemning its practical consequences are not enough; it must be countered with a better explanation of cultural differences. If such an explanation is found, one more blow will have been struck against the racial myth, and that, perhaps, will turn out to be the most effective blow of all.

The observation that we live in "one world" is accurate in only the most general sense. Although economic necessity and political prudence call for friendly relations among peoples and nations, it would be unrealistic to suppose that these relations can rest upon commonly shared ideas and interests. The biological and psychic unity of man notwithstanding, there is apparently room for bewildering variation in the ways men think and act. This variation is reflected in cultural differences, in habits of work and play, in religion, in art, in social organization, and in patterns of approved goals and institutional means of pursuing those goals.

Now what can explain these cultural differences—the fact, for instance, that some societies

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KENNETH E. BOCK here describes and analyzes the Western world's long theoretical efforts to account for the perplexing differences in culture among mankind. In the absence of an effective understanding of cultural diversity, the author holds, we leave the door open to the superficial plausibilities of race thinking. Mr. Bock, born in 1916, in Des Moines, Iowa, is associate professor of sociology and social institutions, and assistant dean of the College of Letters and Science at the University of California in Berkeley. He is the author of *The Acceptance of Histories: Toward a Perspective for Social Science* (1956). This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

*See, for example, Jacques Barzun, *Race: A Study in Modern Superstition* (1937); Ruth Benedict, *Race: Science and Politics* (1940); Oliver Cromwell Cox, *Caste, Class, and Race* (1948); M. F. Ashley Montagu, *Man's Most Dangerous Myth: the Fallacy of Race* (3rd edition, 1952); Paul Radin, *The Racial Myth* (1934).

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are industrialized today while others are not? How does it happen that one people busies itself with the questions and techniques of natural science, while another seems content to accept traditional lore in answer to traditional questions? How is it that one people is guided in its daily activities by a set of norms that emphasize the importance of material acquisition, and another people by a philosophy that concentrates attention on the life of the spirit?

Hypotheses to account for such differences are peculiarly lacking. One explanation is offered in terms of the physical environment.* It is suggested that terrain, resources, and climate shape or determine the activities of men, and as these features vary, so do human cultures. Yet while the influence of environment must be granted, the hard fact is that quite different cultures exist within the same physical milieu and similar cultures arise in contrasting environments.

A second broad explanation of cultural differences can be found in the evolutionist theory.† From this point of view, the various cultures observed at any given time represent stages in a common development experienced by all peoples. Differences arise from the fact that not all nations pass through these stages at the same rate. But this theory actually leaves the question of cultural differences untouched. Its principal concern is to sketch a universal process of growth, so that variations in tempo are of interest only as they result in conditions that can be taken to represent stages through which "higher" cultures have already passed. *Why* cultures move at different speeds and, hence, *why* coexisting cultures are different from one another, remain secondary questions that can only be answered in terms not comprehended by the evolutionist theory itself.

A third approach, however, which for want of a better description might be called the historical one, attributes the fact that tribes, nations, or peoples now carry different cultures to differences in their *experience*. To be sure, it can be objected to the historical approach that the element of chance or accident in the experiences of peoples looms so large as to make generalizations about what historical processes lead to what cultural differences impossible.** But is this really so? Difficult though it may be, it is still possible to show that certain *patterns* or configurations of events do tend to be *regularly* associated with certain classifiable *kinds* of differences in cultural results. Though the attempts to do this have been quite limited so far, they already promise an important contribution to the theory of culture. But more about the historical explanation of cultural diversity later.

IT CANNOT be denied that racial theory has often served as a "front designed to hide self-seeking aggressions and alliances" (Ruth Benedict); that it has frequently been the "deliberate creation of an exploiting class which was seeking to maintain and defend its privileges against what was profitably regarded as an inferior social caste" (M. F. Ashley Montagu); and that it has served as a "system of rationalization" for the capitalist exploitation of "backward" peoples by Europeans (Oliver Cromwell Cox). The evidence here is oppressively convincing. Yet from the broader standpoint of the problem of cultural differences, this diagnosis of racial theory is too simple and does violence to the contrary evidence that shows how very much the European *intellectual* attitude toward alien peoples has been traditionally anti-racist in its implications.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, Europeans suddenly became aware of the rest of the world. Voyages of discovery brought them into contact with peoples whose physical appearance, customs, beliefs, and language could hardly appear other than strange to European

*This is a venerable thesis, dating back to Herodotus and Hippocrates. More modern expressions appear in Bodin, Vico, and Montesquieu. Comprehensive statements of the theory may be found in Friedrich Ratzel's *Anthropogeographie* (1882-1891), Ellen C. Simple's *Influences of Geographic Environment* (1911), and Ellsworth Huntington's *Mainsprings of Civilization* (1945).

†Examples of 19th-century evolutionism are E. B. Tylor, *Primitive Culture* (1871), Lewis H. Morgan, *Ancient Society* (1877), and Herbert Spencer, *Principles of Sociology* (1876). The theory lingers in disguised forms in much of contemporary thinking, but outspoken champions of it in this country include Leslie A. White, "'Diffusion vs. Evolution': An Anti-Evolutionist Fallacy," *American Anthropologist*, 47 (1945); Julian H. Steward, *Theory of Culture Change* (1955); and Robert M. MacIver and Charles H. Page, *Society: An Introductory Analysis* (1949).

**This judgment, commonly expressed by historians proper, is also made by many social scientists. See the present writer's "Evolution and Historical Process," *American Anthropologist*, 54 (1952).

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eyes. Men radically unlike any hitherto known were found in the New World, Africa, and Oceania. Europeans could only look at all this newness and, like the young French clerk Marc Lescarbot, in his book *Nova Francia* (1606), exclaim:

> Almighty God, in the creation of this world hath so much delighted himself in diversity that, whether it be in heaven or in the earth, either under the same or in the profound depths of waters, the effects of his might and glory do shine in every place. But the wonder that far exceedeth all others is that in one and the selfsame kind of creature, I mean in Man, are found more variety than in other things created.

There is a hint in some of these early reactions that Europeans were ready to accept cultural and ethnic differences simply as further evidence of God's boundless power of creation. Nevertheless, a more detailed explanation seemed called for. Christian Europe had for centuries entertained definite ideas about man's origin and about the way in which the earth had been peopled. These ideas were now called into doubt, and it is not surprising that the doubt almost immediately took the form of a denial of the single origin of the human race. Early in the 16th century this polygenist heresy, as we may call it, was apparently so common as to require a Papal declaration affirming that the Indians, too, were descended from Adam and Eve. In 1520 Paracelsus argued for the plural origins of the races of mankind, and in 1591 Bruno asserted that Jews and Ethiopians could not be referred to the same "protoplast." A French divine, Isaac Peyrère, suggested in 1655 that the first creation took place thousands of years before Adam, and that the people of the New World must have sprung from these pre-Adamites. An anonymous writer of 1684 distinguished "four or five species or races of men" according to color and other physical features, which he regarded as inherited and not simply caused by environment. By the time the classical scholar, Johann Albert Fabricius, defended the monogenist position in 1721 he had already a formidable array of "racists" to refute.*

It would be incorrect to interpret this early race theory as a rationalization of European economic or political motives. In the first place, much of it appears before the need for such rationalization had developed. Moreover, the candor and earnestness of its proponents strongly suggest that they were simply appalled by the differences observable among men, and were trying to account for them in a reasonable way.† Though Europeans seldom doubted that they belonged to the favored race, and drew distinctions clearly unfavorable to other races, in many cases at least their attempt to explain cultural differences by race was an honest one. In the 16th and 17th centuries the problem posed by cultural and ethnic differences was a religious and intellectual problem before it was anything else.

And the prevalence of these 16th- and 17th-century arguments for the racial diversity of mankind should not be exaggerated. They could be reconciled with Scripture only by the most devious means, and were officially abjured by the Church. If the racial theory explained differences, it did so in a manner not at all compatible with the existing European conception of history. God has created Man, who, in the course of the unfolding of the Divine plan, had acquired a certain propensity for good and evil. The drama of salvation, which was the substance of history, pictured *individual* men moving through a contest of good and evil toward either eternal bliss or damnation. Apart from references to a Chosen People and to lost races descending from certain of Noah's sons, there was no place in the Christian account for *basic* differences among mankind. Men differed from one another only in their acceptance or rejection of Jesus.

The eventual spread of the conviction that certain races were innately, basically inferior is tied up with the rise of national and imperial aspirations in Northern Europe. In the time between the mild racial theorizing of the 16th and 17th centuries and the appearance of full-blown racism in the 19th—i.e. approximately in the period of the Enlightenment and the 18th century—Europeans steadily tried to account for, or rather explain away, cultural differences in a manner that amounted to a denial of racial theory. By interpreting cultural

*A useful summary of the early monogenist-polygenist controversy, with appendices exemplifying the various arguments, is available in Thomas Bendyshe, "The History of Anthropology" in *Memoirs Read Before the Anthropological Society of London, 1863-64* (London, 1865).

†Curiously, the dogmatism and emotional flavor of 19th-century racist doctrine are often much more reminiscent of the monogenist than of the polygenist position in the 17th century.

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strangeness and variety in familiar terms, by dulling the edge of its novelty, they in effect denied the existence of cultural diversity. Was the Indian really different from anything previously known to Europeans? Or did he resemble in some respects peoples described in legend and in dim historical records? Did not his strangeness disappear when his dress, his customs, his religious beliefs, and his crude arts were recognized as similar to what was remembered of ancient Pict, or Teuton, or even of ancient Greek?

The enthusiastically affirmative response of European scholars is well known. Hobbes and Locke could find in the condition of savages the circumstances out of which all political institutions originally arose. Père Lafitau discerned such a striking similarity between the customs of American Indians and the institutions of Antiquity that he was convinced of a "unanimity of sentiments in all nations." By the mid-18th century the New World had been assimilated to the Old and the unity of nature had been restored. Thus Turgot observed that while the inequality of nations was "varied to infinity," the differences were of degree, not of kind, and merely represented the various stages of barbarism and civilization through which all societies progressed. The primordial fathers of the Europeans resembled the present savages of America. The human race was one, and these seemingly strange new people were our kin!

This theme was a major one in the 18th-century science of man. The task of *explaining* cultural differences was scanted in favor of a search for similarities that provided a basis for a universal natural history of man. An outlook like this assumed that the human race was one in origin and development; if a unilinear scheme of evolution was to be maintained, that which went through the evolutionary process had to be a single entity. If the Indian, Hottentot, and Polynesian cultures were to be considered as so many different stages in the development of a society or culture of which the Europeans represented the most advanced stage, then these natives could not be regarded as being essentially different from Europeans.

It can be argued, of course, that an evolutionary point of view did not necessarily prevent certain peoples from being considered inferior: why else had the Indians, the Hottentots, the Polynesians, *et al.* fallen by the wayside in the upward march of humanity? There are indeed expressions of this type of racial theory in the 18th century. Lord Kames, trying to explain what he regarded as striking differences in cultural achievement, asserted that God had endowed men (at the time of the Tower of Babel) with unequal powers and so had formed distinct human races.* Others inclined to the view that "talents" were unevenly divided among the various nations, and serious doubts were expressed about the ability of Negroes to rise unaided to a state of civilization. But in the great majority of cases it was insisted that, despite possible inherent differences, all men shared in that "germ of perfection" which assured the progress of the human race. Even Kames rescued a common denominator for mankind when he agreed that all men possessed the same "powers of understanding."

THE belief that man is essentially the same wherever we find him was quite in keeping with the general picture of nature offered by the philosophers of the Enlightenment. Nature's "plan" was, after all, a simple one governed by uniformly operating laws. There was variety in nature, to be sure, and a profusion of "kinds," but within any one kind an identity of character prevailed through time and space. Man was regarded as *one* of these kinds in the chain of existence.† A science of man that permitted generalizations—and to construct such a science was one of the aims of 18th-century philosophers—had to assume the unity of mankind. Thus we find James Dunbar, of King's College, Aberdeen, arguing in 1780, in his *Essays on the History of Mankind in Rude and Cultivated Ages,* that if Europe asserts specific differences among men, she "breaks the unity of the system." Samuel

*Lord Kames (Henry Home), *Sketches of the History of Man* (Edinburgh 1774). Kames (1696-1782) was a Scottish lawyer and moral philosopher.

†*Cf.* Arthur O. Lovejoy, *The Great Chain of Being* (1942), pp. 288-289: "For in nearly all the provinces of thought in the Enlightenment the ruling assumption was that Reason . . . is the same in all men and equally possessed by all; that this common reason should be the guide of life; and therefore that universal and equal intelligibility, universal acceptability, and even universal familiarity, to all normal members of the human species, regardless of differences of time, place, race, and individual propensities and endowments, constitute the decisive criterion of validity or of worth in all matters of vital human concernment. . . ."

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Stanhope Smith, an early president of Princeton College, put the case more strongly when in 1788, in his *An Essay on the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species,* he predicted that these results would follow from a denial of the oneness of the human race:

> The science of morals would be absurd; the law of nature and nations would be annihilated; no general principles of human conduct, or religion, or of policy could be framed; for, human nature, originally, infinitely various, and, by the changes of the world, infinitely mixed, could not be comprehended in any system. . . . Such principles tend to confound all science, as well as piety; and leave us in the world uncertain whom to trust, or what opinions to frame of others. The doctrine of one race removes this uncertainty, renders human nature susceptible of system, illustrates the powers of physical causes, and opens a rich and extensive field for moral science.

This outlook began to change with the Romantic idealization of differences in the late 18th and early 19th centuries.* And anthropologists increasingly questioned the extreme uniformitarianism of the Enlightenment, and toward the middle of the 19th century a blatantly racial explanation of cultural differences came to the fore.

Nevertheless, most professional anthropologists and sociologists, who were then engaged in the founding of their sciences, set themselves tasks that still called for acceptance of the Enlightenment's belief in a single human race. Comte and Spencer were sketching the stages of a universal course of progress, for which they found examples in the contemporary diversity of cultures. The eminent German ethnographer, Adolf Bastian, was searching for "elementary ideas" that obtained universally among mankind. The leading British anthropologist, Edward Burnett Tylor, bent on demonstrating that civilization had arisen out of savagery, countered the notion, then becoming popular, that the savage represented a degenerate form of man and argued the cultural kinship of European and native by finding examples of "survivals" of savagery in civilization itself.

Tylor's success is demonstrated by the flood of anthropological and sociological literature in the 19th century that described the uniform origin and evolution of many cultural items and social institutions that were to be found among the different peoples of the world. Once again, to identify contemporary savagery with the ancient history of European civilization itself required that the essential identity of the human race be assumed. A single series of stages in the development of religious ideas, for example, could not be built upon phenomena derived from basically different kinds of beings. If the Eskimo had a place in the natural history of human society, then he must have his share of common human attributes. Thus the comparative method of the 19th-century social sciences required that the peoples which were their subject matter be comparable.

Social evolutionism, especially after Darwin, might easily have been found compatible with an acceptance of distinct races of men, and was indeed found so in numerous cases. But important as this trend appears, especially in its practical consequence, it represents a relatively minor departure in the professional literature. The whole evolutionary notion upon which the 19th century worked becomes enormously complicated once the idea is introduced that inborn racial differences constitute the factor that produces cultural differences.

THUS when Europeans attempted to cope intellectually with the new world of cultural diversity, they denied, in effect—in the 19th as in the 18th century—that real diversity existed. But in insisting upon the unity of human nature, and in viewing apparent differences as merely variations in degree from a common norm, they neglected—as I have already indicated—the problem of explaining cultural variety itself. Even when these are regarded as different degrees of growth undergone by different parts of one and the same entity, they still demand some kind of explanation. Why have some peoples advanced rapidly along the path of civilization while others have gone slower, and still others have stagnated?

Objections similar to those advanced against the racial explanation were made to arguments based upon the effect of the physical environment—for if climate, say, were regarded as a determining factor in cultural progress, then presumably multilinear processes of growth must be sketched, each of which would apply to a different geographical area. But this, again, would destroy the simplicity and universality

*See Lovejoy, *op. cit.*, pp. 293 ff., for a suggestive discussion of this aspect of the Romantic philosophy and its transformation into nationalist and racist dogma.

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of the evolutionary scheme. Thus the possibilities of a comprehensive, invitingly monolithic theory that would account for cultural differences seemed to be exhausted.

The efforts to explain cultural diversity, as such, that were made in the meantime were on a hit-or-miss, *ad hoc* basis: savages had remained in savagery because of an unfavorable climate, because nature had distributed her favors or talents unevenly, because they lived in isolation, because they lacked the institutions of orderly government, and so forth. Rarely were these explanations pressed, partly because they would develop inconsistencies with the basic thesis of evolutionism, but principally because the overwhelming concern was with demonstrating *how* progress had taken place rather than with accounting for the fact that in certain instances it had not taken place at all or had been limited. Thus Auguste Comte was content merely to observe that there were certain modifying influences in cultural development—racial, climatic, or political—but that these affected only the speed and not the course or direction of change. It was enough to note that differences existed *"par des causes quelconques"* and to use these differences as stages in the course of an ideal history.* The tendency was to regard differences as the result of secondary or even accidental causes and to leave the matter there—for there could be no *theory* of accidents.

This neglect cannot, of course, explain the rise of racial theory. *But the failure to explain cultural differences in cultural terms meant that racism could be combated only negatively, and only on its own biological ground, since no positive alternative was offered that provided a better explanation of cultural differences.* While it might be shown that even race could not account satisfactorily for the diversity of culture, and that the biological evidence was lacking for a rigid differentiation of races, nothing else was really put forward to replace racism.

Another feature of the evolutionist position that played into the hands of the racists was the argument that the schematic uniformity of cultural growth was a result of men's common human nature, a nature based finally on his organic composition. Once cultural differences were frankly acknowledged, and once the notion was advanced that culture was a function of man's *biological* organization, it could reasonably be argued that peoples had different cultures because they had different biological potentials. So we see that the evolutionists were themselves "racist" in their thinking insofar as they derived culture from certain biological traits, however much they insisted that these traits were universal and that there was only once race.

IN REJECTING the racist formula (as well as the geographical explanation) and at the same time discarding the evolutionist assumption of a uniform development for all peoples, we might seem to be left with no clear and positive orientation whatever toward the question of explaining cultural differences.

It is true that anthropologists, particularly of the American school, have lately begun to pay more attention to differences than to similarities among peoples. But this concern with differences has been largely on the descriptive level and has not usually been accompanied by any notable interest in theory. And the absence of alternative explanations of cultural differences in current refutations of the racist position is striking.†

Yet, as I suggested at the beginning, racism, geographical determinism, and uniformitarianism do not exhaust the possible responses to the question of cultural differences and similarities. In some of the earliest attempts to deal with the problem it was recognized that a denial of the racial hypothesis called for a

*The common attitude was well expressed by Adam Ferguson in the 18th century: "If we mean to pursue the history of civil society . . . we must here bid farewell to those regions of the earth, on which our species, by the effects of situation or climate, appear to be restrained in their national pursuits, or inferior in the powers of mind" (*An Essay on the History of Civil Society*).

†This absence is particularly noticeable in Jacques Barzun's *Race: A Study in Modern Superstition*, where "racist thinking" is identified with almost any kind of generalization about cultural differences. See Otto Klineberg's response to Barzun's denunciation of the study of national character: "A Science of National Character," *American Scientist* (32, 1944). A noteworthy exception to this tendency in the literature opposed to racism is Friedrich Hertz's *Race and Civilization*, translated by A. S. Levetus and W. Entz (London, 1928), where a conscious, though admittedly limited, effort is made to specify the "General Preconditions for Cultural Progress."

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systematic alternative. Sir Matthew Hale, in his *Primitive Origination of Mankind* (1677), advanced the thesis that the New World peoples were different from the Old World tribes because the former had been separated from an advanced stream of culture and had been obliged to live in a social and physical environment that confined them to a "ferine and necessitous kind of Life." * John Reinold Forster's remarkable *Voyage Round the World* (1778) expanded this theme into an elaborate portrayal of the ways in which the various nations had dispersed over the earth's surface and how, in their travels, they either remained in contact or lost touch with the primary sources of civilization.† James Dunbar, in his *Essays* noted above, undertook to describe the circumstances under which nations achieved eminence. Instead of stopping with a rejection of the racial explanation, he went on to speak of the positive influence of physical circumstances and, more important, of the social environment involving contact or isolation in which peoples found themselves as a result of their different historical experiences.

All of these approaches to the problem of cultural differences were distinguished by a rejection of the idea that progress was natural to man; all acknowledged the need, therefore, to specify the conditions under which advance, degeneration, and stagnation occur. The problem of differences was thus pushed to the very fore.

The best organized expression of this point of view, however, is to be found in Hume's essays, "Of National Characters" (1748) and "Of the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Sciences" (1742). With slight reservations, Hume expressly denies the adequacy of both the racial and the physical-environment explanations of cultural differences, offering instead the view that it is intercourse between nations which stimulates cultural creativity. Meticulous attention to the historical contacts between peoples and their nearness to one another must, therefore, take the place of monistic theories that would either assert uniformity where there is none, or account for differences by the crude operation of physical causes.

Hume saw rather clearly that neither similarities nor differences in culture could be explained by reference to human nature—and that racial doctrine was only a variant of the human-nature theory. To say that any given cultural item resulted from a biological propensity to produce that item was meaningless and tautological. Cultural differences must, instead, be regarded as produced by *happenings* in the past. And Hume sought to identify the kinds of happenings associated with the appearance of one sort of cultural difference—the presence or absence of what he called civilization.**

THIS Humean approach has always claimed its special adherents, but the uniformitarianism of the 18th and 19th centuries and the attractive formula of evolutionism usually drove it out as being more cumbersome. There are now encouraging signs, however, of its revival.

Both the late Frederick J. Teggart and Arnold Toynbee, once having recognized the problem of differences, immediately saw the value of Hume's suggestions. In the field of anthropology, considerable attention is now being given to culture contacts, not simply with a view to tracing the diffusion of traits, but for the purpose of exploring what happens to the whole cultural fabric when peoples meet. Among American sociologists, Robert E. Park has elaborated, in one of the essays collected in his *Race and Culture* (1950), his concept of the "marginal man"—the man caught in a situation of intense cultural intermingling, or on the "margin" between two different cultures. Noting that earlier racial or climatic theories went wrong in referring civilization to certain human traits rather than to "processes by which new relations have been established between men," Park took from Hume the suggestion that contact, communication, competition, conflict, and cooperation among peoples produce cultural change. Although Park chose to examine these processes as mani-

*Hale (1606-1676) is a strangely neglected figure in the history of social theory. This pious Lord Chief Justice of England displayed a remarkable independence of thinking for his day and set a standard for careful scholarship rarely emulated by his contemporaries in this field of inquiry.

†Forster, a German, accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage. His outstanding theoretical contributions have only recently been rediscovered by anthropologists.

**An approach similar to Hume's can be discerned in Turgot's *Tableau philosophique des progrès successifs de l'esprit humain.*

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fested in the mind of the "marginal man"—"under a microscope," as he puts it—his concern was still with the general conditions under which civilization, as a different kind of culture, arose.

The point emphasized here is that such modern expressions of what might be called Hume's alternative to racial determinism represent a *kind* of explanation of cultural differences that promises *results* as well as good feelings. It involves, at the outset, a recognition that differences among cultures do exist and an acceptance of the fact that we must try to account for them. In our understandable concern to refute the racist hypothesis we have come dangerously close to creating the impression, in the popular mind at least, that there are *no* cultural differences among groups of men. Blind adherence to this false sort of egalitarianism can make the practical problems that we face in the field of ethnic relations only more difficult.*

What particularly distinguishes the Humean analysis of the problem, however, is its insistence on regarding cultural differences as having *come to be* in the course of certain classifiable historical experiences. The range of cultural diversity in the world is what it happens to be, and if we are to make sense of this diversity our task is to generalize about the varied experiences of peoples. Now simple monolithic demonstrations of the operation of a single "force" or "factor," such as climate or race, must give way to an unravelling of the complication of cultural-historical events. Whether or not the experiences of contact and communication be decisive, or even important, an explanation of cultural differences must be sought in *cultural* terms. In that search alone can an effective answer to the racist myth be found.

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*The point has recently been well made by William Petersen, in "The 'Scientific' Basis of Our Immigration Policy," in July 1955 COMMENTARY.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Kaddish-Sayers

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Alan Benjamin's touching but revealing sketch of "A Summer Kaddish" in your December issue points up the pressing need for a sober analysis of Jewish religious mores in America. Why do so many American Jews persist in the performance of isolated ritual acts which have true significance only as part of an organic system whose principles they have abandoned. Can a valid Jewish religious structure be maintained under such circumstances?

A thorough study of the motivation, behavior, and problems of the Kaddish-sayers, their ambivalent attitudes to Judaism and the synagogue, and the indifference of the community and religious leaders toward the issue may provide a partial answer to these basic questions. Mr. Benjamin's typical experience deserves more serious attention.

Morton Rosenstock
Jackson Heights, New York

Thomas Wolfe & the Jews

To the Editor of Commentary:

Certain matters connected with Maurice Hindus's generally competent and judicious review of Elizabeth Nowell's edition of *The Letters of Thomas Wolfe* in the December issue seem to me to bear correction or comment.

First, a factual amendment to Mr. Hindus's statement that Wolfe "died about two months short of his thirty-eighth birthday." Wolfe died about two *weeks* short of his thirty-eighth birthday . . . on the morning of September 15, 1938, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. . . . A very affecting and sympathetic account of Wolfe's final hours exists in the pages of Commentary (Hans Meyerhoff's "Death of a Genius: The Last Days of Thomas Wolfe" in the January 1952 issue). . . .

Touching the "rumor" mentioned by Mr. Hindus as disturbing Wolfe greatly, that he was in part Jewish: such a "rumor" may have been given currency by the fact that so many of Wolfe's friends and associates in New York were Jewish; but I would reverse the cause and effect relation implied by Mr. Hindus and suggest as more likely that it was the perturbation within Wolfe that gave rise to such "rumors," rather than vice versa. This perturbation was of long standing with Wolfe and reflected his chronic marginal status in North Carolina and New York, giving rise to his gropings for identity. His feelings toward Jews must be seen in the context of these gropings, for they are clearly ambivalent, something Mr. Hindus hints at rather than stresses. Wolfe seems to have been vexed by the thought that, on the basis of name and appearance, he might be considered Jewish. It is for this reason, among others, that he went to such lengths to underline the Anglo-Saxon origins of his mountaineer protagonists. At the same time, however, be considered Jewish. It is for this reason, in New York because they belonged to the fashionable literary and cultural world and he didn't. Generally, it was for their "belongingness" that he seemed to envy his Jewish compeers. . . .

Wolfe's treatment of Jewish characters in his novels can only be understood in terms of his alienation from self and his milieu. Only in such terms can the alternate attraction and repulsion characteristic of Wolfe's sentiments toward Jews in and out of fiction—as is well known, the two worlds are largely interchangeable in his case—be finally comprehended.

Lionel Braham
Queens College
Flushing, New York

Proud Detroiters

To the Editor of Commentary:

The September 1956 article "Small-Town Detroit," by Gerald Weales, prompts this letter. . . . The claim that "one seldom meets" Detroiters with much civic pride and that Detroit "chiefly inspires indifference" could be disproved many times over in daily contacts with Detroiters. . . . Many of us ride with bursting pride along the expressways newly opened in Detroit, and there are those of us who burst our buttons at the sight of the Civic Center along with the developing Detroit river front. We know that these things just did not happen overnight. . . . Many of Detroit's own architects, headed by Elio Saarinen (the father of Eero Saarinen), worked on voluntary commit-

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tees to devise a plan for the redevelopment of the city of Detroit. . . . This master plan included the new Civic Center, the Medical Center, and the Cultural Center as well as recommendations for the expressways and shopping centers. The Northland and Eastland centers are concrete results of this forward planning. . . . The use of the term "garish" by Mr. Weales in describing Northland indicates a naivety of taste. . . . Mr. Weales [states] that these "various projects afoot" will "give [Detroit] a sense of community." If not for a very *strong* sense of community to begin with, these great projects could never have been planned or accomplished. . . . Our twenty-five-year-old art gallery, the Detroit Artist Market, now has the healthy competition of a half-dozen other galleries. In the recent opening of the New York Museum of Contemporary Crafts, many Detroit craftsmen were represented and in the New York *Times* article about the exhibit many photographs of Detroit artists' works were shown. . . .

Readers of COMMENTARY might better be interested in what Detroit Jewish citizens have contributed to Detroit's cultural growth rather than in the residential areas mentioned. The design and construction of industrial buildings throughout the world by Albert Kahn Associates serve as inspiration to other architects. Some of the finest buildings in Tel Aviv were designed by Louis Redstone, who continues his work in Detroit. Good-will ambassador Lawrence Fleischman, noted collector of American art, is now on a State Department mission to the South American countries displaying and explaining some of his art collection. Samuel Cashwin, whose sculpture is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, does design development on automobiles in the new General Motors Tech Center. . . . If not for the Detroit Jesse Bonstelle Theater of the 20's and early 30's Hollywood and Broadway might not have found such actors as Melvin Douglas, William Powell, Ann Harding, Katherine Cornell, George McCready, and a host of others. . . . Yes, Detroit *has* given America the automobile, automation, and the Ford Foundation, but let us not ignore the moral, spiritual, and cultural contributions of Walter and Victor Reuther, Albert Kahn, Louis Redstone, Bernard Edelman, Judge Rubiner, Fred Butzel, Walter Midner, Samuel Cashwin, Benjamin Glicker, Lillian Pierce, Earl Krentzen, Morris Brose, Irving Berg, Rabbi Leon Fram, and Rabbi Morris Adler.

(Dr.) ARNOLD A. MILES
CYRIL MILES

Detroit, Michigan

Where Mindszenty Stands

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his otherwise very good article "Budapest Under Fire" (January) Mr. Peter Schmid seems to have given credence to a rumor which has been accepted as a "fact" by many other responsible men. It should be corrected, since otherwise it will become an automatically registered notion by future historians. "Anti-Communists themselves," Mr. Schmid writes, "acknowledged that Cardinal Mindszenty's speech with its reactionary echoes was a catastrophe."

I am a Catholic, born in Hungary. During the nerve-racking days of the Hungarian revolution I, too, feared that the revolutionary fervor might go "too far"; I, too, feared what that impulsive, rigid, uncompromising Primate would say after seven years of misery and prison. It was not until well after the collapse of the revolution that I read Cardinal Mindszenty's radio address in full. I was immensely relieved. It was neither reactionary nor a catastrophe: it was a speech of high statesmanship, a term which I use not in its now so often inflated sense; I am writing as a diplomatic historian. Mindszenty asked for forgiveness; he castigated the tendency of forming new political groups and parties; he had good, indeed, noble words for the Soviet Union and the Russian people.

These impressions of mine have been further confirmed by some refugees with whom I talked in Camp Kilmer; two of them complained that the Cardinal's speech was "too generous." One coupled "too generous" with "old-fashioned." I hope that in this age of social democracy, "too generous" and "old-fashioned" are not identical with "reactionary" and "catastrophic"—at least not yet.

Perhaps because of the 20th-century habit of trying to fit everything into preconceived categories, there is now a widely spreading myth about the "liberal" approach of Cardinal Wyszynski as against the "reactionary" one of Mindszenty. In reality, there is no such evidence from the radio broadcast in question. Its text is available in many radio-monitoring editions, surely including Radio Free Europe. It would be a commendable service to contemporary history if a translation were to be printed in a reputable American journal.

J. A. LUKACS

Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

[Mr. Schmid was in Poland at the moment this issue was going to press, and could not be reached. We hope to publish his reply to Mr. Lukacs in the next number.—ED.]

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Precept of Love

To the Editor of Commentary:

May I add two observations to Rabbi Petuchowski's penetrating review of Erich Fromm's *The Art of Loving* (December).

While Fromm's latest work may be a modern midrash, as a Christian I claim that it contains no basic precept of love that isn't taught in a sermon or Bible class or through pastoral counsel. After the overemphasis and priority given to sex by the Freudian school, it is heartening that a man of Fromm's stature has psychiatric interpretations in accordance with Judaic-Christian attitudes.

Even though the Rabbi touched lightly on the errors of Reverend Norman Vincent Peale's teachings, one can only wish for a fuller exposition of his criticism. Several of my Catholic friends are concerned that from his writings one gathers that Doctor Peale associates mainly with the big businessmen who take God into partnership. Aside from the issue of social snobbery, it is well to recognize that man exists to serve God, and that God isn't always available whenever one has red ink in his ledger.

Walter R. Storey

Philadelphia, Pa.

Jews & the Iron Curtain

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his article on "Soviet Policy and Jewish Fate" (October 1956) Mr. Walter Z. Laqueur censures my "attempt" during my visit to Rumania to "rescue East European Jews from their isolation," and he quotes some remarks of mine to Bucharest reporters. These remarks were answers to . . . delicate questions. . . .

I am sorry I could not have consulted Mr. Laqueur's experiences, past and present, with Iron Curtain policy, before going to Rumania, and I now, according to him, "look foolish." . . .

My consolation, however, is that I seemed to make no such impression on the so-called *Assirei Zion* [prisoners of Zion] who, at the time of my visit, were still in "isolation" and were released only *after* my visit. On my return home, I received a telephone call from the Rumanian Chief Rabbi in Bucharest who told me, in the name of the Rumanian President, that the prisoners in whom I had taken a personal interest had been returned to their families.

The fact that this first visit of a Western rabbi to the East European Jewish communities was followed by the Rumanian Chief Rabbi's visit to Sweden also may belong to the credit side of the "rescue" balance-sheet.

(Rabbi) Kurt Wilhelm

Stockholm, Sweden.

Mr. Laqueur *writes:*

I appreciate Rabbi Wilhelm's efforts on behalf of the Jewish communities in Eastern Europe, and of individual *Assirei Zion*. Nevertheless, a study of the "Jewish policy" of these regimes over a number of years shows that their concessions (or releases from prison of individuals) have come only as the result of a general change in their political lines ("de-Stalinization," liberalization, etc.) and/or pressure from abroad. They have not come as the result of declarations in favor of these regimes.

Praise

To the Editor of Commentary:

The December issue of Commentary—with its timely, informative, and authoritative articles on the Middle East, East Europe, and on the analysis of Nehru—is so excellent that I want to write and tell you about it. I can think of no other monthly that contains so much "meat" in one issue. This is not to detract from the importance of the other articles in this issue or from any other issue of Commentary. There is almost a consistent excellence in all of them.

M. J. Kutisker (M.D.)

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

What a risk George Lichtheim took to write about the Middle East ("Suez and the Western Powers," October) at a time when none of the issues involved were as yet resolved. Yet, it is extraordinary that his piece, even in the light of subsequent events, reads so well. If he were writing it today he would have to change almost nothing.

James G. McDonald

New York City

Request for Einstein Letters

To the Editor of Commentary:

The estate of Albert Einstein of which I am the executor is preparing Einstein's voluminous correspondence for publication. I should be most grateful if those who are in possession of letters or communications from Albert Einstein would make copies available to me. Originals that may be sent to me will be copied or photostated and returned with the least possible delay.

I should also be glad to receive any material or reminiscences about Albert Einsten's non-scientific activities, chiefly before about 1920.

Otto Nathan

55 East 10th St.
New York 3, New York

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Unique Crime

GESTAPO—INSTRUMENT OF TYRANNY. By EDWARD CRANKSHAW. Viking. 275 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN H. LICHTBLAU

EDWARD CRANKSHAW'S *Gestapo* contains very little that has not appeared previously in books, articles, or public testimony. Yet reading Mr. Crankshaw now, almost twelve years after the collapse of Nazi Germany, this reviewer—who attended the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, interrogated scores of Nazi war criminals, and saw concentration camps within hours of their liberation—was again struck by the fact that familiarity with the Gestapo's record does not make it any the more comprehensible. Mr. Crankshaw apparently feels the same way: an undercurrent of bafflement and perplexity runs through his book. At the end he makes an attempt to say why all this happened, but gives it up with the opaque comment that "in the last resort the German failure . . . is a rejection of that reality which includes one's neighbors."

Mr. Crankshaw cannot be blamed for not doing better than that. Many who were much closer to the Nazi war crimes—indeed, their very perpetrators—were equally unable to say anything meaningful. Hoess, testifying at Nuremberg, was quite willing to furnish the court with the most minute details of *how* two and a half million human beings were slaughtered while he was commander of Auschwitz, but as to *why*, he had no explanation to offer. Nor did any of his co-defendants.

It is because of this inability to cope with the reality of the extermination camps that the world has largely turned its back on the Nazi crimes. These camps are the low-water mark of recorded human history. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can be compared to them. And the urge to shut them out of our minds may be regarded as an admission by our "collective unconscious" that all of mankind was affected by this extension of the range of human depravity.

Yet according to Anthony West, in an extensive review of *Gestapo* in the *New Yorker*, Mr. Crankshaw is wrong to treat the Nazi crimes as a unique phenomenon. To Mr. West, Auschwitz, Maidanek, Treblinka, and the flying extermination squads of the SS are manifestations of the same "primitive brutality" that was exhibited in the British concentration camps set up in South Africa during the Boer War, the murder of natives in the Congo who were not working hard enough to suit their Belgian masters, and the shooting of hostages in Ireland to quell the uprising against England.

In essence, this is the same approach that was taken by some of the defendants at Nuremberg. Of course they went much further than Mr. West, claiming that since all civilized nations had resorted to atrocities on occasion without incurring international condemnation and punishment, it was sheer hypocrisy to treat the German atrocities as international war crimes. Otto Ohlendorf, the SS general with a Ph.D. in political science who supervised the killing of 90,000 people, was the foremost exponent of this line of defense, as Crankshaw points out: he could not even see any difference between Auschwitz and Hiroshima.

WE MAY ignore the casuistry of an SS killer, but we cannot ignore the views expressed by Mr. West, which are very widely held today both here and in Germany. No one can deny that other nations have committed and still commit atrocities, and no one can defend such acts. Yet they all differ from the German crimes in one essential point: in each of them there is a recognizable cause-and-effect relation between the victim and the perpetrator. Take the British concentration camps in South Africa, the most frequently cited example to show that the Nazi horrors were neither new nor different. A full-scale military war was going on at the time and the Boers had undertaken extensive guerrilla activity in the areas

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occupied by British troops. It was as a direct consequence of this activity that Boer women and children were interned. The camps, then, had a specific, limited aim, and they were broken up with the signing of the armistice. The crime of the British consisted in maintaining such abominably poor health standards that a series of epidemics broke out, killing the inmates by the tens of thousands.

The Gestapo also committed such "cause-and-effect" atrocities. The internment of political opponents, the shooting of hostages, the execution of escaped prisoners of war and of fully uniformed Allied commando raiders were of this type. Yet, terrible though these crimes were, the "final solution" of the "Jewish problem" dwarfed them all and put the Nazis into a special category. For here the rational cause-and-effect relation is utterly absent. The Jews of Europe were much weaker and offered far less organized resistance to the Nazi war machine (except at the very end) than most other occupied peoples. In the East, the German military authorities found them to be good workers when pressed into service. The "final solution" served no useful purpose for the Germans. It deprived them of Jewish labor, forced them to draw thousands of able-bodied men from front-line service to carry out the executions, and clogged up the transportation system. Even after June 1944, when the railroads were already breaking down under the strain of Allied bombings and trains and men were desperately needed to stem the onrushing tide of the Allied advance, trainload after trainload of doomed Jews kept rolling toward Auschwitz.

ANOTHER historically unique feature of the German war crimes was their totality. The fact that the Nazi atrocities claimed such a fantastic number of victims was not so much a matter of technology as of concept. For, unlike the British in South Africa or the Belgians in the Congo, the Germans did not commit their crimes with a limited political, economic, or military objective in mind; moreover, their potential victims were never given a chance to survive by accepting this objective. Jews were doomed because they were Jews. No charge was made against them and the threat of death was not used to coerce them into any sort of "submission." Nor was the "final solution" intended as a warning to other peoples. The Gestapo made it quite clear that the treatment of the Jews was meant to be without parallel.

Obviously, then, the extermination camps must be regarded as a unique species of human aberration. They were the end result of a mental process that step by step led the Nazis to a total divorce from reality. For the more the Nazi leaders were threatened by real dangers, the more they retreated to a world of weird fantasy in which they were still the undisputed masters with absolute power to destroy their chosen enemies. Killing ever larger numbers of Jews was their psychopathic reaction to the growing strength of their actual enemies. That is why the gas chambers only went into operation after a victory over the Allies ceased to be a likely possibility, and why they reached their crescendo in the last year of the war, when it was obvious that everything was lost. To a certain extent, this process, which makes reality a dependent function of ideology, is characteristic of all totalitarian doctrines, but never has the self-delusion become so absolute and the dogma so completely impervious to the actuality of life around it.

But this still leaves us with the question of why the Jews, of all the captive and defenseless peoples of Europe, were selected to play the part of symbolic enemy. The answer is that they were fitted most perfectly by their history and circumstances for the role of victim, so that choosing them assured the "success" of the action. The European Jews had experienced sporadic outbursts of violent anti-Semitism for centuries; in order to secure protection from the mob, they had developed a pattern of non-resistance to violence and appeasement of the authorities. It was the Jews' singular resignation in the face of persecution that enabled the SS to prepare for the "final solution" methodically, undisturbedly, and even with the cooperation of the intended victims. No other important minority group in Europe would have reacted in quite the same way.

Father Fixation

SO FELL THE ANGELS. By THOMAS G. BELDEN and MARVA R. BELDEN. Little, Brown. 401 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by EDWARD N. SAVETH

SUDDENLY, and for no reason that makes any real sense, the pursuit of father by women who should know better has become almost a fad. Father is everywhere. In *South Pacific*

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and *The Most Happy Fella,* father's gray hairs win the heart (the expression is a little old-fashioned, like father) of the ingenue. Big Daddy in Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* defies cancer and sixty-odd years to draw his daughter-in-law from his son, whose unresolved Oedipus conflict has him *hors de combat.* In *Baby Doll,* according to Dean Pike, there is "infantilism and father fixation" and in *The Middle of the Night,* a more than middle-aged Edward G. Robinson wins out over a much younger rival who has, of all things, sex on his mind. Françoise Sagan has managed to parlay father into a novel-winning streak in the bestseller sweepstakes. Pamela Moore could have achieved the same happy result if she had shown only the rudiments of writing skill in her novel, *Chocolates Before Breakfast,* which is mainly about girls with too little father or the wrong kind of father. That father was not born yesterday was brought home to me the other night when I heard a calloused Lady Macbeth proclaim over the footlights that she would have killed King Duncan herself if, as he slept, he had not reminded her of her father.

What about father? He is a kind enough old guy in *South Pacific* and *The Most Happy Fella*: forgiving, tolerant, understanding, tender, and—spry. However, from the lines of Miss Moore's novel, and between the lines of Mlle. Sagan's, father comes through as somewhat less appealing than in the musical comedy version—as fearsomely fascinating, repulsively attractive, and destructively life-sustaining. Traditionally, daughter loved father, baby loved sugar daddy, for mink and diamonds. More recently, however, the chain linking father to daughter has been forged less of gold and more of neurosis. The golden chain to papa used to snap of its own accord when father could not afford another expensive link. Now a psychiatrist is required. The contemporary quest for father has transformed sin between father and daughter, depriving it of its cash nexus and making it very difficult to understand by old-fashioned folk trained in the school of economic determinism.

THAT ladies who merrily chase father through novels and plays may be in for a difficult way of life is apparent from the Beldens' brilliant and fascinating narrative of the interplay between Salmon P. Chase, the ambitious Ohio politician who became Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, and whom Lincoln later appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Chase's daughter Kate, who was Washington's handsomest and most influential hostess; and Kate's husband, William Sprague, millionaire Senator from Rhode Island. Here are the central figures in a modest American "Electra" situation.

The story is mainly Kate's—a woman of passion and driving ambition whose destiny, as in the tragic pattern, was preordained. Kate was the child of Chase's second wife and named after his first; her mother died shortly after her daughter was born, so that her childhood and girlhood were dominated by father. Chase's overriding ambition was to be President. But he was also what the 19th century called a "man of conscience" who, throughout his lifetime, was troubled by an inability to reconcile behavior prompted by political ambition with precepts gleaned from daily Bible-reading. Kate read the Bible with her father but shared none of his moral scruples, hypocritical as these may have been. In fact, Kate gives the impression of being a woman with a highly defective conscience.

The Beldens' treatment is not sufficiently analytical to reveal why this is so, and being good historians, they do not guess about what they have no documentary evidence for. It may well be, however, that Kate's conscience was warped in the struggle that began when Chase cut short his close relationship with his young daughter by marrying a third time. Kate lost her murderous battle with her stepmother for father, and was sent, perhaps banished, to a fashionable boarding school. There, under the domination of Miss Henrietta B. Haines, "a tall, thin-lipped, aristocratic woman," Kate developed that kind of inflexibility of character which is sometimes confused with poise.

Kate regained her father when his third wife died and, in dedicating herself to his Presidential ambitions, resolved never to be separated from him again. Her theater of operations became Washington during the Civil War; her technique, a series of receptions at which she shone in order that her father might shine brighter still. Chase's ambitions required money, which was at first forthcoming from Jay Cooke, the banker, in exchange for favors that only a Secretary of the Treasury could grant. But Chase's Sunday school conscience bothered him as he cashed

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the checks, and the solution was so obviously a rich marriage for Kate that when William Sprague came along, with a fortune of $25,000,000, Kate immediately stooped to accept him. Sprague's fortune enabled him to buy the governorship of Rhode Island and led eventually to his election as Senator from that state, but he suffered from a secret feeling of inferiority—something Kate was just the woman to encourage.

However, Sprague's money did the father-daughter team little good. In 1864, Lincoln shrewdly beat off Chase's bid for the Republican nomination, and next year kicked him upstairs to the Supreme Court. Chase seemed contented, but Kate stormed about "this business of shelving papa. But never mind! I will defeat you all." In 1868 and again in 1872, she tried, but in vain, to sell papa to the Democratic party. A year later he was dead.

Before his death Chase tried to loosen, if not break, his ties to his daughter. He urged her to stop her endless quarrels with Sprague and to recognize her husband's authority in the household; he also tried to make her tone down her ambitions for himself. But Kate simply could not let go.

After Chase's death, he was replaced in his daughter's affections, flamboyantly, noisily, and in a way that the whole world had to know, by a red-haired New Yorker, Roscoe Conkling, who, by means of a fortunate marriage and Tammany machinations, had been elevated to the Senate. Between Kate in the Senate gallery and Conkling on the Senate floor, there flamed an adolescent romance the details of which were fully reported in the nation's press. The Beldens correctly see Conkling as a crook, a fatuous egoist, and a political quack—but he did have the capacity, apparently, to make father-fixated Kate feel herself what she, in her heart of hearts, feared she was not—a woman. The compulsion to tell everyone that she was really a woman must have been irresistible.

The affair, certainly not Kate's first (all apparently with married men), was too much for Sprague (who himself had a considerable reputation for philandering); he left her, taking his millions with him. Then Conkling, exhibitionist to the end, died publicly, his body sprawled in the entrance to the New York Club. Two years later Kate's son killed himself, leaving a note which indicated that his act was the result of a conflict with *his* father, Sprague, whom Kate had kept him from. But the unkindest cut of all was delivered by her father from the grave. Reading his diary, Kate discovered that his great love had not been for her but for his first wife. Moreover, Chase's conscience had impelled him before dying to turn over all his correspondence to a conscientious biographer, including the part of it covering his transactions with Jay Cooke. Kate moved heaven and earth to prevent publication of this incriminating evidence, but to no avail. Betrayed by all her fathers, she died poverty-stricken and alone.

THE Beldens' portrayal of Kate is in the pattern of the current emphasis upon father-fixated women and the often discussed plight of the modern woman in pursuit of a career. The woman who prefers a career may well be inclined to father-fixation, which is not serious if the psychiatrist arrives on time. Kate, however, was not a modern woman, she was a sick one. She was not concerned with a career (nor did she display any interest in the contemporary movement for women's rights). She wanted only to be a handmaiden to father, to maintain a perennial quarrel with mother, and to degrade men like Sprague who had a compulsive need for degradation. Call the psychiatrist for Kate and he would be of some help, but not very much.

The Beldens have written this altogether admirable book without overt reference to the Freudian framework into which the narrative so easily fits, and into which this review has compressed it. Their book stands on its own merits, regardless of whether one believes or disbelieves in the Electra complex. Like the psychiatrist, the Beldens refrain from passing moral judgment upon this unsavory trinity of father, daughter, and husband. It is possible that psychiatry and scientific history have helped diminish our capacity for moral indignation.

Urbanity & Fervor

PROPHECY AND RELIGION IN ANCIENT CHINA AND ISRAEL. By H. H. ROWLEY. Harper. 154 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by MOSES HADAS

THE leveling of partitions between civilizations which students of anthropology, comparative literature, psychology, and other disciplines

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have effected in recent decades has contributed substantially to a general awareness of the essential brotherhood of man and may one day facilitate the ecumenical organization of society. Whether the gnomic wisdom of Amen-em-ope and Hesiod and Proverbs or the glorification of a heroic ideal in *Gilgamish, Iliad,* and *Mahabharata* are actually interdependent or derive, like widespread myths based on the annual vegetation cycle, from analogous challenges to life, or whether they are all expressions of the archetypes of the collective unconscious which are part of humanity's physiological heritage, the recognition of similarities among peoples widely separated in space and time makes the world a cozier lodging for all of us.

In highly articulate civilizations far removed from the primitive, like the Hebrew or Greek or Chinese, differences in manner loom so large that they tend to obscure essential likenesses in matter. And yet acute students of Chinese philosophy like Fung Yu-lan can point to striking parallels between the thought and even the expression of Confucius and his followers and the Greek pre-Socratics, and Marxist scholars like George Thomson find it easy to relate parallel stages of thought among the Greeks and the Chinese to parallel stages of economic development based on bronze, iron, and commodity production.

IN THE realm of religion, parallels between China and other peoples are not so easy to schematize because the Chinese have been less concerned with religion than other peoples. The "Four Books" (*Confucian Analects, Book of Mencius, Great Learning, Doctrine of the Mean*) have properly been called the Chinese Bible, but they contain no mention of creation or of heaven and hell. But religion was the sole preoccupation of the Hebrew prophet; where he thought of himself as directly inspired by a vigorous personal deity who could chide or comfort, and delivered the words of his message with passionate zeal, the Chinese teacher was urbane and formal and spoke of heaven vaguely if at all and always in the third person. "You love the sheep," Confucius said to a disciple who proposed to abolish a certain sacrifice, "I love the ceremony." The only major Chinese teacher who can be called religious in our sense is Mo-tzu, and even Mo-tzu should properly be classed with the authorities at Bethel whom the prophet Amos set himself to make uncomfortable.

Doubtless the religious motivation of the prophets is so central that no approach to their work other than the religious is possible. Certainly none other is possible for the foremost expositor of Old Testament prophecy in the English-speaking world—who happens to be an accomplished Sinologist to boot. The result is that the two admirable halves of Professor Rowley's book only confront but do not engage each other. His method suggests that of the Dickensian character who, bidden to write on Chinese philosophy, copied out the encyclopedia articles on "China" and on "philosophy." After a succinct chapter on the "Nature of Prophecy" (in which its ecstatic and supernatural aspects are properly stressed) he presents alternating expositions of the teachings of the Hebrew prophets on the one hand, and of Confucius, Mencius, and Mo-tzu on the other, under the headings "The Prophet as Statesman," "The Prophet as Reformer," "The Prophet and the Golden Age," "The Prophet and Worship," and "The Prophet and God." The paramount standard to which Professor Rowley is committed and by which he judges the Chinese is of course the ideal of Hebrew prophecy. He makes comparison possible by bestowing the title of prophet upon the Chinese also and claiming divine inspiration for them. The handsomeness of this gesture must not be minimized, but the effort it cost is all too visible and the result is after all only a figure of speech.

But Professor Rowley's expositions are terse and honest—it would be hard to find more concise statements of the teachings he deals with—and the reader has before him sufficient materials for formulating his own conclusions. What does emerge is that both sets of teachers invoked authority, based in one case on the sanction of deity and in the other on the sanction of tradition, to enforce lessons of discipline, prudent government, and social justice. If the sanction is the paramount consideration, the gulf between the Chinese teachers and the prophets is unbridgeable; if the lessons, then the two groups are as close kin as Gilgamish and Odysseus and Rama, and Beowulf. We should then have another salutary leveling of differences between cultures, with no greater disparity than that suggested in the lines of a latter-day sage—

Chinese Jews
Have longer queues
Than other Chinamen.

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Many-Headed Monster

KHRUSHCHEV AND STALIN'S GHOST. By BERTRAM D. WOLFE. Praeger. 322 pp. $3.95.

THE CHANGING WORLD OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By DAVID J. DALLIN. Yale University Press. 422 pp. $5.00.

THE BIG THAW. By C. L. SULZBERGER. Harper. 264 pp. $4.00.

RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN. By EDWARD CRANKSHAW. Viking. 264 pp. $3.75.

HOW THE SOVIET SYSTEM WORKS. By RAYMOND A. BAUER, ALEX INKELES, and CLYDE KLUCKHOHN. Harvard University Press. 274 pp. $4.75.

AN INQUIRY INTO SOVIET MENTALITY. By GERHART NIEMEYER. Praeger. 113 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL WILLEN

HERE are six books about the Soviet Union which appeared in 1956, the year of Communism's greatest travail. Printing schedules being what they are, none of the books includes any systematic account of that travail, and it would be unfair to criticize them for this. What is less understandable is the rapidity with which the six have paled before the explosive events accompanying their publication: they are "dated" not merely in a chronological but in an analytical sense.

The authors of these books were themselves acutely aware of the quicksand character of the ground they were attempting to negotiate, and they try as best they can to square their general observations with the six-inch headlines that burst upon them in the midst of their writing. Harvard's fine team of Bauer, Inkeles, and Kluckhohn, for example, interlard their acute statistical analysis of the Soviet mentality with certain less acute forecasts of Kremlin policy, carefully noting, as a precaution, the precise month and year at which each forecast was made! The New York *Times's* Cyrus Sulzberger combines an interesting travelogue laid in the Soviet world with an off-the-cuff analysis of the post-Stalin transformation, to which he appends a "postscript" apologizing for his advocacy of Titoism, an apology presumably motivated by some last-minute reappraisal of the situation.

Bertram Wolfe's book is a curious mixture of material he had presumably intended for use in a sequel to his scholarly classic, *Three Who Made a Revolution,* and a fierce polemic against Khrushchev, Stalin, and Lenin. Edward Crankshaw's book alternates between highly impressionistic observation and scholarly review; it was on the presses when Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech was made public. David Dallin's volume contains large sections of an earlier pioneering study plus a hastily thrown together review of recent developments. Only Niemeyer's study is unaffected by the year's turmoil; but his basic thesis is that nothing that happens in the USSR really alters the irrational core of the Kremlin's Marxist outlook anyway. Yet even he, I suspect, would like a second crack at the job.

THE deep uncertainty which all this reflects is endemic to contemporary Russian studies. But one should not be too impatient with the harassed Soviet expert. The study of Nazi Germany was simplicity itself compared with the complex analysis which Communism requires. Recent developments have alternately demonstrated the correctness and the incorrectness of nearly every hypothesis put forward by nearly every Russian expert.

Those who forecast the collapse of Soviet society after Stalin's death proved as wrong as those who envisaged the emergence of a new dictator. Those who foresaw a progressive democratization of Soviet life proved as wrong as those who insisted that Stalin's rigid system could not undergo significant modification. Those who saw Malenkov (representing the "state bureaucracy") taking over Stalin's helm in 1953 were as embarrassed by events as those who labeled Khrushchev (representing the "party cadres") as the new *vozhd* in 1955. Those who thought that Stalinism had "returned" in January 1955, when Malenkov was ousted, misinterpreted the situation as badly as those who said that Stalinism was dealt a death blow in February 1956, when Khrushchev delivered his "secret" speech at the 20th Party Congress.

The validity of each prognosis depends on the time it was made and the particular aspect of Communism to which it was designed to apply. If the Soviet withdrawal from Austria proved the Kremlin's capacity for compromise, the iron Soviet hold on East Germany proved its basic inflexibility. If the success of Soviet foreign policy in the Middle and Far East indi-

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cated that Stalin's successors were "shrewder" and "more realistic," then the explosion in Hungary indicated that they were not. If the Kremlin's acceptance of Gomulka in Poland was evidence of "liberalism," the savage repression of the Hungarian revolt was evidence of lingering "Stalinist" ideas. All this shows how quickly the old categories break down in the face of new events.

No one theory can possibly account for all that has happened. In different countries, and at different times, Communism has meant too many different things to be embraced under one conception. The difference between French and Italian Communism is almost as great as the difference between Hungarian and Polish Communism; Moscow's relations with Tirana are quite different from its relations with Prague; and Peking's connection with Lhasa is of a different order from its connection with Hanoi.

Economic generalizations are equally subject to qualification and revision. If the impressive achievements of Soviet industry show the efficiency of Soviet planning, the shoddy construction of the new Soviet apartment houses indicates its gross inefficiency in an important sphere of production. If the low living standards in Russia prove that Communism cannot satisfy popular needs, the considerable success achieved this year in housing construction and grain production suggests that this situation is not altogether static. If the desperate conditions which produced last June's revolt in Poznan are typical of the Iron Curtain countries, then the relative prosperity which has muted revolutionary impulses in Prague may also be taken as "typical."

THE six books under review present six characteristic views of the Soviet empire, varying widely in political and personal orientation and reflecting many aspects of the hydra-headed monster of Communism. For Bertram Wolfe, who views everything through the prism of internal Kremlin politics, the Soviet Union is a nightmare created by the insatiable megalomania of Lenin, Stalin, and Khrushchev. The post-Stalin period represents no more than a curious epilogue to a long history of political betrayals, personal humiliations, uninhibited bloodletting, ideological perfidy, and moral gangsterism; Mr. Wolfe does not take seriously the Kremlin's many efforts, since Stalin's death, to rise above this heritage.

Mr. Wolfe's knowledge is considerable and his story is generally accurate; yet it is not the whole story, and by presenting it as such, he distorts the picture. Crankshaw's book does much to restore a balance, concerned as it is chiefly with the Russian people. He sees the Soviet Union as a vast, colorful arena in which the traditionally reflective and humane mentality of old Russia interacts with the harsh, dynamic demands of Soviet industrial and political organization. Mr. Crankshaw's sympathy for the old patterns is equaled by his understanding of the Russians' pride in their new industrial advances.

Crankshaw's book is not a naive one; he is quite aware of the brutal nature of Kremlin power on which Wolfe concentrates attention. But what strikes him most forcibly are not the Kremlin leaders, who "have held the stage too long," but the "phalanxes of younger men . . . who stand behind them"; industrialists, soldiers, party chieftains; and behind them, solemn young Komsomols and restless "hooligans," God-fearing old women and enthusiastic young kolkhozniks, disgusted intellectuals and eager young students.

Cyrus Sulzberger's book is written on still another level: from the NATO cockpit, where analysis and observation are important only insofar as they can be translated into policy recommendations. The resulting conception is of an empire in the constant throes of crisis and change. Stalinism is dying; the satellites are in revolt; the Middle East is about to fall into Soviet hands; Balkan federation is an issue again; dictators are rising and falling; plots and counter-plots abound, each one foreshadowing some new development which Western strategists can ignore only at their peril.

Mr. Sulzberger's Communism is a gigantic chess game in which subtle strategists can rout whole armies. Tito is one of the pawns, and if handled adroitly the opposition will soon lose some of his knights or bishops or pawns. This may be a crude representation of this book, which includes many keen observations, but Mr. Sulzberger's general conception of Communism is of an empire so flexible that each new policy statement heralds a new epoch. His case for Titoism was in fact a good one, but stated in such blunt terms that it was quickly outdistanced by events.

If Sulzberger overlooks the tedious social detail that goes to make up history, David Dallin may be said to be immersed in it. For

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him the Soviet empire is composed of a definite arrangement of groups and classes so solidly fixed that their relations cannot be altered by the coming and going of dictators, politburos, or party congresses. These classes emerged slowly from the great upheavals which occurred between 1917 and 1933, during which time Bolshevism was transformed from a political party into a set social system. He analyzes these classes at some length, describes the great inequalities that characterize their relations, and identifies their major characteristics. While Soviet society is still quite mobile, it is no longer in upheaval. There have been changes, of course: from the turmoil of the early 1930's to the relative stability of the early 1950's; from the hysteria of Stalin's last years to the somewhat more "rational" policies of the post-Stalin era; from Malenkov's consumer goods to Khrushchev's heavy industry. But these are incidental to the massive historic changes resulting from the growing conservatism of the Soviet ruling class and the dangerous over-extension of its empire in Europe. Slowly, these changes affect the nature of Soviet government, but revolutionary upheavals require energies which accumulate in a people only once in many generations.

Mr. Dallin, one of the Kremlin's most implacable critics, sustains a remarkable degree of perspective and detachment, so much so, in fact, that he misses some of the flavor of those startling developments which Sulzberger describes so vividly and so well. The same may be said of the Bauer-Inkeles-Kluckhohn volume, which is even more remote from the current realities of a society in continual flux.

THE Harvard interview project, of whose findings the Bauer-Inkeles-Kluckhohn book is a summary, was primarily concerned with creating a fixed model of the daily life and attitudes of the average Soviet citizen as seen through people rather than statistics or government decrees. The great political issues of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism take a secondary place in their analysis, as they do in Crankshaw's book. But where Crankshaw sees pathos in the sufferings and strivings of the Russian people, the Harvard team finds the rough sociological processes of adjustment and adaptation.

They discover fierce popular antagonism toward the regime, but find it is not uniform, and that different groups tend to accept or reject different aspects of Soviet society. They

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observe the day-to-day means by which millions of people "get along" in the system: how they live and work, make friends, advance their careers, keep their families together. Despite everything—even the terrible purges—the people do live, marry, divorce, have children, quarrel, and plan careers for themselves and their sons. Political problems constantly arise for them, but not in the form of that neat confrontation of Communism versus Democracy which we in the West might expect.

For Gerhart Niemeyer, the author of *An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality,* this neat confrontation is indeed the only real issue. The Soviet empire is not a system, or a series of states in which complex forces interact, but only the corporeal reflection of ideas produced by "warped minds." These men are, for private and diabolic reasons, pursuing a goal for which history has given them no mandate, social forces no prompting, and reality no guide. They are, so to speak, floating in mid-air, supported only by their own self-created ideological structure. In this one respect Mr. Niemeyer's concept resembles Wolfe's; for Wolfe too is reluctant to accept any cause-and-effect explanations for Soviet behavior. But whereas Mr. Wolfe sees the basis of Soviet behavior in the pursuit of personal power, Mr. Niemeyer sees it in the desire to implement certain basically "irrational" prophecies of Karl Marx.

Niemeyer's peculiar adaptation of the great-man theory of history is of course unsupportable, and yet, in our final reckoning, it would be dangerous to neglect the element of sheer personal caprice. Hannah Arendt advanced a similar viewpoint, in a far more sophisticated intellectual format, some years ago in her *Origins of Totalitarianism.* The post-Stalin changes have indicated the serious flaws in her analysis, yet the last word on this subject has still to be uttered.

If I stress the complexity of Soviet society in my cautious appraisal of these books, it is not because I believe that Soviet society possesses some "mystique" which places it beyond human comprehension. It is no more incomprehensible than American society taken as a whole. The monolithic appearance of the Soviet Union encourages many observers to think that monolithic explanations are appropriate; but this appearance, as we have seen, is quite deceptive.

Wolfe's insistence that megalomania is the sum and substance of Soviet history is not tenable, but some of his intense absorption in the question of naked power would have corrected Crankshaw's occasional sentimentalism. Sulzberger's hyper-sensitivity to each and every current trend leads him to an overstatement of what is essentially a good case, whereas Dallin might have profited from a greater readiness to reinterpret his history in the light of current developments. Niemeyer's effort to reduce Soviet history to the pursuit of certain abstractions makes fairly silly reading, but Bauer-Inkeles-Kluckhohn's comparative neglect of political and ideological factors detracts from the value of their work.

To grasp the essence of the Soviet system one must begin with the acceptance, in some measure, of all six versions: Wolfe's cynical despot along with Crankshaw's enthusiastic young Komsomol; Dallin's entrenched bureaucrat along with Sulzberger's global schemer; Bauer-Inkeles-Kluckhohn's adaptable Soviet citizen along with Niemeyer's ideological zealot.

Yet that would be only a beginning toward wrenching ourselves loose from the confining clutch of old categories of analysis. Such a reappraisal is definitely in order. This does not mean that the classic interpretations of the past decades—Trotsky's *Revolution Betrayed,* Burnham's *Managerial Revolution,* Orwell's *1984,* or Deutscher's *Russia, What Next?*—have become obsolete. They too must figure in our accounting of Russian Communism, along with these six volumes which appeared during the turbulent months of 1956. For if 1956 was the year of world Communism's greatest travail, it was also the year of the Communist expert's greatest bafflement.

No Place to Go

THE REFUGEE AND THE WORLD COMMUNITY. By JOHN G. STOESSINGER. University of Minnesota Press. 239 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY LISKOFSKY

EVENTS in Hungary and Egypt have once again made the refugee a central figure on the international stage. In the case of the Hungarian refugees, the Western states have insisted on their right to be resettled elsewhere, and have backed this up with offers of asylum markedly more spontaneous than the precedents of the

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past quarter-century. Nevertheless, as a result of the steady introduction of restrictive immigration policies by most nations in recent decades, it has become more difficult for refugees to find a haven from persecution. Obviously, if the possibility of flight to another country were to vanish altogether, only the alternative of "conversion" or destruction would remain to oppressed minorities.

As Mr. Stoessinger's book makes clear, very little has been done by the nations of the world to facilitate "the transfer of human beings from areas where fundamental human liberties are not yet recognized to those parts of our earth where freedom beckons"—which he defines as the primary task of international organization in refugee work. Article 14 of the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights, for example, which recognizes "the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution," does not insist on the corresponding *duty* of states to provide asylum—even though the Declaration is only a hortatory statement of principles. Similarly, the draft Covenant on Human Rights and the European Convention on Human Rights—both of which, unlike the Declaration, were conceived as legally binding instruments—do not so much as mention a right of asylum. And even the valuable Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees, which guarantees various rights to refugees in the countries where they have already found asylum, fails to guarantee the right of asylum itself: the refugee seeking desperately for admittance somewhere gains nothing by it.

This failure, however, is not owing to simple callousness. The real difficulty in establishing the right of asylum in international law concerns the larger issue of national sovereignty. Acknowledging the right of asylum would mean a country's surrendering some degree of control over who shall be permitted to take up residence within her borders—which few are willing to do in the present circumstances.

THE primary task of *The Refugee and the World Community* is to "examine the role of international organization as a new technique which our generation has, for the first time in history, brought to bear upon the refugee problem." The largest part of the study—which covers the many attempts by international organizations to cope with the refugee problem since World War I—is devoted to the

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accomplishments of the International Refugee Organization (IRO) from its creation in 1947 as a temporary agency to replace the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency (UNRRA) to its dissolution in 1951. Mr. Stoessinger also discusses the role voluntary groups have played in cooperating with both international and national agencies and describes how private bodies have often assumed primary responsibility for dealing with particular groups of refugees—as in the migration to Israel and the D.P. movement to the U.S. Finally, he devotes a section to the more peripheral subject of the agreements on human rights adopted or still being considered in the UN—on the assumption that if states observed the principles set forth in them, there would be no refugee problem to cope with in the first place. He also has a chapter on the psychological effects of prolonged refugee status. Much of the material in the book is familiar, but it is often seen in a new light as a result of the author's special interest in international organization.

In Mr. Stoessinger's view, the IRO was the most fruitful of the many international agencies created since World War I to deal with refugees. The Nansen Office in the period of the League of Nations, like the present UN High Commissioner's Office for Refugees (UNHCOR), concentrated mainly on legal protection; UNRRA's responsibility was primarily relief and repatriation; the current Inter-Governmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM) is concerned mainly with exploring resettlement opportunities; the UN Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East (UNRWA) and the UN Korean Reconstruction Agency (UNKRA) have jurisdiction only over the Arab and Korean refugees. But the IRO was "the first [and still the only] great international experiment to approach the refugee problem in its totality."

Though it was unfortunately established as a temporary agency, the IRO had wide jurisdiction and its charter equipped it to handle all phases of the care and resettlement of

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refugees. Occasionally it even managed to persuade governments to revise their immigration policies, although its efforts in this direction were all too often unsuccessful—the anti-Jewish immigration policies of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, and the insistent discrimination of various countries against intellectuals, professionals, and other non-manual workers remained in force despite IRO pressure. IRO also developed effective relations with over a hundred voluntary agencies and trained a highly skilled staff of international civil servants. Its unified and integrated approach enabled it to function more fruitfully than the decentralized and fragmented agencies of the League and post-IRO periods.

THOUGH he sees little realistic prospect for the establishment of a new organization on the order of IRO, Mr. Stoessinger considers such an organization a fundamental need. The present situation in the refugee field—characterized by duplication of services, lack of coordination among different agencies, and general operational and administrative inefficiency—he considers a regression to the inexperienced fumbling of the League of Nations in this area. He also believes that the failure to re-create some such agency as the IRO is a reflection of the refusal by the world community to acknowledge that the refugee problem is not a temporary or merely postwar phenomenon.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that "international gadgetry" can only go so far in the world as it is presently constituted: the primary need is for more liberal national immigration policies, in the United States and elsewhere. In the case of the Hungarian refugees, it has only been possible for the United States to take action by stretching the terms of the McCarran-Walter Act, invoking the so-called "parole" section which was actually designed for individual asylum cases, and by-passing other requirements in the law. This situation has highlighted the need for revising the McCarran-Walter Act along the lines frequently suggested by former Senator Lehman, who proposed a provision making possible the grant of asylum to refugees regardless of national origin.

The prospect of a world in which oppressed minorities have nowhere to go is a frightening one, and the fact that nations find it impossible to acknowledge the legal right of asylum makes it all the more morally binding on them to insure that their doors are not closed to the unwanted and the persecuted of other countries.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

JOHN H. LICHTBLAU was in Germany as a special agent engaged in war-crimes investigation. He is now employed as an economist in the Petroleum Industry Research Foundation. This is his first contribution to *Commentary*.

EDWARD N. SAVETH is the author of *American Historians and European Immigrants*. He is on the staff of the Council of Middle Eastern Affairs.

MOSES HADAS, distinguished author in the field of classical studies, is Jay Professor of Greek at Columbia University.

PAUL WILLEN, a free-lance writer, is now working on a book on recent developments in Russia.

SIDNEY LISKOFSKY is on the staff of the American Jewish Committee, in the Foreign Affairs Department.

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This *I Believe*

By Bertrand Russell*

. . . "OTHER passions besides self-esteem are common sources of error; of these perhaps the most important is fear. Fear sometimes operates directly, by inventing rumors of disaster in wartime, or by imagining objects of terror, such as ghosts; sometimes it operates indirectly, by creating belief in something comforting, such as the elixir of life, or heaven for ourselves and hell for our enemies. Fear has many forms—fear of death, fear of the dark, fear of the unknown, fear of the herd, and that vague generalized fear that comes to those who conceal from themselves their more specific terrors. Until you have admitted your own fears to yourself, and have guarded yourself by a difficult effort of will against their myth-making power, you cannot hope to think truly about many matters of great importance, especially those with which religious beliefs are concerned. Fear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty. To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom, in the pursuit of truth as in the endeavor after a worthy manner of life."

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*UNPOPULAR ESSAYS
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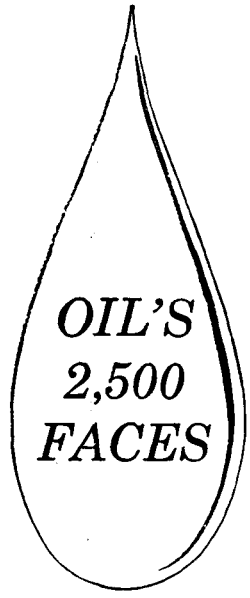

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